OLD WEST

Fall, 1970

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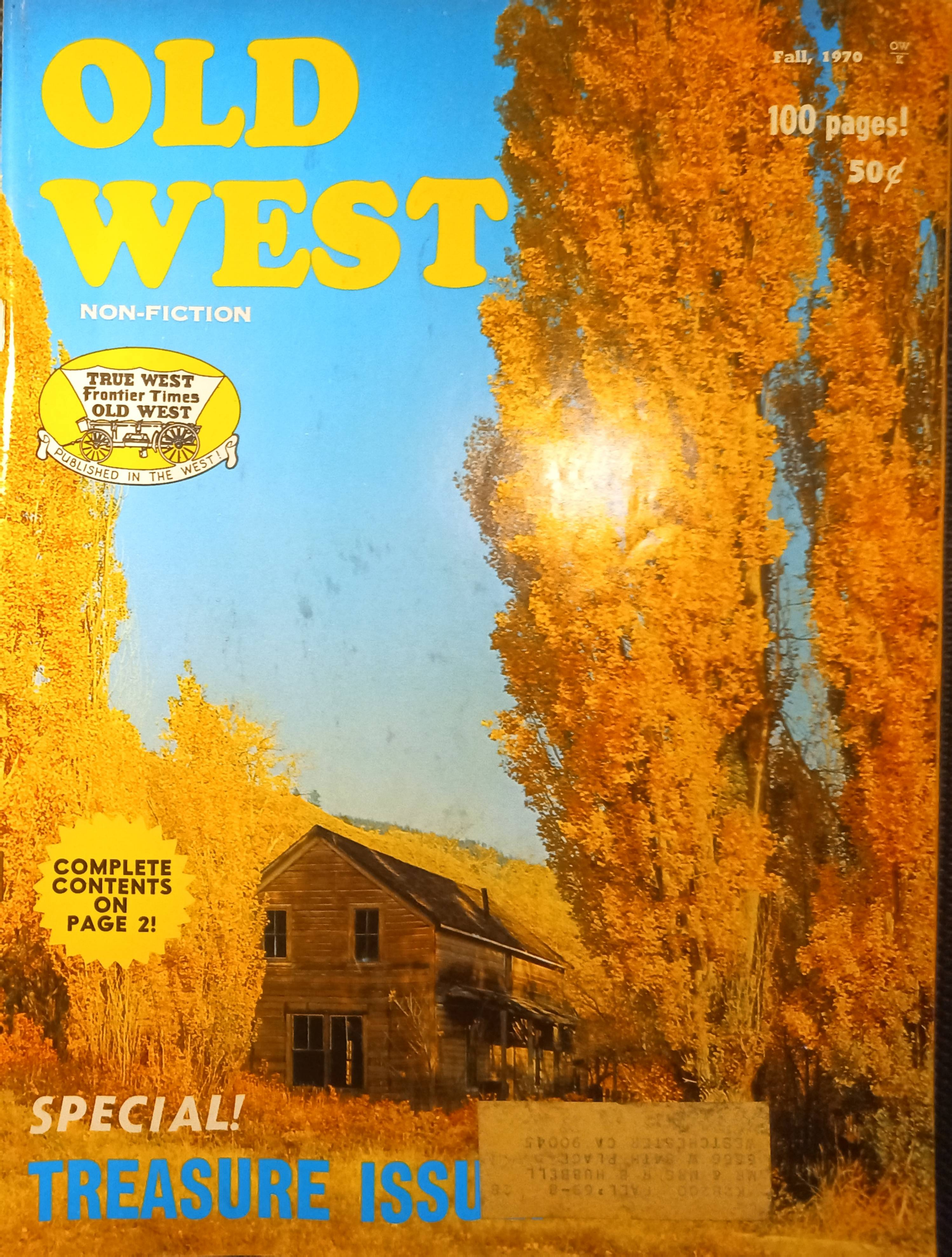
NON-FICTION

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!



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SPECIAL!

TREASURE ISSU

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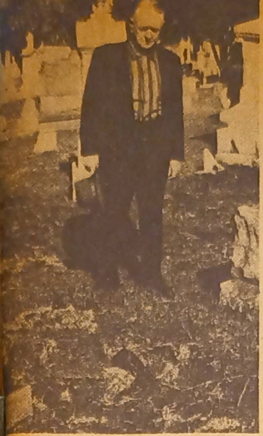

PUBLISHER CUTS OFF YANKS!

No case of ghost town and cemetery looting—no matter how few "relics" are stolen—can be tolerated. But in the September 1957 TRUE WEST, we were especially pained to report the theft that summer of the tombstone of none other than Wyatt Earp, from South San Francisco, California's Hills of Eternity Cemetery. Photo shows Earp's old deputy A. M. King at the robbed grave in 1957.

HE SAYS, "They loot ghost towns!" in a clipping from a Canadian newspaper sent to us by Mrs. A. W. Redman. The article is by Alan Jay and reads: "A Canadian magazine publisher has blasted American tourists as 'looters, plunderers and irresponsible vandals.' And he has issued a 'no-subscriptions-from-Americans' to his sales staff.

"'A refusal to sell the magazine to Americans will probably cost me quite a lot of money and may not be as effective a protest as I would like,' says Bill Barlee, owner and publisher of *Canada West Magazine*, 'but in view of the wholesale looting which has been going on in many of the historical locations in the province for far too long, I feel some kind of protest must be made.'

"Although he readily admits that people from British Columbia are partly responsible for the looting of ghost-town graveyard markers, Indian pictographs and government installed commemorative markers, Barlee insists that the majority of looters are American tourists. 'I have documented more than 100 cases where visitors from the U.S. have been guilty of many questionable practices,' he says.

"'The en masse removal of numbers of priceless Indian artifacts and works of art from many areas of this province, especially the northwest coast and Vancouver Island, has concerned me, as have the many truckloads of irreplaceable museum items stolen from historic ghost-towns in all corners of the province.

"'Sandon, Wild Horse, Fort Steele, Barkerville and Phoenix have all been exposed to indiscriminate "souvenir hunters," as have most of the scores of other renowned old mining towns. Finally, the looting of tombstones from the old cemeteries in Ferguson, Trout Lake, Quesnel Forks and other old towns has forced me to take the step of preventing the magazine from being sold in the U.S.'

"He has taken the step, Barlee says, because he is not prepared to continue to supply magazines containing maps and detailed information showing U.S. visitors how to get to British Columbia ghost-towns.

"'I am aware that many of the Americans who visit the province every summer are intelligent, decent people who are eager to look at the last remaining links with our history,' he says, 'but it is impossible to differentiate between the ethical and the plunderer.'

"Barlee, a former teacher and weekly newspaper owner who relinquished all his business interests to publish *Canada West Magazine*, launched the magazine last year. . . . He . . . spends most of his time travelling through the province gathering material for future articles. The editorial policy of the new magazine reflects Barlee's personal attitude towards the historical locations in the province.

"'They should be enjoyed by everybody and should be protected and safeguarded for the enjoyment of the generations of people yet to come.'

"By publishing information about the locations and history of the province's ghost-towns and other places of historical interest, the magazine attempts to do this, Barlee says. But he is extremely critical of the provincial government's attitude in the matter.

"'It's all very well for the provincial government to spend thousands of dollars every year promoting the tourist attractions of British Columbia in the United States,' he says. 'But it is an established fact that the main attraction for U.S. tourists are the ghost-towns and the old mining areas dating back to the gold-rush days.

"'It makes sense, therefore, for the government to spend money protecting the very attractions they are promoting from irresponsible souvenir-hunters, looters and plunderers. . . . The tragedy is that once a pictograph or an old tombstone is torn out and taken away, the chances of getting these irreplaceable items back are almost non-existent.'

"Barlee's decision to refuse subscriptions from American readers has already brought him a great deal of criticism, both from angry American readers as well as Canadian subscribers. When the decision was announced, Barlee was swamped with letters from protesting readers. But he remains unrepentent. 'I have done what I feel I had to do,' he says firmly, 'and there will be no going back. Maybe now the provincial government will take up the problem and do something at long last. But whatever happens *Canada West Magazine* will not be sold in the U.S.'"

BY GOLLY, it gets downright sickening when every newscast, newspaper or magazine you read brings forth another incident of "the careless American." This is merely the latest example brought to our attention of not only how the world, but how our next-door neighbors regard us. You know something, Americans are soon going to be the most hated people on earth!

The cover on this very issue of OLD WEST is a beautiful scene which we're allowed to run through the kindness of its British Columbian owners. One of the stories in this issue is written by an American, "Pappy" Manthos, who has enjoyed the hospitality of Canada and, as a matter of fact, has fallen in love with the north country.

This editorial may be only a feeble attempt but it *is* an attempt to ask our people, for God's sake, to lay off outright vandalizing! I know that the pulse quickens and the blood runs hot when there is a prize to be had, even if it must be sneaky, but we are slowly cutting our own throats in the process. There will come a day, and it won't be far away, when you can't even enter a property just about *anywhere*.

Readers write in about being met at ranch gates and on various properties with shotguns and rifles and the tempo is rising to the "shooting level." Many of these people actually do not wish to do anything wrong. Unfortunately one "ugly American" can spoil what *could* be clean fun, with the owner's permission, to utterly thousands of good people. Again, maybe there are several thousand people who would not *think* of doing such, but one thoughtless act puts all Americans in the same boat. The old story (and that is *why* it is an old story!) is so true about one bad apple spoiling the bushel.

There are *soooooo* many really *good* people in this country that it actually pains me way down deep to see a few of them give all of us this sort of reputation. Dangit—let's make up our minds that *we* ain't gonna be among them! I know in my hunting and fishing in the past—it is so much more pleasant to get permission from the owner or ask him along—I don't remember a single time that I didn't eventually wind up as a friend of this person. I am not speaking of "I" wholly as one person, but of any number of friends I know who have taken the trouble to be a human being.

One more thing I want to ask and would like replies as fast as possible—just how much do you value the old books we are running? They take up one dickens of a lot of space and we need to know if you think they are great, about what percentage of you read them—well, your opinion in general.

That's about it for this time. See you later!—Hosstail.

OLD WEST

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On the Cover: *"Near Cache Creek,"*
British Columbia Government Photograph

The lady was a hunter . . .
(and a taxidermist!)
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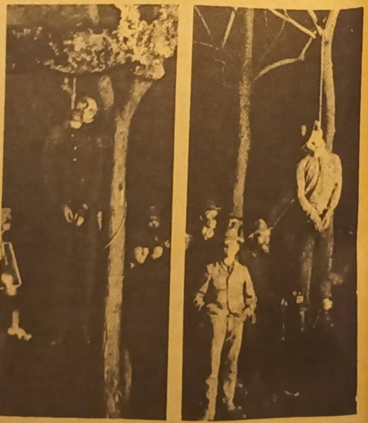

The late George and Ed Silbee
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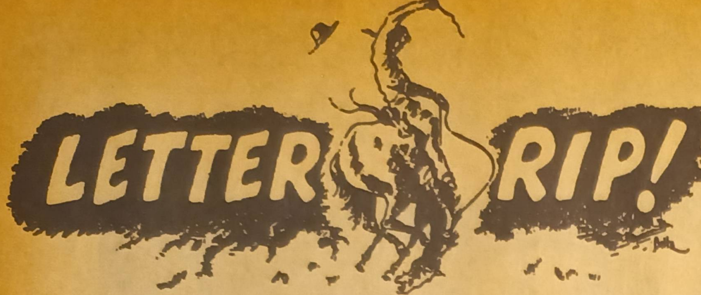
> "There is something in a treasure that fastens upon a man's mind. He will pray and blaspheme and still persevere, and will curse the day he heard of it, and will let his last hour come upon him unawares, still believing that he missed it only a foot. He will see it every time he closes his eyes. He will never forget it until he is dead and even then he will pass it along to his survivors, that they may follow in his footsteps. There is no way of getting away from a treasure once it fastens itself upon your mind."
>
> —Joseph Conrad

LETTER RIP!



Indian Raid in Texas Reported

The following description was written down by my great-great-grandmother, Mrs. John Baggett, after the Comanche attack on her home in March 1862 in Comanche County, Texas. My great-grandmother, Sarah Baggett Howard, was fourteen at the time. I also have pictures of Sarah Baggett and several others which may be of some interest to your readers.

"On the 3rd day of March, 1862 about four o'clock, after putting supper on to cook and getting some water from the spring, the children being out to play, I laid down to take a little rest.

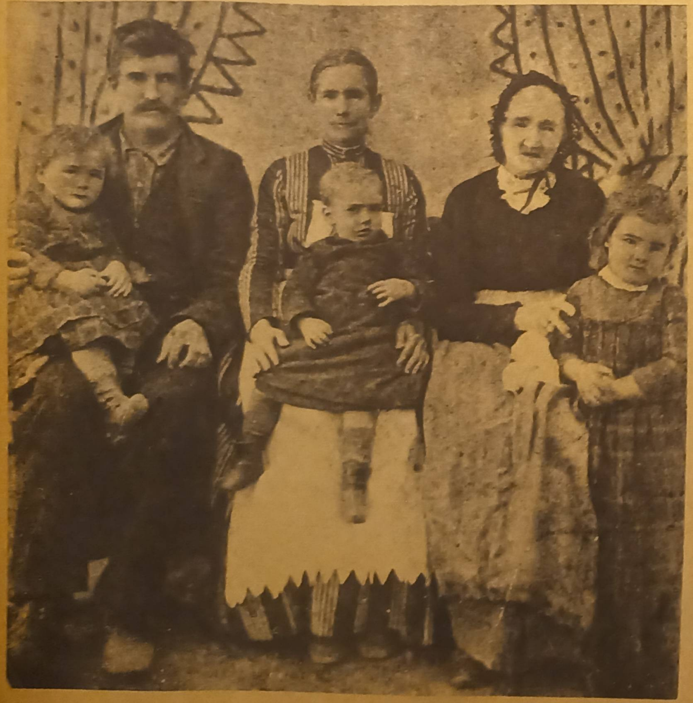
"Joe and Bid were in a live oak thicket below the cow pen. Pretty soon I heard Sarah call out to Joe to open the gate, as her father was coming with the horses, and in the next breath she exclaimed: 'Joe, it's Indians!'

"At this I got up and went to the door and saw the Indians coming around behind the cow pen. My daughter Sarah ran through the yard, and three children ran through the crack in the fence.

"I asked Sarah where Joe and Bid were. She answered, 'Ma, they are in the thicket below the cow pen. The Indians will kill them!' The little children ran under the bed, both doors being shut. I got up on a chair and looked through a crack over the door. I saw one of the Indians bridle our horse and hand him over to another one who mounted it.

"The one that did the bridling then strung his bow and went behind the thicket. I heard my little boy scream, but could not see him, the thicket blocking my view. Then one of the Indians threw Bid out so I could see her, then ran up to her with an arrow and commenced to push it through between her ribs, but she pulled it out of his hand and threw it away.

Great-great-grandma (Mrs. John) Baggett, who wrote of the Indian raid on her home, is seated at right. At left are William J. Barnett and Sarah Baggett Howard Barnett. Children are, from left, Addie Kennedy, Dennis A. Barnett, and Pearl Kennedy Richie.



"The Indians then rode off about 100 yards southeast of the thicket, stopped and looked back. I suppose for the purpose of seeing whether or not I would open the door, but I did not. I saw Bid get up and start to the house, but could not see Joe.

"Turning my eyes back to watch the Indians I did not see Bid until she called to me from under the floor. She said, 'Open the door.' I told her to go around to the other door for fear the Indians would come back and kill all of us. I met her at the door and took her in. The Indians had stripped her of all her clothes and shot her five times.

"I had Sarah get up on the chair and watch the Indians to see if any of them came back. At that time I had two guns ready for them if it was necessary to do so. Sarah watched them as long as she could see them. I saw the cattle and hogs coming. The hogs! The hogs were very bad to tear up anything they found. I asked Bid where Joe was. She replied, 'He is dead. I called to him, but he did not answer.' By this time night was coming on and Sarah and I went out to get the lifeless body of my darling little boy.

"When we got there, I saw an arrow sticking in his left shoulder. I tried to pull it out with one hand, but could not, so I put one hand on him and pulled it out with the other. He was scalped and stripped of all his clothes except a shoe and sock. We picked him up and carried him to the house where I washed him the best I could as he was still bleeding, and then wrapped him in a sheet and laid him out. My husband and his brother, Joel, came home about ten o'clock that night. They had not heard anything about the trouble until they got home. We stayed there all night.

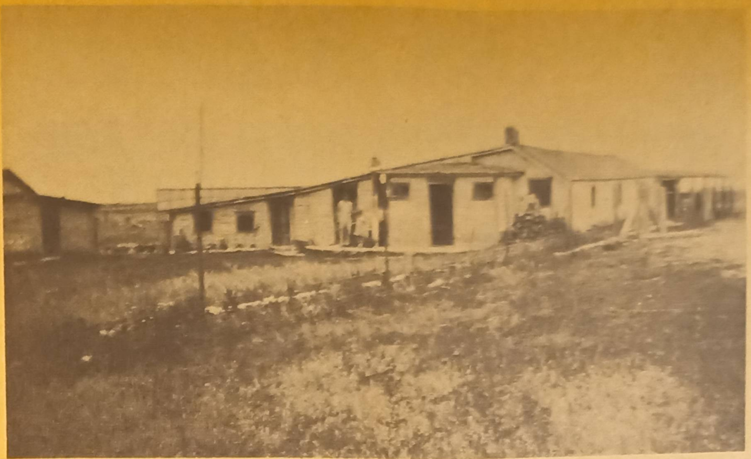
"The next morning, as soon as it was light, Joel Baggett went to Old Cora (south of Gustine and east of Comanche) to let people know what had happened. About noon there came 12 Rangers and five other men. The Rangers followed the Indians and the five men were John and Fred Tridee, Captain James, Virgil Cross and a Mr. Brown.

"My daughter, Bid, got well and married Isaac Kuykendall. She has nine children and now lives at Santa Anna, Coleman County, Texas."

Mrs. Baggett moved to Wilson, Texas. Sarah Baggett married Mr. Howard and had Chap, Ed, Lee and Bird. After Mr. Howard's death, she married Mr. Barnett and had D. A. Barnett who now lives in Olton, Texas. Mrs. R. L. Turnbow (Bird) still lives in Gustine, Texas. My granddad was Chap Howard and he passed away in Douglas, Arizona in 1948.—Glenda Howard Rutherford, P. O. Box 86, Winston, New Mexico 87943

Charley Irwin of the Calgary Stampede

I have been reading your magazines for several years and can say they are my favorites. I was born in northeast Colorado at Brush in 1906 and have always been interested in western history, especially that of Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska and Kansas. I covered the corners of those states pretty well in my early days, operating tractors, combines, picking corn, working in sugar factories and beet fields, etc.



Ralph Miller's photo of Charley Irwin's old ranch house west of Albin, Wyoming about 1930. The couple in the doorway may be Miller's boss, Arby McGrew, and one of McGrew's two daughters.

Quite often I see names and places that bring back half-forgotten things of those times. In the Spring 1970 issue of OLD WEST in the story about the Calgary Stampede, mention is made of Charley Irwin and the rough string in 1916. Along about then my folks made a trip from Brush to my uncle's place northwest of Kimball, Nebraska in our first car, a 1915 Model "T." While there we went to Pine Bluffs, Wyoming to what I'm sure must have been the "Irwin Brothers Wild West Show."

A good many years later, I believe in the spring of 1929 and spring and summer of 1930, I worked driving a tractor for a man by the name of McGrew, a grain and hog raiser at Albin, Wyoming. He was leasing the original part of the old Irwin ranch a few miles west of Albin, about two-and-one-half or three sections I believe. I have a good picture of the old ranch house; the big barn had burned a number of years before. The well, windmill and big wooden supply tank were on top of a little rise just east and above the house and barn site. The old blacksmith shop was there with most of the original equipment; also about a two-acre lot covered with old machinery, etc. and two huge "Big Four" gas tractors that had been used to break out and farm the ranch.

During the time I worked there Charley Irwin, or C. B. as everyone called him, was at the ranch any number of times but I never got to see him. That alone would have been a treat as he had gotten absolutely *huge*, they said. He got around in one of those big old cars, think it was a Buick, maybe one of those early station wagons. I believe it had a specially made rear door so he could get in and out. At that time his headquarters was north of there on Horse Creek, called the lower ranch. I was there once with McGrew but C. B. wasn't there. I did get to see the last saddle he rode though and that was a sight by itself. I wonder if it can be in a museum of some kind in Cheyenne or somewhere?

At that time he had a string of race horses and guess they made all of the big tracks in the country. I remember one time after one of his visits there at the old ranch, McGrew said C. B. held up a little bank passbook and said, "By God, Arby, I missed it just that far," referring to the big money race at AK-SAR-BEN I think. I have often wondered what became of the ranches and all.

In the Winter 1969 issue of OLD WEST, in that book about Lincoln County, Kansas, in the list of subscribers to the Lincoln Monument is the name S. G. Titsworth who was my mother's first cousin. I had lost all track of him and his family since about 1930 or 1934. I wrote to the Lincoln County Recorder and in a few days got a letter from one of the remaining boys of the family. Small world, eh? Shows a person can depend on the true facts in your magazines.—Ralph R. Miller, 712 West Jackson Street, Medford, Oregon 97501

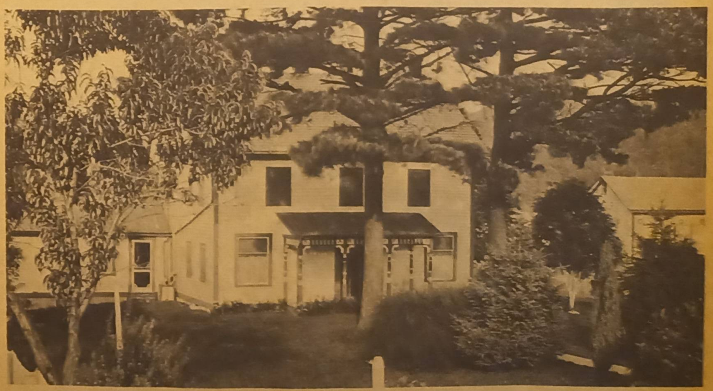
Banta Kin

I have just read part of the book by Captain Banta in the Summer issue of OLD WEST. As near as I can determine, Captain Banta was a first cousin of my grandfather, Joseph Banta, who was born in Harrodsburg, Kentucky in 1840, served five years in the Union Army under General Sherman and died in 1918. After reading his adventures I can understand why I worked and traveled over the United States, Canada, Alaska and Mexico, winding up working twenty years as a bridge and building carpenter on the Southern Pacific Railroad along the Mexican border in California and Arizona—retiring in 1964. I am anticipating the second installment of Captain Banta's book.—Fremont S. Banta, 14614 Slover Drive, Fontana, California 92335

Daughter Rode a Brahma Bull

That OLD WEST article on movie horses is wonderful, wonderful! To those of us who know horses and talk to them, as the article says, this is good reading. I still have my pinto mare—twenty-five years old, fat, pretty, smart, and much loved.

My eldest girl, Evelyn Thomson Duke, was the first girl to ride a Brahma bull at Frontier Days in Cheyenne about 1928. She was just sixteen at the time,



Anyone Recognize This House?

This is a long shot but does anyone recognize this house? It's one of the few in my collection which isn't identified.—O. C. Blade, 1600 South Avenue, Bartlesville, Oklahoma 74003

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a real homestead girl who could ride anything. Her picture was on the front page of the *Denver Post.*—Mrs. L. L. Thomson, Route 1, Box 354, Port Orchard, Washington 98366

Ferguson's Forty-niner Book the Best!

I have just finished re-reading that most interesting book, *Experiences of a Forty-niner During a Third of a Century in the Gold Fields* in your Summer and Fall '69 issues of OLD WEST.

It's regrettable that Ferguson's daring trek across the plains in 1850, with so many death-dealing dangers, hostile tribes, scurvy, starvation and such was only one of his life's hardships. His death in Chico, California in the 1920s, at well past ninety, found him shorn of the fortune he had made and lost.

However, this amazing pioneer bequeathed a legacy of riches to posterity, including this book. Western buffs who have not read this feature have cheated themselves of a classic. Thank you again for it. I intend to keep it in my possession, as it is the most vivid narration of California as the Forty-niners really knew it that I have ever read.

In fact, I like everything about your magazines, and I don't suppose I'll have to wait long for another of your features which equally captures and gratifies a reader.—Ed Kennedy, 312 East 46 Avenue, Vancouver 15, British Columbia, Canada

Recalls Killing of Chick Bowen

I recently read with interest your article "The Middle Years of Bob Meldrum" in the Spring 1970 OLD WEST. I worked for the Reversed 4 outfit in the summer and fall of 1911, and I believe your author made one error. The Reversed 4 and OVO worked together running steers in the Slater and California parks during the summer and fall. This was their summer range, and their headquarters was at Baggs, Wyoming or just a few miles west on Snake River.

Billy Johnson was the wagon boss of the Reversed 4 and Bill Brewster of the OVO was assisted by Doc Chivington. We shipped from Steamboat Springs and generally had a herd of not less than 1,000 steers.

Among the cowboys whom I worked with that summer and fall was Chick Bowen, as likeable a fellow as you would ever meet. As stated in your article, he was killed, or you might say murdered, by Bob Meldrum. But the year was not 1908. He was shot January 19, 1912 and died the next day. This can be verified by any old-timer around Baggs. After the wagon pulled in, I went to work for an outfit on the Humboldt River near Halleck, Nevada. One of my cowboy friends sent me the newspaper article about Chick being killed by Meldrum.

In February, 1912 I went back to Alberta, Canada and went to work on the Blood Reserve for Gordon, Ironsides and Fares who had a permit to run 10,000 cattle. I had worked there before in 1909.

I also attended the first Calgary Stampede in 1912 when Tom Three Persons of the Blood Reserve won the bronc riding on a horse called Cyclone. I was eighty-two years old November 12, 1969. —Malcolm S. Major, Butte Valley Ranch, Box 842, Walsenburg, Colorado 81089

More Proof of Vikings?

A short time ago while in Austin, I bought a copy of the Winter '69 issue of OLD WEST. I was quite impressed with the article concerning the possibility of Vikings in pre-Columbian America.

Last week while I was in Chicago, Illinois, I had dinner at the Nantucket Cove Restaurant, 1000 North Shore Drive, a picturesque seafood restaurant decorated as a sailing vessel complete with old charts. I was looking at one chart made in London, England dated 1763 and as I looked into the area the McGees wrote about there was the note, "Arkansas of the Fair Men." You figure that one out.

I would appreciate it if you would pass this bit of information along to Mrs. Farley and the McGees. I'm sure they would appreciate it as much as I did their story and your magazine. I think you have one of the finest magazines on the stands today.—Joseph H. Neil, 9746 Hedin Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland 20903

Blizzard Club of Nebraska

In your Spring 1970 issue of OLD WEST, I was doubly interested in the article by Harriet Tolman Seccombe and the letter from Mrs. Lola Samelson of Hartington, Nebraska. Call it coincidence, but the same week I read this article, I found an interesting account about the same flood written by Mr. W. H. O'Gara, my father. It was published in the May 1953 brochure of the January 12, 1888 Blizzard Club which is still active here in Nebraska.

This club was formed January 12, 1940 and has been meeting annually for the past thirty years. At the first meeting and dinner there were more than sixty survivors of the blizzard. My father acted as toastmaster, and Dr. Addison E. Sheldon, who was the superintendent of the Nebraska State Historical Society, was a guest of honor. The unconquerable spirit of the Midwestern pioneer was much in evidence at this meeting and there was a strong sentiment in favor of collecting reminiscences of the January 12, 1888 blizzard and publishing them in book form. Mainly through the efforts of Mr. O'Gara this was finally accomplished in the book *In All Its Fury*, published in 1947.

A revised edition of the book was considered, but due to the deaths of Mr. O'Gara (in 1955) and others, much of the material which was being gathered became lost or was destroyed by descendants who did not realize the value of the material and all the time and effort that went into the research. Consequently the revised edition was never printed, but interest in having a reprint of the original book is much in evidence, as many book stores still get requests for copies of it, especially since the 1949 blizzard that Nebraska experienced.—Mrs. Ed Jenkins, 4827 Hillside Avenue, Lincoln, Nebraska 68506

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Mile "0," starting point of the Alaska Highway in the British Columbia town of Dawson Lake.

Prospecting in BRITISH COLUMBIA

Tips for today in the last stronghold of yesterday...

By ATLEE "PAPPY" MANTHOS

Condensed from accounts covering three years of prospecting

Photos Courtesy Author

I HAD long planned a prospecting expedition to British Columbia and in 1966 made the first of three rewarding trips to its central part. I invited along as a partner a long-time old friend who was interested in finding nuggets "as big as hen eggs."

A little study of maps indicated the best procedure would be to begin operations in a known gold-producing area and work from there into new territory. I rejected the extreme southern end of British Columbia just north of the U.S. border as too thickly populated and possibly intensively prospected. This includes the area centered on Rossland, Trail and Kimberly. Mineralization in this area consists primarily of complex sulfides and limited free gold.

As a starting point I decided on the old Barkerville placer mining area in the Cariboo Mountains southeast of Prince George and sixty miles east of Quesnel. The Barkerville area produced an estimated fifty million dollars in gold in the boom days starting in the 1860s.

I concluded that a camper on a reliable pickup would provide the best camping outfit, as tent camping in much rainfall gets to be pretty disagreeable. A trailer would present problems on narrow, steep, twisting and dangerous mountain roads.

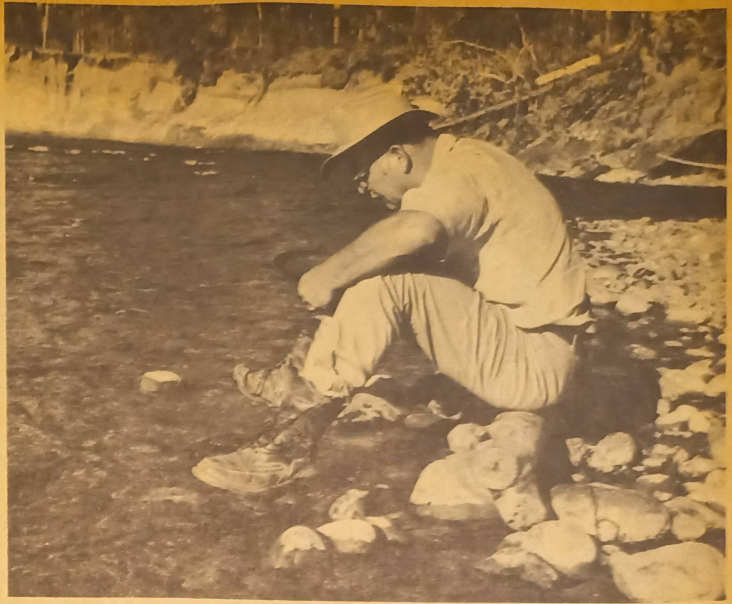
I had, on hand, a sound 1947 Chevrolet one-ton pickup, a left-over from an abortive try at ranching. The front-end running assembly was rebushed and realigned, overload springs added to the rear axle, all brake lining inspected and new plugs and points installed. The engine and gears sounded and felt good on the road. The tires, size 7:50 x 17, were in excellent shape.

A camper appeared to me the best solution, as I had had mountain driving experience where it was sometimes difficult, or impossible, to turn around at the end of some dim road, or even on a narrow good road. So, camper it was, although I did not want it to be overly wide, or too high and top-heavy, yet wide enough to sleep crossways to the truck frame. The truck pickup bed was of exceptionally strong steel, 9' long by 53" wide. The old truck was made of good steel throughout, as I discovered when drilling holes in the frame and bed. The camper was built directly to the pickup bed, removable by unbolting and lifting off.

Abandoned miner's cabin in the Cariboo Mountains.

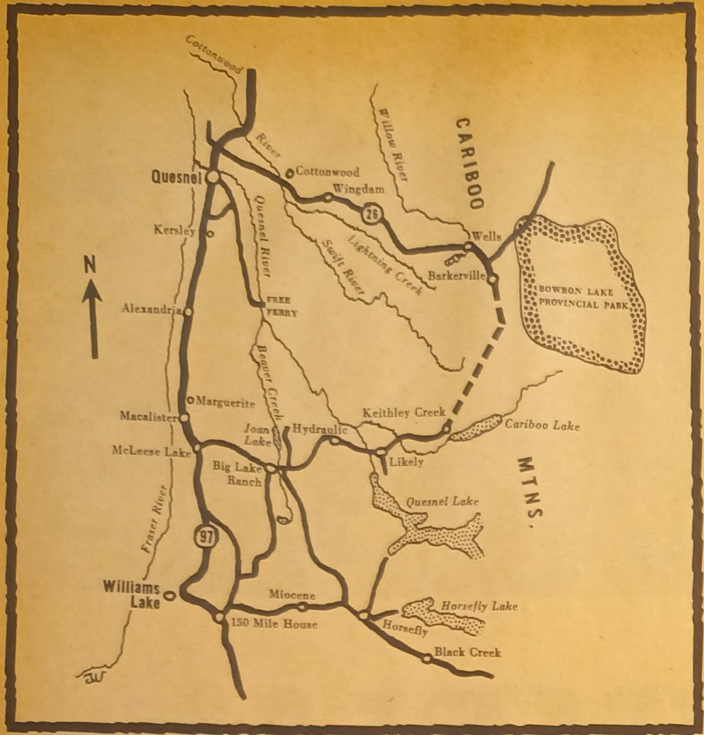
After seeing campers and trailers which had been built with staples and flimsy structural members, and in view of the tough country I expected to traverse, I used rather heavy lumber for the basic framework. To extend its width on above the relatively narrow truck bed, vertical 2" x 10" posts were bolted with ½" bolts at each outside corner of the bed stake-post supports, using 3/16" steel plates for the connection. Main top cross-members were of 2" x 6" stock. Longitudinal support was five 2" x 4"s, each 14' in length. All framing for windows, roof ribs and plywood joints was 2" x 2" stock. Main-member joints were bolted with ¼" carriage bolts. I assumed a one-ton truck would hardly feel this weight, since the truck bed would form the lower part of the camper.

The author panning for color along Lightning Creek, British Columbia.



The entire framework was covered with top grade ¼" fir plywood. I was fortunate in having two quality trailer/camper factories within thirty miles and was able to buy sheet aluminum, windows, doors, screws, sinks, icebox and other fixtures from them. One single sheet of aluminum, 7' 1" wide by 17½' long, covered the entire top of the camper, the front of the over-cab area and lapped over both sides and the rear by several inches. Additional large sheets of aluminum covered the sides, rear and under the overcab area. A strip of green-enameled aluminum on the sides and rear helped the overall appearance. Plywood provided solid support for the aluminum, and a bit of air space insulation was provided between the metal and wood. Tie-down ring-bolts were bolted through each of the four main vertical posts near the top to secure lines in severe wind conditions. The camper size overall was 14' long, 6' 4" wide and 6' 2" high.

Community kitchen in a provincial campsite in British Columbia.



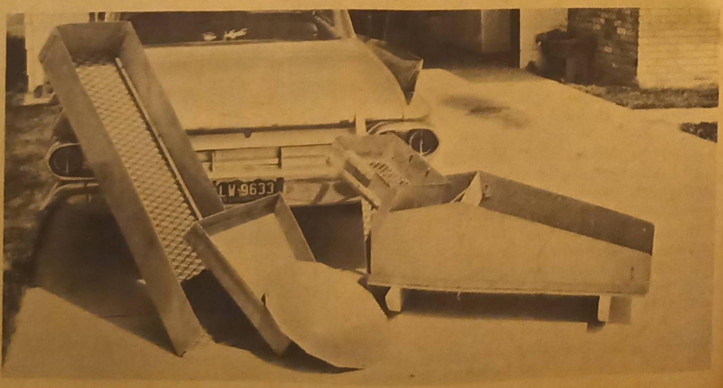
Map of the portion of British Columbia covered in the story. The gold area prospected by the author is roughly the territory enclosed by an imaginary upside-down triangle whose points are just south of Horsefly, northwest of Cottonwood, and northeast of Wells. Sample road mileages are: Williams Lake to Quesnel, 75 miles; Quesnel to Barkerville, 56 miles.

The interior was neither lined nor insulated, the plywood and "beams" presenting a most pleasant and warm appearance. It was a man's camper. Ready access to structural framework in the interior allowed easy building of interior plan. The inside of the steel truck bed was covered by interior construction. Had the camper been completely insulated and lined inside the framework, total length and width would have had to have been 4" longer and wider to get the present inside space. (A subsequent hunting trip in extended sub-zero weather indicated that the floor of a camper should be insulated. In such a small space, heating was no problem and insulation beyond the plywood-aluminum wall and ceiling was definitely not necessary.)

TWO 20-pound propane bottles supplied a double gas-plate installed in a wall counter together with two single sinks separated by a swivel-neck hand-operated water pump. A specially-made 40-gallon galvanized, rectangular water tank was installed under the lower front bunk and heavily insulated. Weight of water supply was thus almost centered on the running gear. The refrigerator (ice box), also heavily insulated, was supported from a wall and ceiling to allow lower third bunk space. A drop-down table was added and it, together with the counter and counter back, was covered with flexible vinyl. Ship's shelves were installed under the counter for groceries and on available wall space for maps, books, fishing gear, etc. Three sturdy wooden gun racks were installed. A bathroom space, 24" x 32", was built in that part of the camper extending past the rear end of the truck bed. Rubber matting covered the entire camper floor. A good single-burner Coleman lantern provided adequate light and sufficient heat on cool, wet mornings.

A "Spares Kit" of new ignition points, water pump, fuel pump, hydraulic fluid, radiator hoses, battery cables, a dry-charged battery with acid, plus adequate hand tools was stowed in the center section of the truck. From experience I now believe that most of these items should be installed prior to a trip to reduce weight, save time and avoid problems.

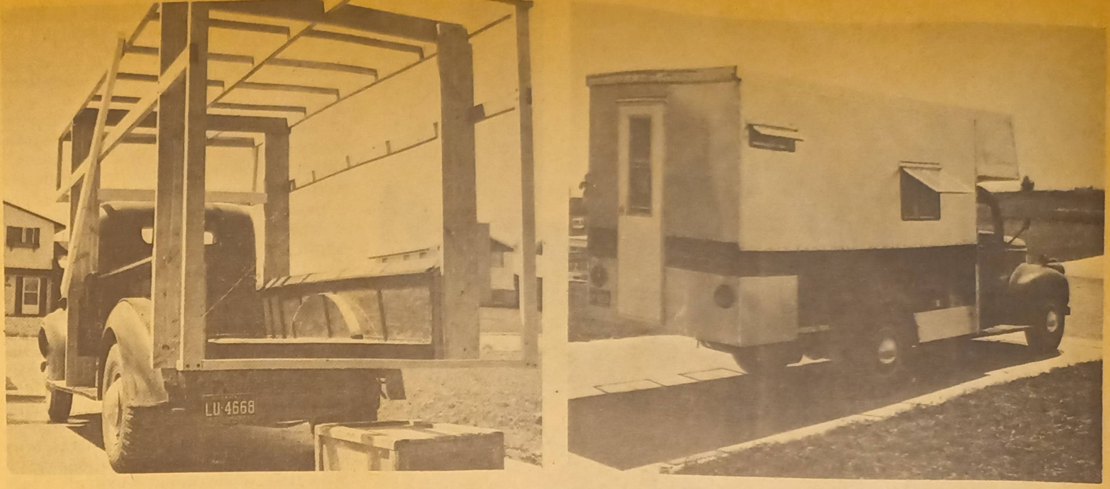
From left, the author's sluice box, feeder tray, daisy pan, and rocker box.



Foam-rubber mattresses, sleeping bags, extra blankets and sheets provided fine sleeping. In place of the standard booth arrangement and one ready bed, I designed and built two good solid bunks, always available for two weary bodies without having to dismantle a booth and build a bed. My partner and I much appreciated this arrangement after a hard day of travel or gold panning.

As he and I began to load our camping and prospecting gear, *too much* clothing, outboard motor, groceries, and other items, we had to start a "reject pile"—items very desirable but not absolutely necessary, and which generated too much weight. The reject pile was sorted several times and some items retained, but most of the heavy gear remained rejected as the truck was soon on the overload springs. It is normal, I suppose, to try and carry too much "stuff" on such a trip. Clothing requirements depend on what your activities will comprise. If prospecting, rain gear plus knee boots, in addition to mostly woolen garments is basic. Long sleeved shirts are necessary because of mosquitoes and "no-see-ums." Shorts and short sleeved shirts are strictly for the tourist crowd on the motel circuit. Hip-boots or waders are always required for the fisherman. All clothing and gear should be as light as possible. Remember, too, that there are plenty of excellent stores in Canada, so save some of the packing and enjoy buying some quality items there.

Four five-gallon "Jerrican" gasoline cans were mounted on the truck bed exterior and only minimum lantern, outboard and emergency truck fuel was carried initially. Once in an area of operations, fuel and water tanks can be filled for trips into the "outback." A folding "john" seat and plastic bags were carried for emergency use.



The author's 1947 one-ton, Canadian-bound pickup before and after addition of his home-built camper.

A five-horsepower outboard motor, mounted upright in the bathroom, was taken for use with rented boats. Tire chains, a heavy duty #12 wire 50′ extension cord, shovels, axes, hatchets, geologist's picks, flashlights, pocket AM-FM radios, binoculars, cameras, hip boots, water carry can, several pairs of leather work gloves, medical kit, gold pans and binocular microscope filled out the minimum requirements. A twenty-foot tow chain was rejected for weight, as we planned to use tire chains, linked together, if the need arose. A long tow cable is a definite requirement, as both it and chains would be in use at the same time. I made a gross error in not having the truck weighed empty, and then again after the camper was installed. I estimate the weight of the camper, with propane bottles, jerricans and mattresses but with no tanks filled and no other equipment aboard, at 1,500 pounds.

A supply of groceries and ice gave us the "GO" signal and we rolled out of Fort Collins, Colorado, for central British Columbia. It was early August.

WE ENTERED Canada at Rykerts, seven miles south of Creston. Canadian Customs was a most refreshing experience. A typical British face topped a neat uniform and the customs officer cleared us with courtesy, cheerfulness, efficiency and dispatch. His farewell to us was, "Have a good time!" We found most Canadians of a similar character. I have been stationed in, or traveled in, a total of twenty-four foreign countries during my lifetime and I like the Canadians and Canada best.

Our objective in British Columbia was any place where interesting minerals might be present, and this covers a vast area of the province. En route north, the mountain-rimmed lakes—the Kootenay, the Slocan and Upper and Lower Arrow Lakes—presented sheer grandeur, unsurpassed. The wide, deep, swift-running, clean-water rivers, the Kootenay, the Columbia and the Thompson, to name only some of the largest, stagger the mind when one tries to imagine the source of such an enormous, endless flow of *pure* water—all fit to drink! Lesser lakes in size, but each a beauty, are almost everywhere. Some "small" lakes do not even appear on the road map. This is true from Creston to Williams Lake (town). Free ferries carried us across all lakes.

The highway joins the mighty Fraser River near Williams Lake and roughly parallels the highway for approximately 160 miles to a point north of Prince George, where the Fraser turns back southeast into the high Rockies for over 200 miles to its many headwaters. The big, beautiful Quesnel River, originating as an outpouring from majestic Quesnel Lake (fifty miles east of Macalister and northeast of Williams Lake), joins the Fraser at Quesnel. I'm certain the monstrous gravel banks of the Fraser hide many times the wealth of Midas in gold deeply buried under the treacherous gravel. I'm also sure the Fraser will always keep *that* gold.

The author's pocket pans include a daisy (left) and a regular.

Rockhounds would be interested to know that good quality green jade has been found as boulders, and sometimes naturally polished pieces, in the gravel bars of the Fraser River from the junction of the Bridge River with the Fraser just above Lillooet almost to Vancouver; also on the gravel bars of the lower Bridge and Thompson Rivers. So far, no accessible outcrops of jade, in place, have been reported, all finds being in placer deposits. The tremendous gravel deposits of the Fraser offer unlimited opportunities for rock hunters. I believe that gravels everywhere in North America should be explored and searched in more detail. Much of the gem stone material of India is of placer origin, so why shouldn't we be able to find gems here? Most well-known and prolific jade areas are under placer mining claims and the seeker of jade must ascertain that he is in the clear prior to extensive searching. Part of the lower Bridge River traverses an Indian Reservation and is not access-

Abandoned placer mine on Lightning Creek at Wingdam, east of Quesnel.

ible.

Agates, some huge, have been found in British Columbia, some in placer gravels and some in eroded and weathered basalt. The B. C. Government Travel Bureau provides a list of rockhound clubs and rock shops in their tourist folder. The *British Columbia Digest*, now named *B. C. Outdoors*, carries a section for rockhounds under the heading of "Adventure in Rocks."

A series of five large lakes, and some smaller, arranged in a rough parallelogram, comprises the main water system of Bowron Lake Provincial Park, seventy miles east of Quesnel. Many, many more lakes and rivers, large and small, exist in the area we traversed but did not see. We did not get to Wells Gray Provincial Park, to name only one area. To seek out all the lakes, rivers and mountains in even the southeast quadrant of British Columbia would take a lifetime.

AFTER SECURING a Miner's Certificate in Quesnel, and since minerals were the motivation for this "expedition," we headed for Barkerville, a famous old placer gold strike of the 1860s and now a historical monument, sixty miles east of Quesnel. We observed the many old diggin's, named and unnamed, mostly abandoned, between Quesnel and Barkerville, the largest being the large gold placer mine at Wingdam and the lode gold mines at Wells. Barkerville is quite a Canadian tourist attraction and the road carried a heavy count of traffic of all sorts. We panned a little gold here and there, but on checking records, found all areas already under longtime claims.

We backtracked and covered the area to Quesnel Lake and again panned a little gold, and again, found all areas already under claim. Much of the newer claim area is for copper, due to current good prices. Open areas still exist, but it will require real skill and effort to find both minerals and unclaimed areas together. Prospecting takes time, patience and money; you cannot discover a mineral strike "on schedule." The old gold area is covered with a very deep layer of gravel, which makes prospecting difficult, expensive and at times hazardous. The entire region has been under constant mining pressure since 1858, when discouraged '49ers moved north from California in search of the "Golden Dream." The first big strike was on the lower reaches of the Fraser and activity gradually moved to the Barkerville area. After the best gold had been stripped by the white men and some Indians, large numbers of Chinese moved into the old established mining areas to clean out whatever gold had been missed.

The dense jungle-like northern forest and undergrowth of the old gold area make getting around difficult, except on some sort of road, trail or by boat. My hat is off in admiration to the tough old-timers who conquered that formidable terrain a century ago with only muscle and determination.

This area has much rain in the off-winter months and much snow in winter, yet the local people operate right along. Mosquitoes and no-see-ums can make things grim for a thin-skinned person at times, particularly right when the fish are hitting best! It's the old story, "the fish won't bite unless the mosquitoes are biting." Good bug-dope is a must. However, the beauty of the country, the limitless pure water, the big timber and the potential power and wealth hidden in the fastness of the vast, almost impenetrable mountains make the area irresistible for me.

Free ferry crossing Kootenay Lake.

Barkerville, British Columbia, most of which has been restored, complete with authentic equipment and life-like manikins occupying the buildings.

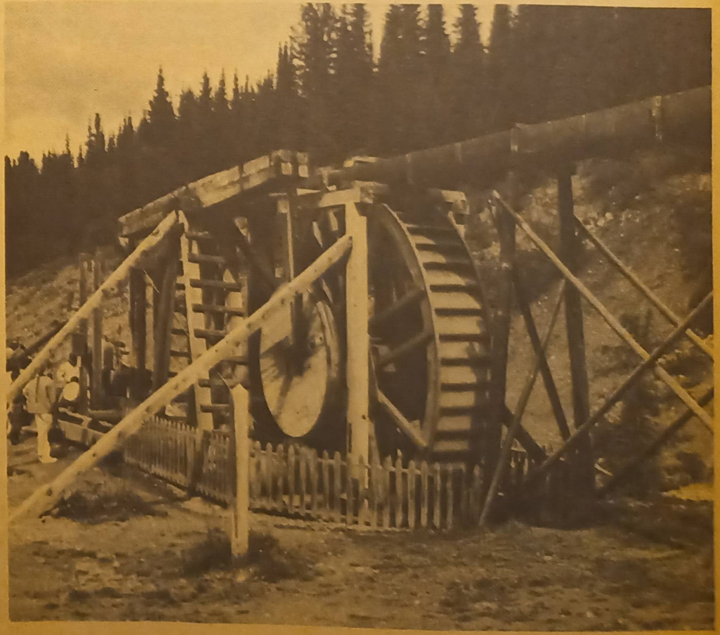
We started panning along Lightning Creek and found good shows in almost every pan. I felt elated. My partner was discouraged as the nuggets were not too big. We forgot to "burn-in" his new gold pan and the protective grease coating floated out most of his shows. (A new gold pan must be burned over a fire until it is blue-black to rid the metal pores of any grease. Also, fingers and thumbs should be kept on the outside of the pan while panning.)

The entire area to and beyond Barkerville appeared to have been placer mined or was under claim markers. The Barkerville area is centered on Williams Creek. We panned at every opportunity and after some consideration I decided to return to Quesnel and file a claim located on Lightning Creek near Wingdam. My panning there had produced some strong shows and several small nuggets the size of a pin head. A British Columbia placer claim is 1,320 feet wide by 2,640 feet long for a total of eighty acres and I felt that with such good shows something bigger could be found in eighty acres in a gold province. A check of the maps at the mining recorder's office showed that the area of my proposed claim had been under an old claim which had been invalidated and was now open and clear for filing. At this point my partner suddenly objected strongly to filing or staking the claim, stating it was "stupid" to file there when there were better places to file "somewhere else."

He had been talking with some other prospectors while I was checking the records and had heard a rumor that over 200 men were panning in the area of Hydraulic and Likely, towns south of Barkerville on the Quesnel River and just west of Quesnel Lake—and that was where he wanted to go. I therefore dropped action on filing a claim immediately, supposing that I could do it later.

We journeyed to Likely, approximately seventy-five miles southeast of Quesnel. A jeep road joins this area with Barkerville, however a pickup must come into the area from the main highway to the west. In the 1860s this area, too, had been a prolific placer gold producer. We panned old worked-over ground and found good shows and small nuggets at bedrock; however, we learned the whole area was under valid claims, although there was little evidence of recent years' assessment work.

At this point I decided to return home as my partner was thoroughly dissatisfied with the small nuggets and shows. Fall weather would soon be on the way and he was a bit apprehensive of being snowed in. We returned to our homes in Colorado for the season. This trip pointed out the requirement for a jeep and a light boat to round out our equipment as some places were too grim for a camper-pickup and we were restricted by not having this equipment.



Cornish water wheel once used to pipe the mines dry at Barkerville.

I LEARNED a lot from this first trip. Namely, camping can be a problem. I like camping, you like camping, and so do *millions* of others. No matter what dim road you travel, you will most likely find someone already there ahead of you. You would have to have a helicopter or float plane to get to really out-of-the-way locations. "Choppers" are too expensive for most of us, so we must stick with our wheels and boats.

Our biggest problem was locating campsites. Campsites are indicated on *official* British Columbia, Alberta and United States individual state maps, but not on all oil company maps of the states or provinces. United States forest areas and state parks are sometimes indicated on oil company maps. Campsites are given in the B. C. Tourist Accommodation Directory. You should order official maps and guidebooks ahead of time and plan your stops, if you wish to camp out easily. Do not force yourself to go too far in a day and select alternate

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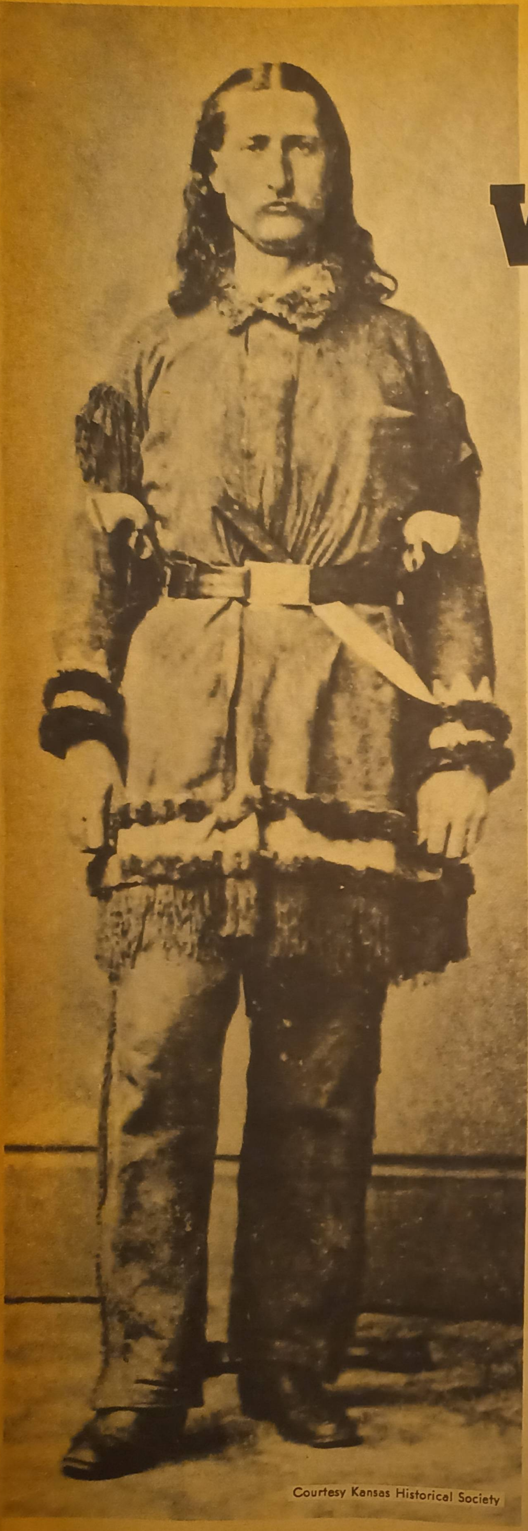
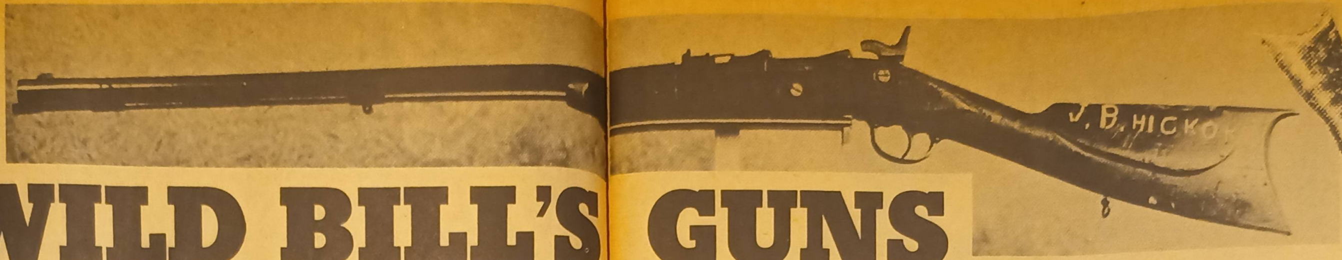
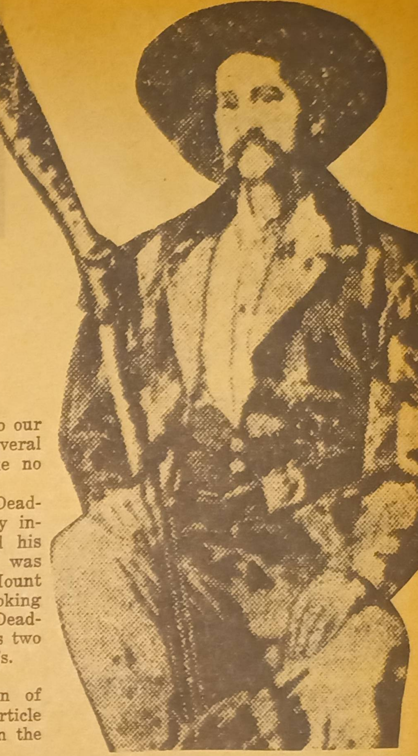


Courtesy Kansas Historical Society



WILD BILL'S GUNS IN DEADWOOD



Courtesy Colorado Historical Society

When a man has fascinated several generations, the weapons which helped make his reputation take on a fascination too

By MILDRED FIELDER
Photos Courtesy Author

THE SOUNDS of Deadwood reached the ears of John McClintock in his small cabin in the gulch. He could hear the bray of mules, men walking and cursing along the dusty path that served as a street, and from a short distance the sound of a pickaxe striking the rock beside the creekbed. This was the Dakota Territory gold rush. McClintock was a part of it.

Cra-a-ack! A gun shot! Quickly on its heels McClintock heard more, shot after shot. He ran out of the cabin as fast as he was able to hitch his suspender over his shoulder, but stopped near the door so he would not run into the line of fire. There was no law in Deadwood in 1876. If a man didn't like his neighbor a gun battle was as easy as arguing about it.

McClintock counted a dozen shots in the clear mountain air, then silence. A neighbor ducked around the bushes which separated McClintock from the tent owned by Colorado Charlie Utter and Wild Bill Hickok.

"Who's shooting?" McClintock demanded.

"Wild Bill's showing how he can trim down a twig," the neighbor answered, grinning.

So it went in July. The following month James Butler Hickok was murdered in Deadwood by Jack McCall, and people have talked about it ever since.

The statement has been made that every museum in the West has a gun owned by Wild Bill Hickok, with the implication that all the guns therefore are probably fakes. This is too sweeping a generalization. There could be one or two museums having a gun which was used if not owned by Hickok, and to our definite knowledge we know of several museums in the West which make no such claim at all.

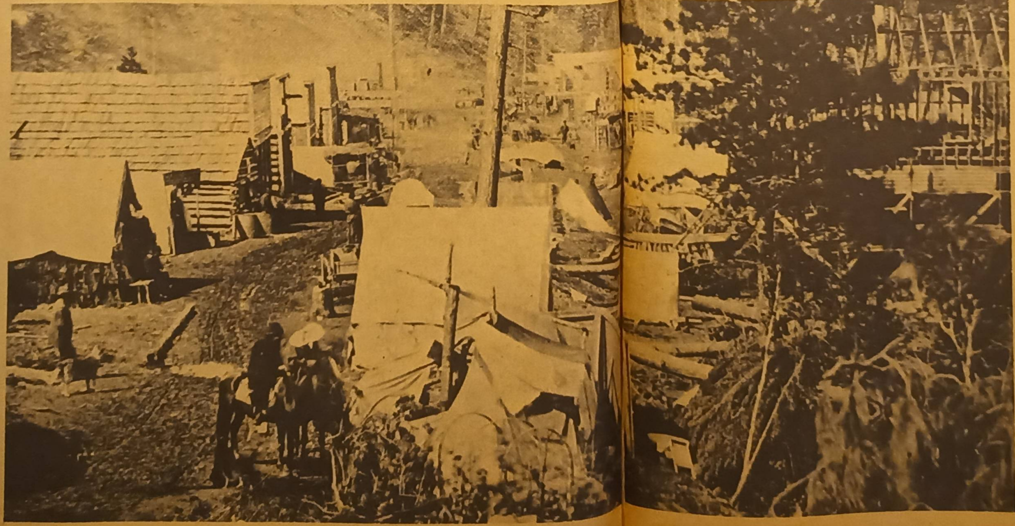
Adams Memorial Museum in Deadwood, South Dakota is particularly interested in Wild Bill Hickok and his accouterments because Wild Bill was killed there and is buried in the Mount Moriah cemetery on the hill overlooking the town. His legend is part of the Deadwood legend. That museum displays two guns which are claimed as Hickok's.

THE FIRST descriptive mention of Wild Bill's guns was in an article written by George Ward Nichols in the

(Continued on page 65)

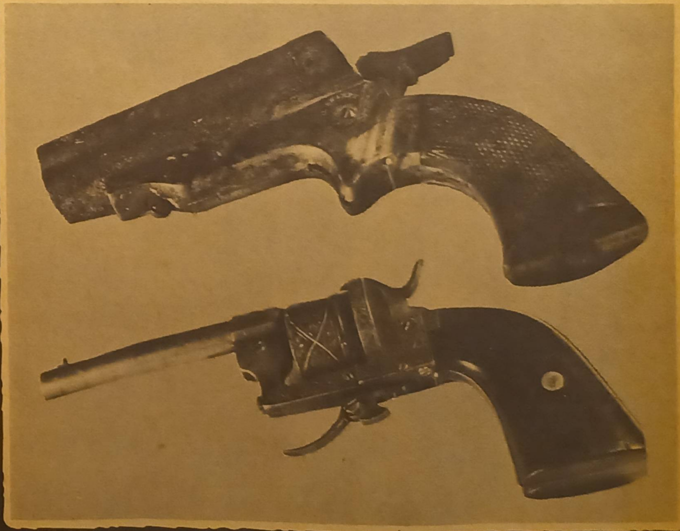
James Butler Hickok in buckskins. His pistols may be those Senator Wilson gave him in 1869. Below, Deadwood, South Dakota on June 15, 1876, the very month Wild Bill arrived there and six weeks before he was killed in the town's Saloon No. 10.

Courtesy Adams Memorial Hall, Harry Garlick Collection



Hickok Rifle Photo by Black Hills Studio, Courtesy Adams Memorial Hall

Wild Bill's 1870-model custom Springfield sporter (above), the gun John McClintock described as Hickok's Sharps rifle, may be the same weapon Hickok is holding in the tintype above taken in Deadwood in 1876. Handguns below displayed in Adams Memorial Hall may have been Hickok's. Upper pistol is the Sharps derringer; lower, the French pinfire Wild Bill is supposed to have given Buffalo Bill.



LADY HUNTER ON THE PLATTE

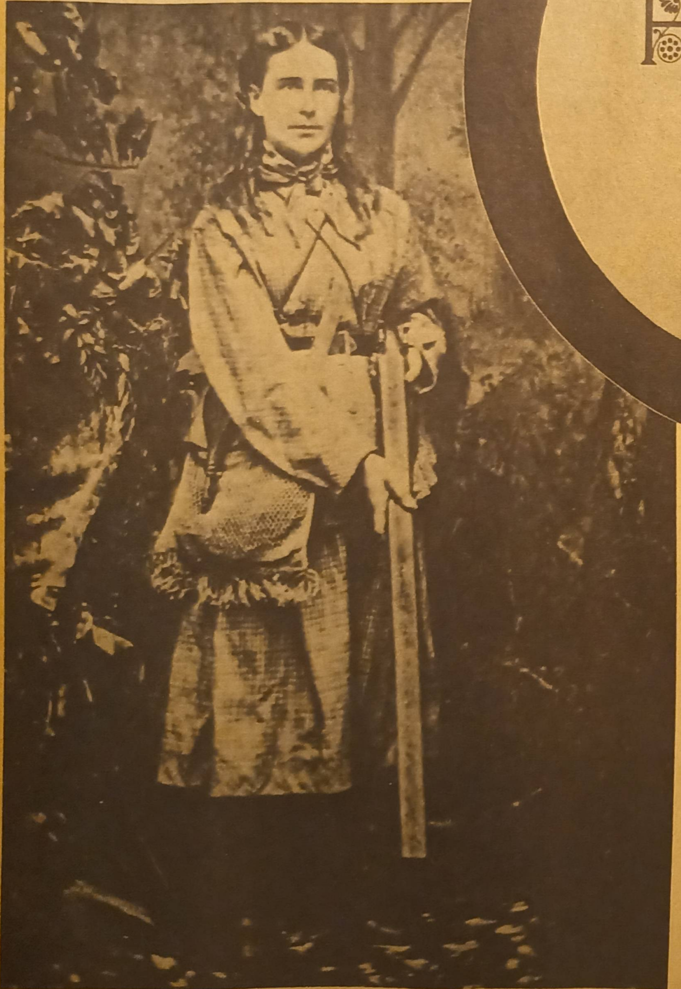
By MARY DeLAPP

Photos Courtesy Author

MARTHA Maxwell took a few steps backwards in her Boulder, Colorado, workshop so she could better see the specimen she had just completed mounting, a large bull buffalo. A quiet smile, hardly discernible, played around her mouth as she realized she had accomplished what she wanted. The buffalo had the life-like stance of an angry bull, legs slanted, feet apart, head lowered, eyes flashing and, like a great portrait, the eyes seemed to follow you.

It would take its place among her collection of Colorado wildlife which at one time numbered 47 mammals and 224 birds. Her collections made up Colorado's official display at the Denver Territorial Fair in 1875 and in 1876 at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition.

Martha Maxwell, her husband James and their daughter, Mabel, lived in a house on the right side of Boulder Creek at the mouth of Boulder Canyon. Martha's workshop was on the bank of the creek where she also had pens and cages for the many creatures captured and kept for study.



Martha Maxwell in her hunting costume. The garment today is displayed on a model in Boulder, Colorado's Historical Society Museum.

Standing four feet, eleven inches, this self-taught pioneer naturalist was just a little taller than the muzzle-loading double-barreled shotgun she handled with ease. She was an expert shot and obtained most of her specimens herself because of the opportunity to study the animal or bird as she hunted it.

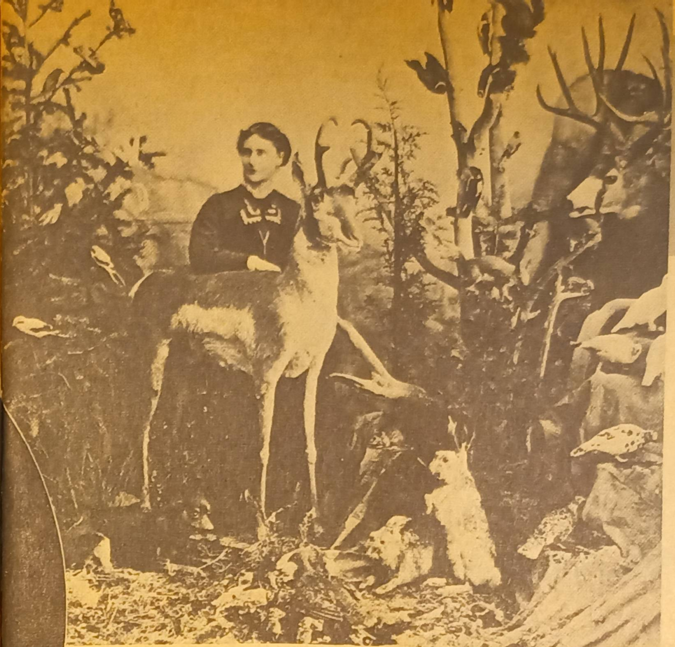
Three weeks before she had brought down the buffalo unaided. (Maurice Frink, western history expert, says this is the only account he knows of in which a woman alone killed a buffalo.) It was the summer of 1871. A small hunting party set out from Boulder in two wagons. They headed toward the South Platte River south of Denver for word had come of large numbers of buffaloes in the area. Martha Maxwell and her husband James shared one wagon with an Army general and his young wife. Behind the wagons came extra horses, one of them a high spirited mare belonging to the general. They set up camp along the Platte.

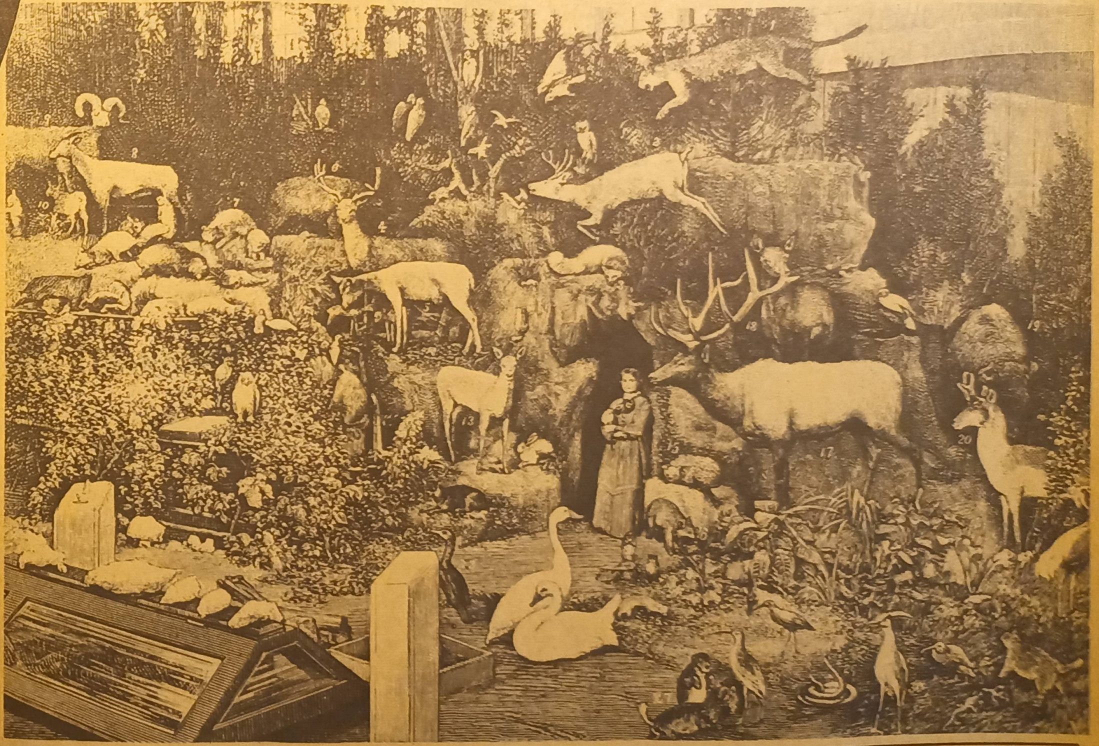
She was pretty, insatiably curious, not a bit squeamish, and lucky enough to get away with being *very* hardheaded!

"There might be a thousand animals in that herd," said petite Martha as she shaded her eyes with one hand to get a better look at the buffaloes across the river. The herd was some distance from the river, a black mass moving south toward water.

The Colorado sun was bright, the sky

(Continued on page 68)





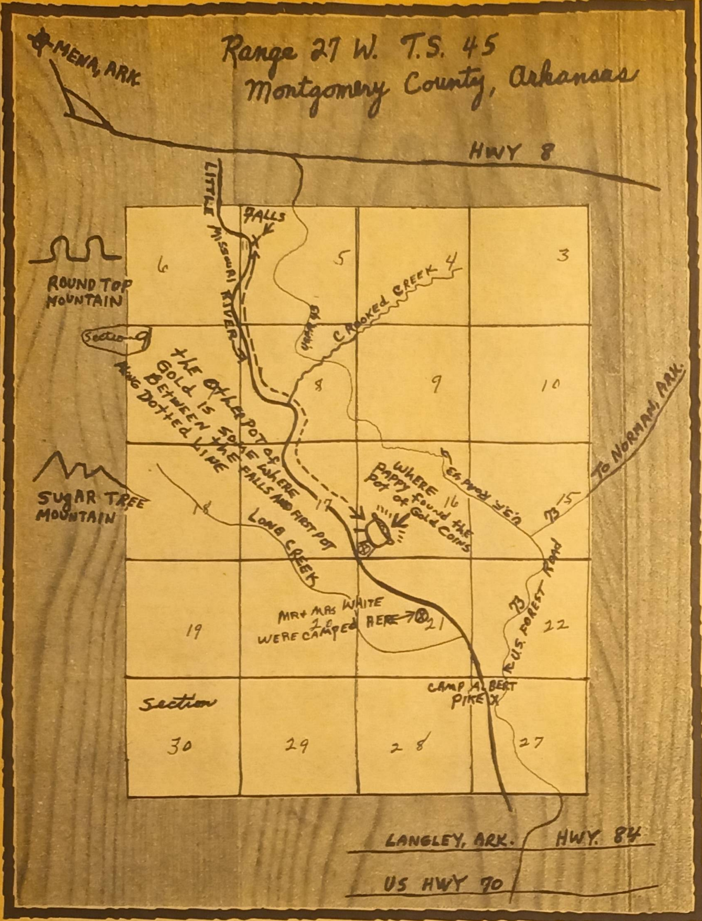
1. Mountain Lion. 2. Mule Deer. 3. Cross Fox. 4. Deer Stag. 5. Doe. 6. Cinnamon Bear. 7. Wild-Cat. 8. Mountain Sheep—Female. 9. Mountain Sheep—Male. 10. Mountain Sheep—Lamb. 11. Red Fox. 12. Great Horned Owl. 13. Red Deer—Female. 14. Black-tailed Rabbit. 15. Wild-Cat. 16. Gray Fox. 17. Male Elk. 18. Female Elk. 19. Buffalo. 20. Antelope. 21. Stork. 22. Pet Dog. 23. Cormorant. 24. Swan. 25. Black-footed Ferret. 26. Ibis. 27. Prairie-Dog. 28. Long-billed Curlew. 29. Rattlesnake. 30. Night-Heron.

MRS. MAXWELL'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN MUSEUM, COLORADO BUILDING, CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.—

At left, Martha Maxwell in 1875 in her Rocky Mountain Museum which was located at 376 Lawrence Street, Denver, Colorado. Below, Martha and her Philadelphia Centennial Exposition exhibit illustrated for *Harper's Bazar*, November 11, 1876.

Photos Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

ONE BLACK POT WITH A YELLOW FORTUNE



Map drawn by the author indicates approximate site of discovery of the first washpot of gold coins and general area in which the second pot supposedly still lies buried.

All you have to locate is three beech trees in a triangle. Where to look—Montgomery County, Arkansas!

By J. MARK BOND

Photos Courtesy Author

"IT WAS either in 1907 or 1908 that we found the gold. I can't remember the exact date because I was so small. But the occasion I do remember as clear as if it were only yesterday," Arthur Porter was saying to me.

"We lived in the Greasy Cove Mountains of Arkansas. Our closest neighbor lived one-and-a-half miles away, so when we saw three men approaching we knew that they had to be coming to see us. When we could recognize them, they were three relatives of my pappy.

"I will never forget how excited they were. While I drew a fresh bucket of water, they all sat down on the porch. When I came back with the water they had a dirty piece of paper spread out on the porch. All four of them were bent over studying the paper.

"I asked Pappy what the paper was. He replied, 'A waybill to two washpots full of buried gold!' His cousin Eli spoke up and said he had found the exact location of one spot that was on the waybill.

"Pappy told me to go chase the mules from the pasture into the barn lot. We had a big span of grey mules. We traveled about four hours in a wagon to the Little Missouri River. About mid-evening we arrived at the place Cousin Eli had found. There were three big beech trees in a triangle. Each tree had five old arrows on the side cut very deep into the bark. All of the arrows pointed to the center of the triangle. While I ate muscadine from a nearby vine, the men started digging.

"'I found it! I found it!' one of the men shouted. I ran up and looked down into the hole. They had almost missed it. I could see a little of one side of a rusty washpot. It didn't take the men long to enlarge the hole and expose the entire top of the washpot. It was covered over with an old piece of sheet iron or some type of sheet metal.

"I had heard many hairy stories about buried treasure, I will admit, and being just a kid I was scared to death. When Pappy raised that old piece of sheet iron off the pot, it was slam full to the top with gold coins. It seemed like it took the sun five minutes to reach down to that open pot. Then the gold coins started giving off a yellow glow.

"To this day, I still believe that I heard men screaming, horses running and guns shooting. I was so scared that Pappy and cousin Eli had to chase me down and catch me. They led me back to the hole and I was too unnerved to look down at the big washpot full of gold.

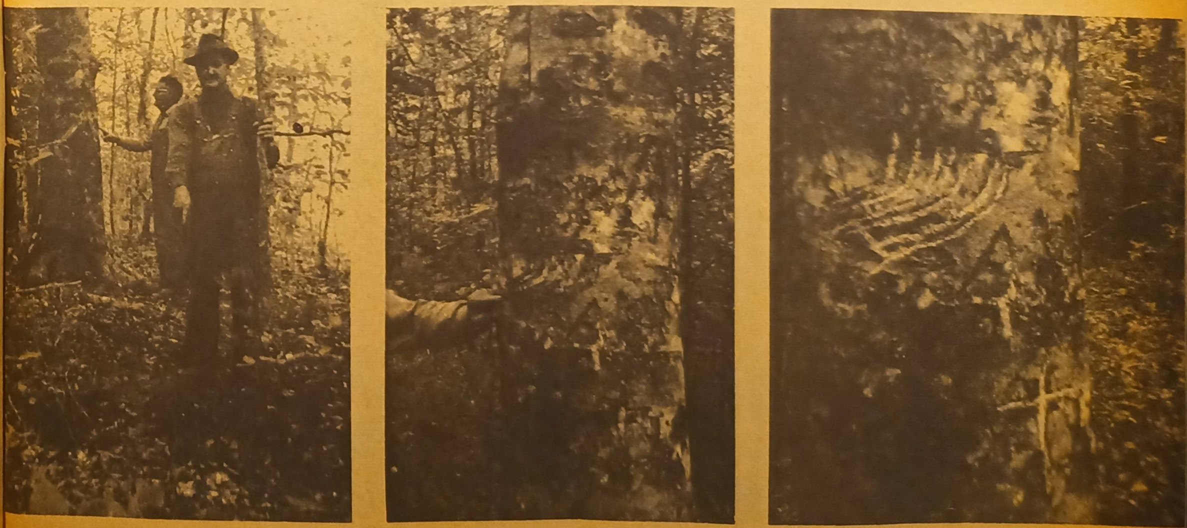
"The other two men told Pappy and Cousin Eli to get down in the hole and help them lift the pot out, but all four of them couldn't budge that pot. Then Pappy drove the wagon as close to the hole as he could and I held the mules. The men took turns getting down on their knees, reaching down in the hole and getting their hands full of the gold coins. Then they would lay the coins over in the wagon bed. While I watched and held the mules, I couldn't help wondering how many peppermint sticks all those coins could buy. The men had to try five different times before they could lift that heavy pot out of the hole and into the wagon. Each time they failed, they would take out more coins. They had about three-fourths of the coins out of the pot before they ever could lift the pot out.

"It was real late and dark when we got home. My mother lit the lamp and there was $100,000 in gold coin in that washpot after the count.

"The men made four equal piles of the coins in front of the fireplace and Pappy loaned them the team to carry their shares to their home. The other three men finally got their parts loaded back on the wagon. Mother, Pappy and I spent a lot of time burying our part in three different places. During all the excitement, the waybill was lost and we

(Continued on page 54)

Arthur Porter (right) holds a washpot similar to the gold-filled container he saw his father and three friends dig up sixty years ago. Below, having guided the author to the discovery site, Porter points to the shallow remains of the discovery hole while Clayton White inspects the sole surviving beech tree. Arrows still are visible, as are White's initials "ACW" carved forty years ago on his first visit.



NEIGHBORHOOD TALK ABOUT PAT GARRETT

By A. G. CARTER

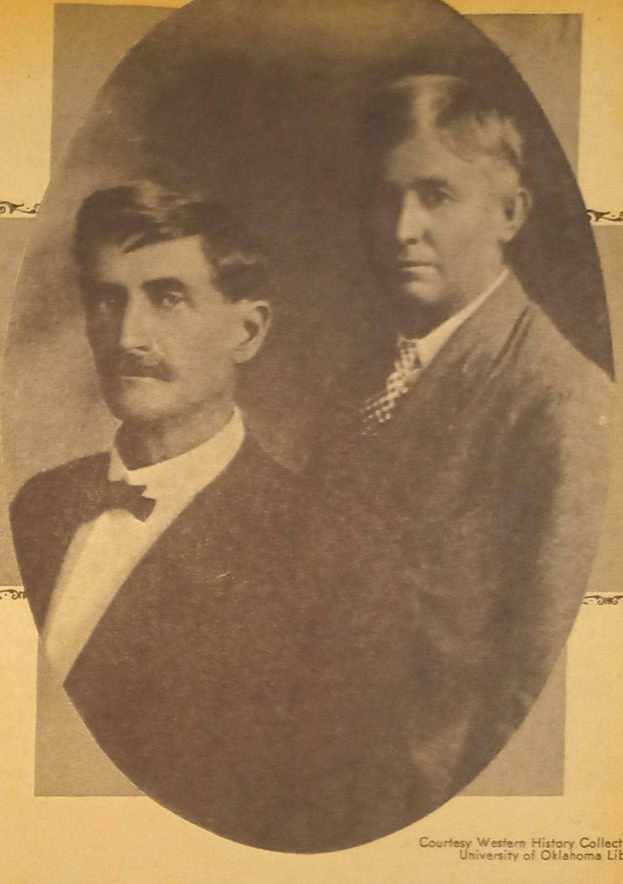
as told to

C. L. SONNICHSEN

Everyone has his own ideas about certain events and the people involved. It may be based on gossip, rumor, or just a hunch. And it may be 100% malarkey or close to the truth . . .

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

At left, New York Avenue in Alamogordo, New Mexico.



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Pat Garrett (left) and Hy J. Bowles, county clerk at Uvalde, Texas. Although undated, this photo may have been taken while Garrett was at Uvalde trying his hand at horse ranching.

I NEVER KNEW Pat Garrett. He was still alive when I came to the Alamogordo country in central New Mexico but I never happened to meet him. I did know—and like—Wayne Brazel, who supposedly killed him, and I was well acquainted with most of the old-timers who were there when Colonel Albert Jennings Fountain and his eight-year-old son disappeared in 1896. Pat was brought back from Uvalde, Texas, to try to run down the killers. Eventually Jim Gililland, Bill McNew and Oliver Lee were tried for the murder of the little Fountain boy, but Pat never arrested them. They came in when they were ready.

During the time Pat was looking for these men, he spent a good deal of time trying to get close to them—not too close, for Pat didn't like to take on opposition as tough as these famous fighters could hand out unless he had a distinct advantage. On one occasion, (the time he caught them asleep on top of an adobe house at Wildy's Well near Orogrande) he thought he had the drop on them, but in the shooting that followed Pat lost his dignity and his deputy Kearney. After that he was not so energetic about pursuing them.

Naturally there was a lot of talk among the cowboys and ranchmen, and among the town men as well, about Garrett and Lee and all the action they had been involved in. After Pat's death, there was more talk about what had actually happened and why. I heard it and remembered it and think that what I heard was based on truth though it might not have been the whole truth.

I began hearing these stories almost as soon as I reached Alamogordo January 7, 1907. I had left Kansas City, Missouri on a blizzardy night, spent three anxious hours when the train got caught in a snowdrift, and was pleased to find the sun shining in New Mexico. Alamogordo was started in 1898 and was still a new town in 1907—the first really new town I had ever been in. On both sides of the street as I left the depot I noticed a row of cottonwood trees about five inches in diameter, just barely out of their infancy. Another thing I noticed was the number of saddled horses standing with the bridle reins trailing on the ground. I later learned that this was called "ground tieing."

A few days later I met a young man about my age (twenty-two) named Jim Blakely. I learned that he was the first white boy born in White Oaks, the scene of a gold rush some years before. His father had migrated from Texas about 1880, had hauled supplies from points in western Texas to White Oaks, Lincoln and Fort Sumner, and thus was in a position to learn what had taken place in those towns. He had passed all this information on to his son, who related it to me.

One of the first pieces of history Jim gave me was about Billy the Kid. Billy was no angel but he was not guilty of many things he had been accused of. He did steal horses in New Mexico and took them to the Texas Panhandle for sale. On the return trip he would gather cattle along the way, drive them to Tularosa and sell them to Pat Coghlan. After these sales Billy had plenty of money to spend on his friends, and especially on the dark-eyed Mexican señoritas. He and Pat were friends and often played poker together.

Blakely claimed that Garrett didn't kill Billy the Kid, and many old-timers in Alamogordo agreed with him. They all believed that Pat's victim was a friend of Billy, a Mexican sheepherder working for Pete Maxwell at Fort Sumner. One man told me that Garrett entered Maxwell's bedroom that July night in 1881 knowing that Maxwell was lying on one of the two beds in the room. There was a tick on the second bed. When Pat entered the room, he removed the tick and rolled it up, placing it near the head of the bed. Then he got behind it facing the open door, through which a full moon was shining.

Billy's friend, the sheepherder, entered and Pat shot him. His body was removed from the room and left on the ground outside the house. It lay there so long before burial that it started to decompose. The decomposition kept the coroner's jury from getting close enough to it to make a positive identification, but they declared it was Billy. The authorities in Santa Fe must have heard this story, or one like it, or Pat would not have had so much trouble in collecting the reward. It was not the only story in circulation about how Billy (or a friend of his) met his death in Pete Maxwell's bedroom but it was typical.

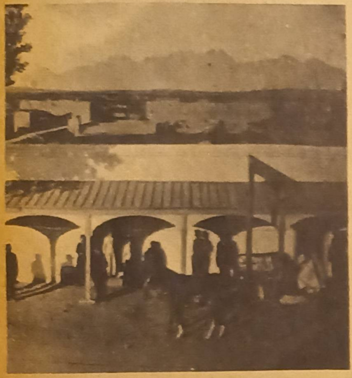
I HEARD some more of Jim Blakely's stories when he accompanied me on a trip I made by horse and buggy to Joe Morgan's lower ranch some twelve miles south of Alamogordo. Anybody who has traveled twelve miles behind a team of horses knows that there is plenty of time for conversation.

"It's too bad we are not going as far as Wildy's Well," Jim remarked. "That is where Garrett went to capture Oliver Lee."

It seems that Pat had had a tip from somebody who had seen Lee and his friend Jim Bob Gililland going toward

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe



Panoramic view of Lincoln, New Mexico (above) in the 1880s. At left is an old stereoscopic view of a portion of Las Cruces with the Organ Mountains on the horizon.

the well on fagged-out horses. They would undoubtedly stop there, as Pat reasoned, to rest their horses and themselves. He organized a posse and went after them, found them sleeping on the roof, and opened fire just as, or just after, he called "Hands up!" Neither Lee nor Gililland was hurt, but Lee got into action so fast that he put a bullet through Deputy Kearney and caused Garrett to scramble down off the roof and take cover.

When we got to Morgan's lower ranch Jim noted the resemblance of the ranch house to the one at Wildy's Well some miles farther south. "There is the adobe house with the high adobe firewall at the top," he said. "There is the wagon shed connected to the house. There is the ladder leaning against the top of the fire wall which tipped Garrett off to the fact that the men were sleeping on the roof."

He pointed to a galvanized water tank and went on: "It has railroad ties cribbed under it just like the one at Wildy's Well. Pat got behind the cribbing when Lee and Gililland chased him down the ladder and began to throw hot lead at him. After a few minutes he decided that he was about to drown from the water that was pouring down on him from the bullet holes that had been shot in the tank. He tore a part of his shirt tail off and hung it on his rifle barrel as a flag of truce. The shooting stopped and Lee told him to come out from behind his breastworks. When he did so, Lee told him to go to a nearby pasture and bring back workhorses, put Kearney in a wagon, and drive him to the railroad tracks three or four miles away where a section crew was working.

"For some reason Pat had removed his boots before the fracas started—probably to help him get up the ladder undetected. Without his boots and unwilling to take orders before his possemen, Pat told two of his deputies to go get the team.

"Lee told Pat, 'I told *you* to go, and I mean it!' Pat went. He hobbled across the rocks and cactus in his stocking feet and brought the horses back. They hitched the team to a wagon, took the injured man to the EP&SW tracks and sent him to Alamogordo on a hand car."

I MET ANOTHER man with memories when I was living in Whittier, California in 1945. I spent a good deal of time in the city park playing cards with a bunch of old cronies. One day we had a newcomer, a well-dressed and well-educated man who didn't play cards but liked to "sweat" the games. I asked him where he was from.

"Most any place," he said. "I spent several years in the Indian Territory, long before it was called Oklahoma. While I was there I spent a lot of time on business in Lincoln County, New Mexico."

"I used to live in Alamogordo," I told him.

"Then you must have known Jim Baird."

"I was well acquainted with him and have visited his ranch many times."

That started him off. "I had occasion to be in the Lincoln County Courthouse quite often," he said, "and on account of Jim being an officer of the law, I got to know him well. Pat Garrett, of course, was in and out of the courthouse too. On my first visit I could plainly see that Garrett had something against Baird. Pat was always making slurring remarks to Jim, but Jim just passed them off with a smile until he couldn't take anymore.

"One day he slowly rose from the chair he was sitting in and told Pat he had enough of his razzing. Pat flavored it with profanity, and that Jim didn't like. He said he had stood for all such remarks that he was going to. Being officers of the law, they both wore six-shooters. Jim told Pat they would go downstairs and when they reached the ground, one would turn right and the other left. When they came in sight of each other, they would start shooting. Jim circled the building but found nothing to shoot at. He learned later that Pat had kicked up dust as he ran to the nearest saloon."

The man who told this story was named, I think, Abernathy. He was ninety years old. Most of the card players thought he had been some kind of a government man. He told us he had had some trouble with a man in Roswell and the man drew a gun on him. He didn't have time to draw his own gun but rushed the other fellow and caught his pistol by the barrel just as he pulled the trigger. The bullet passed through his right hand, not striking any bones. After having the hole treated a while, he had good use of the hand again, but we could see where the bullet went into the palm and where it came out on the back.

Another tale about Pat Garrett came from Herb McGrath, who had been a foreman for the Diamond A ranch with headquarters not far from Lordsburg in the early days. The Diamond A had cattle ranges in Arizona, Texas and California, as well as in New Mexico. Herb had married Nan Baird, daughter of Jim Baird, had a hotel in Lordsburg, and was a deputy sheriff when he told this story.

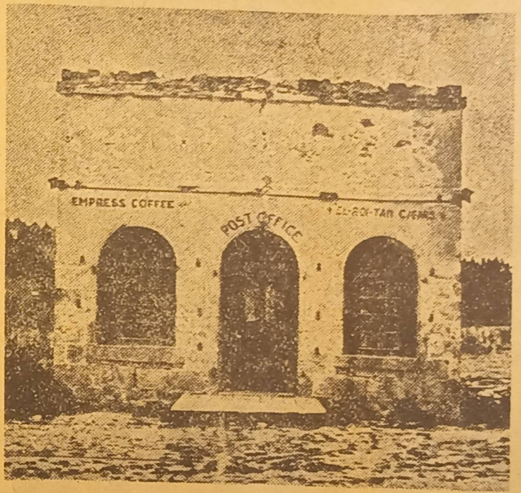
While he was still running the ranch, a tall, lanky Texan rode in and asked for a job. Herb couldn't use the lad then but told him a man was needed on a part of the ranch farther west. So "Tex" headed westward, leading his packhorse. He was an affable sort, knew his business, and did well at his new job.

After a few months, however, he found himself in trouble. One of the punchers told him in private that the foreman of the outfit was accusing him of changing the brands on Diamond A cattle and driving them to the Mexican border. The foreman had sent Tex south toward the line on many occasions, usually by himself. If the rustling charge should ever be made public, Tex knew he might have some explaining to do.

He asked his friend what he should do. The cowboy advised him to start carrying his six-shooter, a hard thing to manage since he didn't own one and never had. He bought a gun, however, and started to practice shooting. He had a natural aptitude and developed into a

(Continued on page 62)

Pioneer, Montana had long been a ghost town when these photos were made late in the 1920s. Today nothing of the town remains.



MONTANA'S FIRST LOST TREASURE

Blackfeet blocked the trail. When they were finished with the miners, only one white man was left to tell what happened

By REX BUNDY

Photos Courtesy Author

STORIES told by Indians, regardless of what tribe, have always been classed as legends. But such stories—handed down by word of mouth from father to son, old warrior to new, word by word—possess two qualities the recorded word of the enlightened races did not have: Consistency and accuracy. They were never changed, not one word, by any future relater to coincide with his beliefs or interpretation.

There is only one known fact to substantiate the following story, but the account ties directly with the stories of six different men of the Flathead tribe. What is known is that miners busily erecting the old town of Pioneer, Montana in the 1860s found unmistakable remains of what had been, many years before, a man-made dugout—and near it, along the stream, deep depressions which could not possibly have been made by natural forces.

The men who had preceded these miners at Pioneer had come out of the north, blazing trails where no white foot had trod. They were fur-trappers and came into what is now Montana in search of treasure—the treasure to be found in an untrapped primitive region. They wandered through the Flathead Valley, harvesting furs from untouched streams.

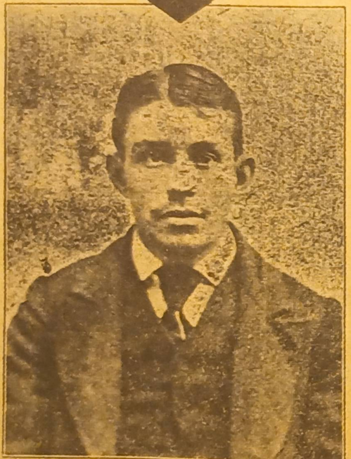
The lure of adventure and curiosity about the far side of the next mountain eventually carried them into the Bitterroot Valley, long the home of the Flathead tribe. Here they found friendly people and hordes of fur-bearing animals of every description. Their flintlock rifles with thunderous noise, flame and smoke, and undeniable killing power, along with their much lighter body skin and bushy whiskers, made these men objects of veneration to the stone-age people they met.

The Indians willingly showed them the best trapping grounds and even aided them in their work. In return, the trappers furnished protection to the tribe with their long rifles. This was proven to the people when the trappers killed three Blackfeet during a skirmish with a wandering war party and sent the remainder pell-mell back to their own country.

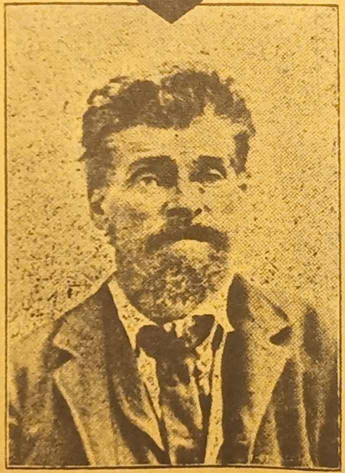
(Continued on page 64)

THREE MEN OF EVIL

George Silbee



Ed Silbee



Photos Courtesy Kansas Historical Society

Amos Phillips

Granted that two wrongs never made a right, premeditated murder often provoked a community into a dreadful retribution

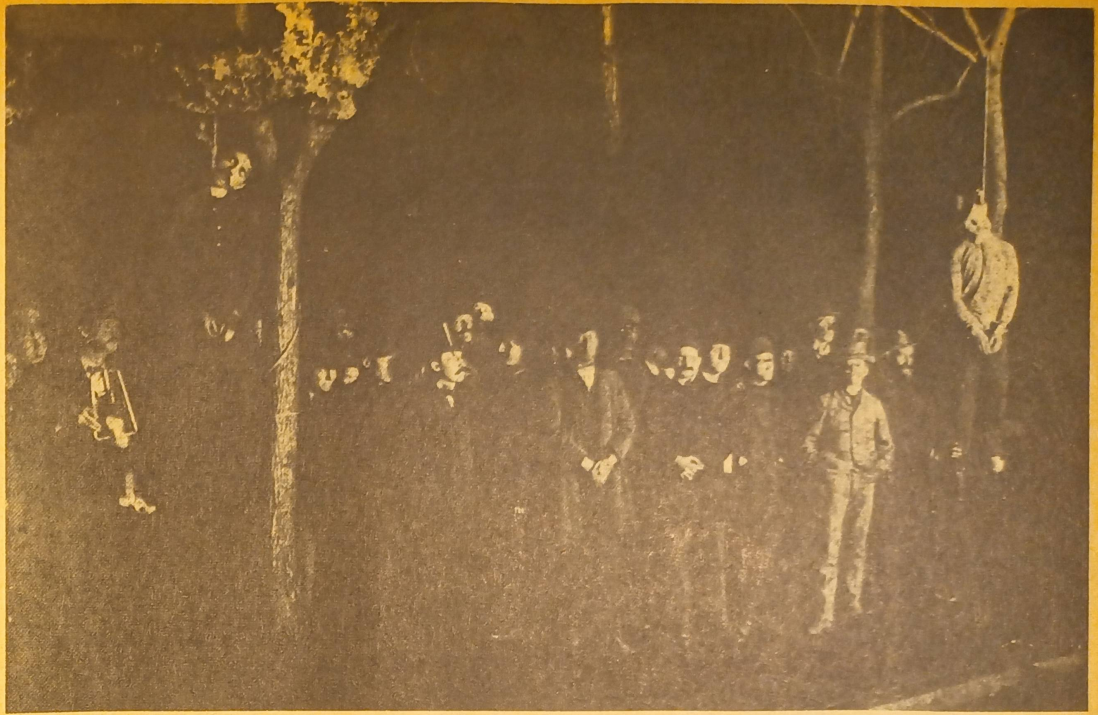
By CHARLOTTE M. OFFEN

Photos Courtesy Author

"DIE game, kid!" The words, contemptuous and insolent, rang out on the cold January night air, reaching every ear in the courtyard. The next instant the rope was drawn taut about George Silbee's neck.

The story of George and Ed E. Silbee, brothers, goes back to late October 1899, with its starting point near Butler, Bates County, Missouri and continuing on along the border joining Kansas and Missouri, ending not far inside the Kansas line at Fort Scott.

Leopold Edlinger, a twenty-two-year-old farm boy, had spent two years working for W. B. Tyler, a prosperous farmer who lived in the vicinity of Butler, Missouri. Edlinger was hard-working, full of ambition to get ahead in the world. Of Dutch descent and thrifty, he had saved his money until he had $800. In addition he'd managed to acquire a fine span of mules, a beautiful bay mare, and a new wagon. With these he went down into Oklahoma Territory and purchased twenty acres of land. Returning home he made plans for moving to his new home. Tyler gave him a good saw, a friend gave him an axe; Mrs. Tyler gave supplies, a daughter gave him a beautiful necktie, and his two sisters furnished a bed and bedding.



Courtesy Fort Scott Historical Museum

George (left) and Ed Silbee hang from catalpa trees in front of the Fort Scott, Kansas jail on the night of January 20, 1900.

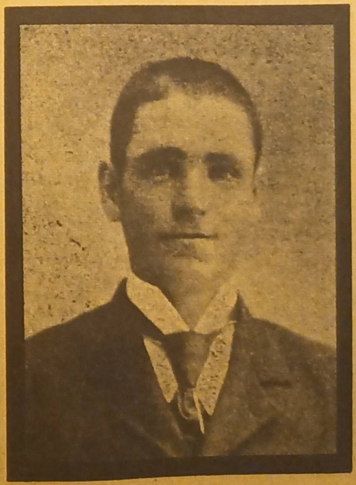
The morning of October 25, 1899 Leopold Edlinger bade his friends goodbye and set out for his new home in Oklahoma. Four weeks later his body was found in Mill Creek, six miles northwest of Fort Scott, Kansas.

A heavy stay-chain was about the man's neck; a sack of rocks weighing 200 pounds was bound about his knees with barbed wire, and his feet were bound with more wire. Examination showed he'd been shot as well as beaten about the head. His features were so badly battered that recognition was impossible. A search of his clothing revealed a letter written after leaving Missouri, but no addressed envelope. A blank check on the Rockville, Missouri bank was also in his pocket. Since no identification was possible the body was buried in the potter's field.

Sheriff Allen Brooks wrote the Rockville bank of the finding of a body and described clothing worn by the dead man. A reply came back in which the writer said he suspected the victim was one Leopold Edlinger and that he'd notified two sisters.

The two brothers-in-law arrived and identified the articles of clothing. They brought a picture of Edlinger which Brooks used in published accounts of the murder in which he asked for information from anyone having seen the youth along the route. Brooks was rewarded with information that warranted apprehension of three men, brothers George and Ed E. Silbee (alias Meeks, alias Smith), and sixty-year-old Amos Phillips.

THE three men were brought to Fort Scott and charged with murder. The Silbees were brought to trial Monday, January 15, 1900 with Judge Walter L. Simons presiding and County Attorney Jake Sheppard as prosecutor. Since the brothers declared they had no money to provide an attorney, the judge appointed Humphrey and Hudson to defend them. However, when the case opened, George Silbee refused their services, saying no attorney was needed. The brothers sat in surly silence, without professional services or witnesses.

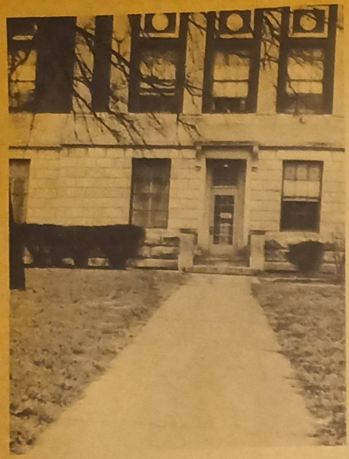


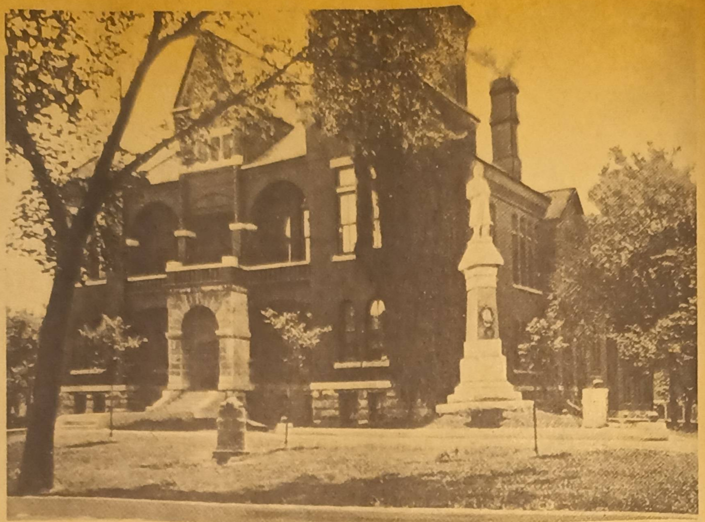
Courtesy Kansas Historical Society

Leopold Edlinger, the murdered boy, in the photo circulated after discovery of his identity. Ed Silbee, photographed during the trial (opposite page), wears the same necktie, presumably the one given Edlinger by the Tyler girl. It was an unfortunate coincidence for Silbee and an incriminating piece of evidence which figured in the trial.

Prosecutor Sheppard brought forth numerous witnesses who identified the Silbees as men seen at various times along the route taken by young Edlinger. Some said they'd seen Edlinger or the Silbees on the road within a few hours of each other. One time the Silbees would be ahead of the boy. Again they'd appear several hours after he'd passed by.

One or two witnesses swore they had been offered a span of mules, or maybe a bay mare, all identified as belonging to Edlinger. The animals and wagon were brought to the courthouse for proper identification. One man said he bought the mules, while another said he bought the mare. In each instance identification was positive. One or two





Courtesy Kansas Historical Society

Fort Scott, Kansas courthouse (above) where the Silbee brothers and Phillips were convicted of murdering Edlinger and where the Silbees' hangings were plotted. The lynch party departed the building by the north door (above left; the courthouse has since been rebuilt but retains its original arrangement), marched part-way down the sidewalk, then cut west across the lawn to the jail (left). A high wire fence surrounds the prisoners' quarters today the same as in 1900. The catalpa trees stand just beyond the junction of the sidewalks in photo at left.

witnesses swore they had seen Amos Phillips driving the wagon and mules and that he'd offered them for sale. Thus bit by bit a chain of circumstantial evidence was woven around the three accused.

One man and his wife related how on a Sunday afternoon they had passed the Silbees, walking ahead of the horses. They testified to a nauseous stench coming from the wagon.

Before the trio was brought to trial, Sheriff Brooks and Sheppard had spent many hours questioning them. One day Phillips broke under the hammering. He told how George Silbee had shot Edlinger as he lay sleeping. Later, finding the youth was not dead, George had ordered Ed to "finish him off" with the axe. Ed Silbee was present at the time of Phillips' statement.

As they were being returned to their cells Sheppard remarked to Ed: "The old man's quite a liar, isn't he?" Ed smiled broadly. "He sure is."

Amos Phillips could neither read nor write and it was learned he'd spent time in the Illinois penitentiary on charge of theft. An inmate in the jail swore that after Ed and Phillips were back in their cells, Ed asked the old man why he told officers of the murder.

"Why, Ed, I had to. They was askin' me so many questions I had to say somethin'." Thereupon George cursed him, saying if he'd kept his mouth shut the state would have had nothing on them.

On Wednesday Prosecutor Sheppard rested his case against the Silbees and the jury retired for deliberation. Five hours later they returned a verdict of "guilty in the first degree."

The brothers appeared unmoved at the announcement. Rather they seemed to find something amusing about it. They laughed and joked in a casual way to the surprise of everyone. Their manner could have been intended to convey they had a secret which gave them the jump on the court and all who'd had a hand in their trial. When asked if they wished to poll the jury, George replied, "No! We made all the talk we wanted to."

Judge Simons set Monday, January 22, as the date on which he would pass sentence. No one doubted what that would be.

On Thursday, January 19, 1900 Amos Phillips was brought to trial on a charge of first-degree murder. At that time there appeared to be a missing link connecting him with the actual murder. The old man denied being present at the actual killing or having anything to do with it. At times he denied ever having made a confession of knowledge of the crime. Once he swore he'd been offered protection from the Silbees. Prosecutor Sheppard reminded Phillips that he had led officers to the old house where Edlinger was killed, and then to the creek where the body had been found. Sheppard asked Phillips to explain how he'd been able to do this if he'd had no hand in the murder. Phillips retorted by saying he'd been present when the sheriff had questioned the Silbees on several occasions. From that he'd learned many details concerning the killing of Edlinger.

WHEN first brought into court there seemed little doubt as to the old man's guilt. However, as the trial progressed sentiment changed in Phillips' favor. The ease with which he squirmed out from under Prosecutor Sheppard's probing questions, his age, and the fact that he was unable to read or write, all created doubt in the minds of spectators. They seemed to feel he was just a victim of circumstances. Sob sisters were in attendance to pity the "poor fellow" and spread sympathy for him.

The prosecutor also found him a smooth old codger. And in addition he felt Phillips was a natural born liar. He kept hammering at him, trying to cross him up, boring into his confession and his ability to direct officers to the old house and the creek. To all of this Phillips replied with seeming honesty, "I tole you. I heered it in the sheriff's office."

And thus it was that on the second day of the old man's trial the mood of the spectators and jurymen seemed to have mellowed. The sob sisters had done their work well. Phillips' lawyers, Humphrey and Hudson, fought valiantly for their client. Sheppard fought just as hard to prove him guilty.

Late Friday afternoon Amos Phillips' fate was placed in the hands of the jury. They retired from the courtroom about seven o'clock. At five o'clock Saturday morning they were returned to the courtroom and the foreman announced they'd reached a verdict of "guilty in the first degree."

Phillips at first seemed not to understand the verdict. When it was explained to him, he wilted and asked Sheriff Brooks for support in leaving the courtroom.

"My God, I wish I could explain the truth to 'em. I never had nuthin' to do with that murder. Them Smith men will tell you; I never had nuthin' to do with it. I'm a old man and I ain't goin' to live very long. I wouldn't hurt nobody. My God, this is awful." So lamenting he was led back to his cell. On Saturday afternoon Sheriff Brooks again returned Phillips to his cell after bringing him from the courthouse where his appeal for re-trial had been denied by Judge Simons.

Early that evening Deputy Sheriff Ball entered the jail and attempted to open the steel door leading into the corridor of the cage. The cell doors were constructed to open and close with the pull of a lever on the outside. Ball found no force on the lever. An inmate serving a term for a minor offense, sitting in the outside corridor, tipped the deputy off that something was wrong. Looking through the bars, Ball saw the heavy steel doors to four cells were gone. The two Silbees were sitting near the cage door in the corridor. Ball ordered them to go inside their cells. They just stared at him, unmoving. The deputy knew that while the outside door was closed and locked there was no possibility of anyone's escaping.

Courtesy Kansas Historical Society

Fort Scott's Goodlander Hotel about 1900. After the Silbee hangings, authorities secretly transferred Amos Phillips to the hotel basement where he was kept hidden for his own safety.

Ball stepped back and called a guard to watch over the prisoners. He then hurried to get former Sheriffs Wheeler and T. J. Allen, extra guards, the chief of police, and two constables. With their arrival the prisoners knew their plan for escape had been discovered. In the jail now were Wheeler, Allen, Deputy Sheriff Ball, Chief of Police Conway, policemen John Dillon, Ike Behner, Flem Miller; guards John Graham and John Winn; and constables Taylor and Jordon, eleven in all. Sheriff Brooks had gone home for the day. Upon being summoned, the officers had gathered handcuffs and thirty-pound leg irons which they intended using on the Silbee brothers.

DEPUTY BALL unlocked the cage door and Allen stepped inside, saying pleasantly, "All right, boys, come on out."

At that George Silbee sprang from his cell and dealt Allen a stunning blow on the back of the head with a steel bar which had been wrenched from the cage. Allen fell backward to the floor, almost knocking over Dillon and Behner who were immediately behind him. Silbee raised the bar for a second blow, but Dillon struck out with his club. The bar hit the club and glanced off, thus possibly saving Allen's life.

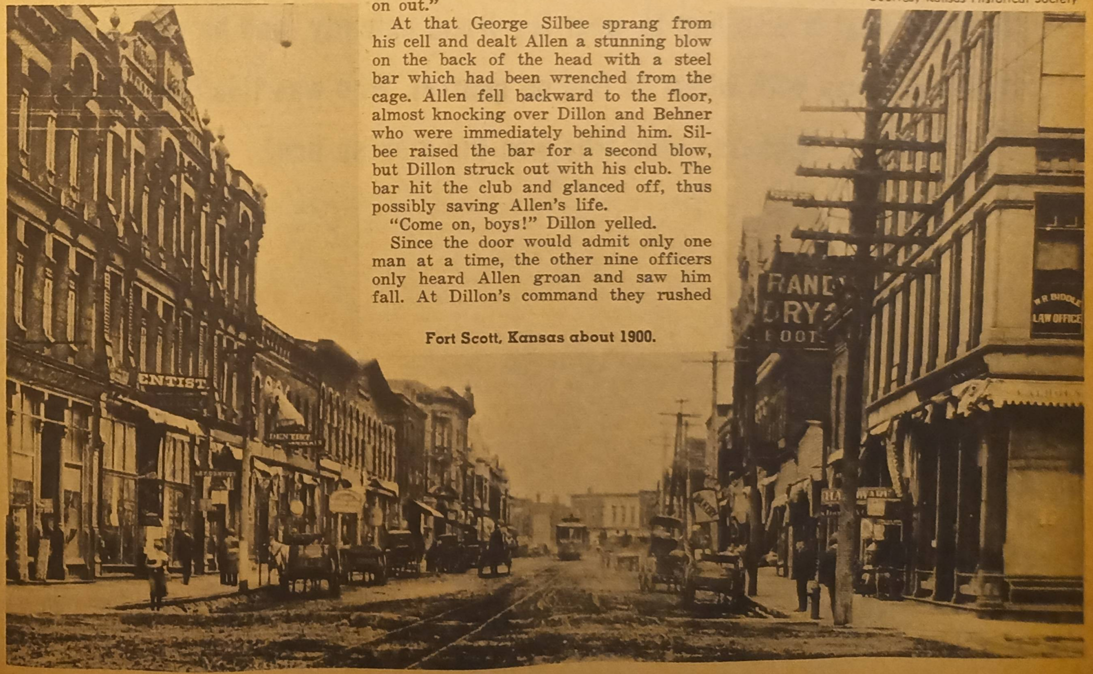
"Come on, boys!" Dillon yelled.

Since the door would admit only one man at a time, the other nine officers only heard Allen groan and saw him fall. At Dillon's command they rushed forward, attempting to push their way inside the cell. Wheeler was behind the two front officers. Now he quickly stooped and, thrusting his gun between their legs and twisting his hand around, started firing. He stated afterward his intention was only to frighten Silbee into submission.

Three other prisoners ran out into the corridor and attacked the officers out-

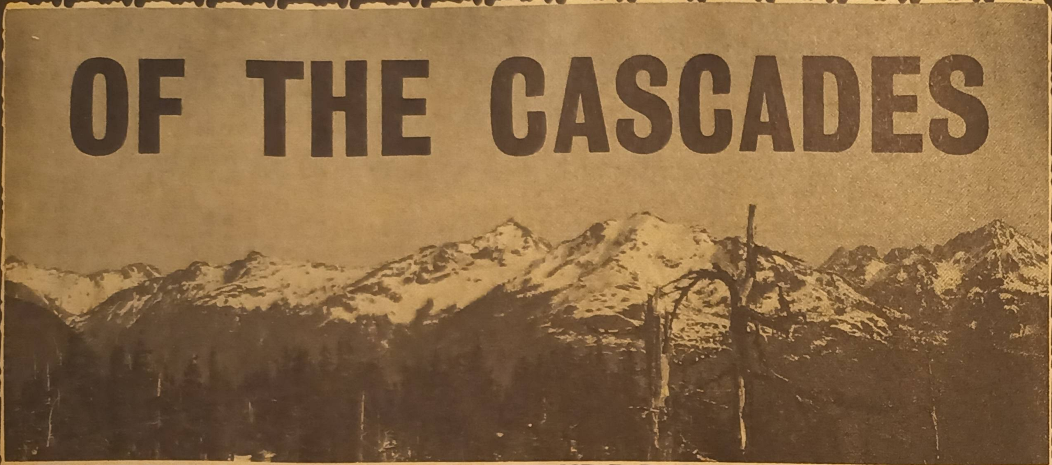
(Continued on page 66)

Courtesy Kansas Historical Society



Fort Scott, Kansas about 1900.

MYSTERY MAN OF THE CASCADES



He knew what it was like to wear leg irons unjustly, and he met death tracking a man with whom he had no quarrel. Who was this loner Perry Vickers—and why was his luck so bad?

By VICTOR H. WHITE

Photos Courtesy Author

Author's Note: Stephen Coalman, who in 1865 lived about halfway between Portland, Oregon and Mount Hood, became a close personal friend of Perry Vickers—the "Mystery Man of the Cascades." Coalman was a man who kept careful and exact written records. Upon his death, he passed these on to his son Lige, now almost ninety years old and living in California. It was from Lige Coalman that I obtained the following detailed history of the interesting individual who once was arrested in Vancouver as a horse thief, but who never was guilty of stealing anything and who was destined to risk death in a gunfight while himself trying to help uphold the law. The facts are substantiated by documents on file with the Oregon Historical Society.

PERRY VICKERS appeared in Vancouver, Washington Territory in the company of three other young men with whom he had struck up an impromptu acquaintance. Military authorities at Fort Vancouver had been busily looking for his companions who were suspected of horse stealing, and when they were apprehended and Vickers was with them, it was assumed that he was one of the thieves. All four were charged and confined in the guardhouse at the fort, though Vickers had known the other three men less than twenty-four hours at the time of the arrest.

It later became known that the young man had relatives living in Oregon across the Columbia River although there seems to be no record of where he or his family came from originally or of any of their associations prior to the time he turned up in Vancouver.

Time passed while the boys awaited trial. Vickers was particularly worried because guilty or not, there was likelihood of his being convicted simply because of his association. He therefore consented to join the others in an attempted jail break.

The cell in which they were imprisoned was barred with two-by-four wooden timbers and during the night the four prisoners pried loose enough of these to get out. But all were slowed by what was known as an "Oregon Boot," a seven-pound clevis locked to one ankle. Vickers pretended to be even more handicapped than he actually was, permitting his companions to break away northward while he gained speed as rapidly as possible southward through a tangle of brush in the direction of the Columbia River. He was willing to undertake considerable additional hazards in order to separate from his unsavory jail-mates.

But by this time there had been sufficient commotion to arouse the guards. Vickers' strategy in separating from the thieves had aided them, but had delayed him enough to enable those in pursuit to determine his direction. He was forced to plunge recklessly into thick brush down the dark slope. Arriving in a dense thicket in the black night, he paused and made frantic efforts to tear the clevis from his ankle while the sounds of pursuit grew nearer and more ominous.

The device resisted his best efforts. With his ankle chafed and painful, he made his way into an open stretch of faint light along the shore and there found himself cornered between the river and his pursuers, who were now quite near but who were still unaware of his exact location.

He chose stealth, moving slowly, carefully, slipping quietly deeper and deeper into the darkness of the rolling black waters. If he could make the army guards believe he had been forced into the river and had perished there, it would add to his chances that pursuit would be abandoned.

At this particular point, the width of the Columbia may vary from half to three-quarters of a mile. The current is fairly rapid and strong but not subject to much swirling or rapids. Despite the seven-pound weight attached to his ankle, Vickers swam the Columbia and landed safely on the Oregon side.

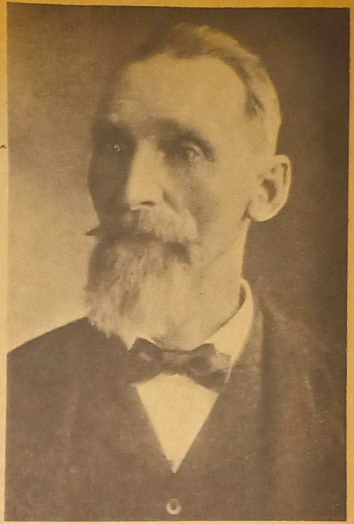
HE WANDERED in the first morning light to a farm barnyard where he searched through a wagon. A wheel wrench and a bolt from the jockey box served as tools with which he broke and pried the shackle from his leg. He had worked in a protecting willow grove, wet with mist and rain, and it was here that the tools were later found.

The leg iron had rubbed his ankle raw and the limb was badly swollen, but he nevertheless made his way to where two woodcutters were working nearby. He succeeded in wringing most of the river and rain water from his clothing and in procuring a fair breakfast, allaying suspicions with the excuse that he was on his way to visit a brother living in Powell Valley. He explained that he had missed the trail in the darkness and had become soaked in the recent rainstorm.

Vickers reached his brother's place late on the second day and confided the story of his false arrest and escape. His brother outfitted him with food and dry clothing and advised him to strike out on the Barlow Trail to seek work in eastern Oregon until the likelihood of further pursuit had passed.

Two days later, near the town of Sandy, Vickers came upon Stephen Coalman who was busy building a fence. When Vickers asked the closest way to eastern Oregon by way of the Barlow Toll Road, Coalman looked him over carefully and answered, "I'm superintendent of the road; we plan to open it for the summer season shortly and we'll need an extra man. You look reasonably young, strong and willing. Maybe you'd be looking for work?"

"I want to get on to eastern Oregon as soon as I can," Vickers replied, and

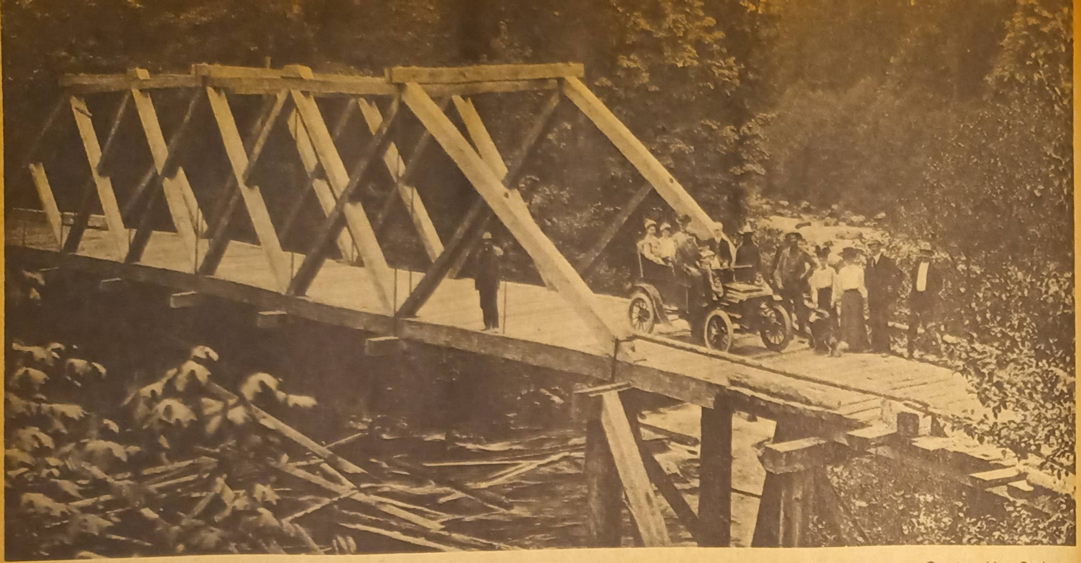


Stephen D. Coalman (right) befriended Vickers, gave him a job, and administered his will. Tombstones still mark the graves of Vickers and the Barclay baby on Still Creek across the road from Summit House.

Courtesy Lige Coalman

Oliver Yokum's "Government Camp" recreational facilities about 1900 in the Cascade Range in northern Oregon. Pursuing the same trade as Vickers, Yokum became a personal friend and later presided at Vickers' funeral.

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society



Courtesy Lige Coalman

Bridge on the Barlow Toll Road in northern Oregon on which maintenance work was supervised by Stephen Coalman, assisted for a time by Perry Vickers.

the two men stood appraising each other.

"You ain't runnin' from a bear?" Coalman suggested.

Vickers stood a while in silence. "It might not be safe to hire me if you own a good horse. I'm a horse thief."

Coalman smiled. "Pride myself on being a right fair judge of men. You don't look to me like a horse thief."

Then Perry Vickers sat down and confided in Stephen Coalman every detail of the Vancouver affair. Coalman believed him and promised that if Vickers went to work on the Barlow Road, a lawyer would be hired to handle his defense in case the soldiers ever caught up with him. Thus was born a mutual confidence and friendship between two men neither of whom was ever to fail or betray the other.

In early June of 1865 Coalman, Vickers and two other workmen began the yearly chore of opening the Barlow Toll Road to wagons, horses, cattle, sheep and even men afoot who were still traveling westward over this stretch of the Oregon Trail. The road via Barlow Pass was still the only northern route into western Oregon for those who did not go down the Columbia by boat.

It was necessary to cut out the winter's fall of trees, fill chuckholes, repair washes and smooth the deeper ruts. After the first week's work, the party chose a Sunday for rest and recreation at Summit Meadows, only a short distance west of the pass. Coalman found Vickers engrossed in the beauty of snow-covered Mount Hood, which rose majestically above a narrow strip of forest which skirts the verdant wild grass of the meadow today exactly as it did then.

"I shall build a road house and live here," Vickers confided to his friend. "The view from here is something I can live with the rest of my life. I'm also going to climb to the top."

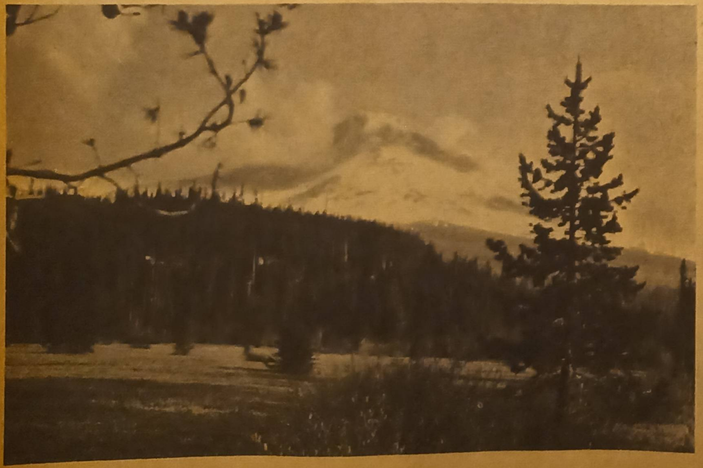
The rest of the summer was spent working on the road. The soldiers at Fort Vancouver must have forgotten Vickers for he heard no more of the horse-stealing charge. Toward fall, he and Coalman made a tentative survey of that portion of Summit Meadows which they thought would be most desirable for a homestead later on. As yet, no survey of the Mount Hood area had been made by the federal land department, so Vickers filed a squatter's right in the federal land office. During the winter he worked on the Coalman homestead and helped his brother in Powell Valley.

In June 1866, he began his log roadhouse in Summit Meadows to offer supplies and services to travelers along the Barlow Road. Here the view of Mount Hood is most wonderful. The property today is shown as still privately owned, a square white island in the green sea on the map of Mount Hood National Forest.

By autumn a building twenty by thirty-two feet had been completed with a large fireplace at one end. It had to be rugged enough to stand Cascade Range winter where snow may fall as deep as sixteen feet. Walls and roof were fashioned of heavy logs with hand-split cedar shakes on top. The floor was split-puncheon, adzed smooth. Vickers' furniture was hand-made—bedsteads, tables and chairs. There were three bedrooms

(Continued on page 70)

Mount Hood as viewed from the site of Vickers' Summit House. Although no trace of his lodge remains, Vickers' grave is fifty feet from this spot in Summit Meadows.



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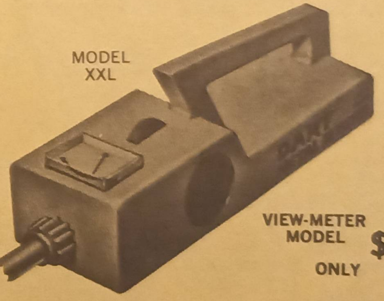
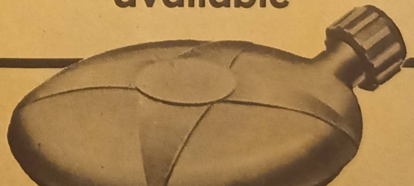




BANDIT LOOT in Grand Canyon

Hermit Trail is so forbidding now it might be easier to work for a living than to risk your neck probing its stones and underbrush!

Courtesy Department of the Interior, Grand Canyon National Park

Park Ranger-naturalist John Cox conducts a trailside lecture on historic Hermit Trail.

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

THREE gunshots echoed out over Grand Canyon that June day of 1885. On the precariously thin thread of a trail below, William W. Bass and Siler Ryan halted their strings of ore-laden burros.

No more shots followed. In the lead, the rusty-whiskered Bass turned to glance down the crooked trail at Ryan. Lifting his hand in a signal he started his burro train on upward. The slow march was resumed until he reached a bay in the wall where he turned off onto level ground. Ryan followed, driving his train in. At this point it was necessary to rest their pack stock on the climb out of the canyon depths from their mines.

Ryan's husky voice drawled, "Them shots came from the Basin, nigh Louey's place."

"Yeah. When I passed his diggin's couple days ago three fellers slid into the brush."

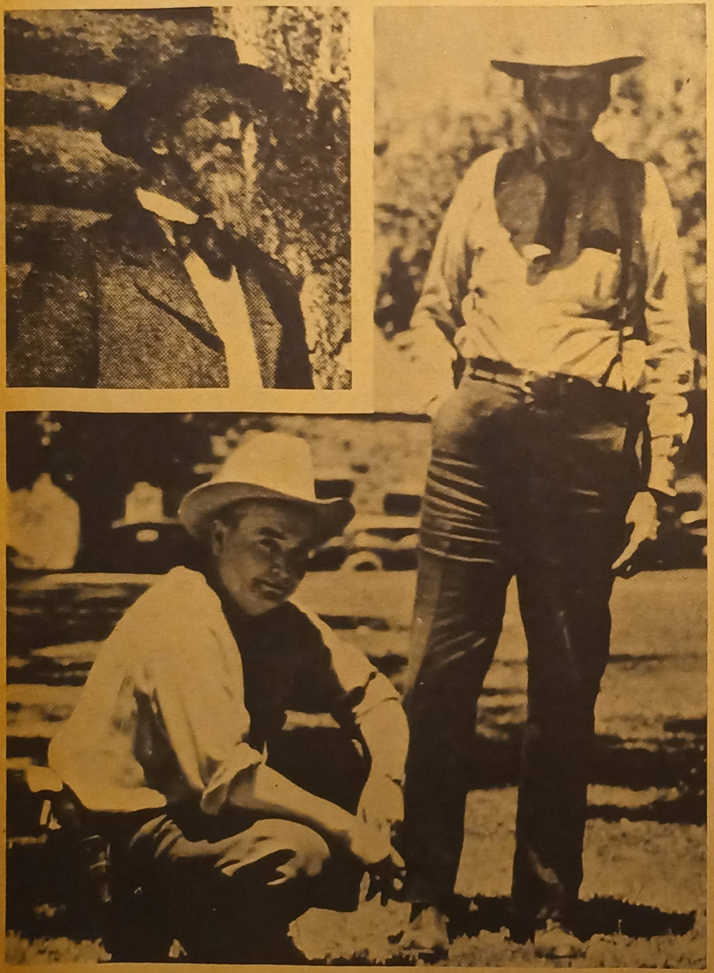
The area higher on the wall, later to be called Hermit Basin, and below Dripping Spring, was already occupied by Louis P. Brown when Bass and Ryan had first come to the Grand Canyon. The middle-aged man was prospecting there before their time, using this same rocky trace of an ancient Indian trail. A taciturn man of medium stature and black hair, he avoided people whenever possible and during those early years not many people were around the great canyon.

Hearing a whoop and a holler, Bass and Ryan raised themselves from the rocks where they had been resting. Coming up the trail was John Hance, knobby knees pounding the sides of a gray horse in vain attempts to get the animal to travel faster. Even in those days he was "Old John" and sometimes "Captain Hance," although never rightly possessing a military title. Over six feet tall, a gangling, bearded man, he had prospected the Grand Canyon's depths since 1882. As his winded horse entered the bay Hance dismounted simply by bringing his right leg over the saddle horn and dropping to the ground.

"There's smoke to Louey's hole!" he exclaimed. "By Joe! Them shots, somebody must of kilt and burned him out!"

John Hance (inset below left), who knew Louis P. Brown as the original Grand Canyon hermit and who with Bass and Ryan discovered Brown's body in 1885. Below right are Tom Wagner (standing), slayer of outlaws Canary and Roach; and Deputy Sheriff C. J. Halliday, to whom Wagner related the story of Brown and a description of the grave location. Halliday stands above on remains of Hermit Trail as he and the author several years ago tried without success to find Brown's grave.

Courtesy C. J. Halliday



Packed burros usually were rested three quarters of an hour in this spot before completing the climb out. But the urgency of the situation sent the men on as soon as the jacks quit blowing. Hance passed up the trail first.

He reached the basin half an hour ahead of Bass and Ryan, who found him waiting. Behind him under overhanging cliffs stood the stone-walled cabin. A thin trail of smoke still lifted from the burned wood of the roof and interior.

On Ryan's and Bass' inquiries Hance shrugged his shoulders. "Hide ner hair of Louey. He ain't inside the burn."

After briefly examining the immediate scene they moved up the trail. But on the way, off behind some stunted timber they spotted a man lying on the ground. Hastening there they gathered around the body resting face down. Bass turned him over, all three staring at the features contorted in death. He had been shot three times in the chest.

Bass husked out, "It sure enough is Louey. Them outlaws I seen must of done him in."

"Yep, for the gold he buried around here someplace," Ryan crusted from between clenched teeth.

"You reckon he was an outlaw hiding out, like we heard down to Williams?" Bass asked no one in particular.

Ryan began impulsively, "What else would he turn hermit for if he wasn't..." then his voice trailed off, having spoken unwisely. A moment later he added, "Danged if I rightly know." But Ryan lied. He knew all about Brown, who would from that day on become the mysterious Grand Canyon hermit for which the trail, a creek, a canyon and a point were named.

SHALLOW soil in the basin prevented the three men from excavating a deep grave. To keep wild animals from digging up the body they piled two layers of stone over it. Today no evidence of the site remains. It cannot be found even by prospectors who saw it last in 1915.

It was not certain his name was Brown. He appeared in southern Arizona Territory from California in the early 1870s. When the Southern Pacific Railroad built through passing east, he gave that name for the payroll when going to work as a teamster on the grading. From then until 1881 his whereabouts and activity remain a mystery. That year he showed up in Tucson with Robert (Bob) Fulton, "Red" Canary, "Mojave" Roach and two other hardcases. They had plenty of hard money, spending it freely in the Congress Street dives.

No one regarded them as an outlaw gang until a Southern Pacific express was held up by six men at Sentinel in the desert west of Tucson. Wells Fargo Express Company agents soon pouring into Arizona began to suspect them. A watch was placed on the six men. When the nighttails lost them, another train was robbed east of Tucson at a water stop.

The Wells Fargo agents unearthed sufficient evidence to convince them that both robberies were inside information jobs. Yet they could not identify the man who furnished the dope on big shipments of money. Loss in the two robberies had been $40,000 and $25,000. The gang knew exactly when to strike. The scheme began to assume shape when Canary was identified as "Colorado Red." Under that name he was wanted in Denver for train and bank robberies and murder. A shrewd gang leader, he was known to operate only on inside information that promised the robbery would be worthwhile.

When the agents went to look for Canary he couldn't be found. Only Brown and Fulton remained but there wasn't enough evidence linking them to either crime to convict them. The watch on that pair was redoubled in the hope they would lead them to the rest, especially Canary. At least a dozen Wells Fargo men worked on the case in an effort to bring the outlaws to justice and stop the robberies.

Growing desperate as the weeks passed without progress, they decided to haul Brown and Fulton in for questioning. When the two were sought, the agents discovered they had delayed too long. All had mysteriously vanished.

Next, the agents were caught flatfooted by their own company. Because of so many robberies a pending shipment of $100,000 in gold was being kept secret except among those directly concerned in its transportation. Designed as mine payrolls, it was scheduled to be taken off the train at a way station, Fairbank. From there it would be escorted by guards to Tombstone which was off the railroad. Whatever Canary's connection, it was a good one. The information furnished him was accurate, and the informer was never uncovered.

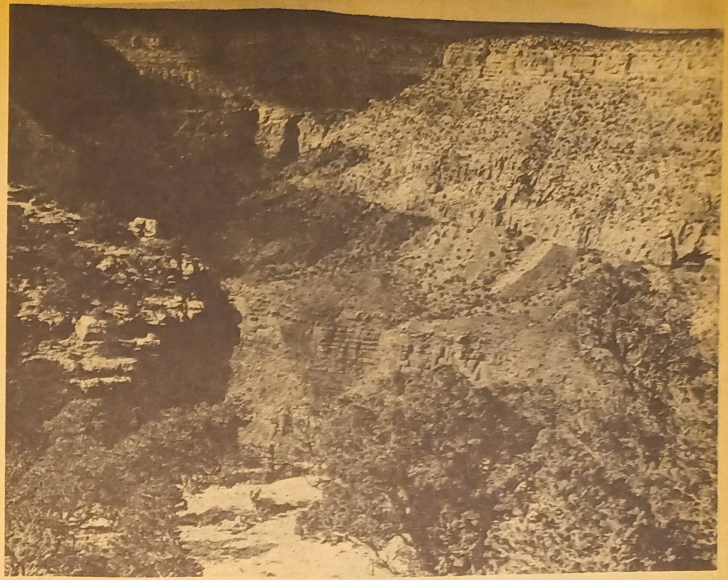
Canary had hidden out because he knew that sooner or later Wells Fargo agents would tab him. One night Brown and Fulton rode into the outlaw's camp in the desert. A few nights later two men boarded the engine cab of an express train pulling out of Pantano, a watering stop. Under their guns the engineer stopped the train on orders eight miles down the line toward Fairbank.

The express messenger was taken without resistance. The big iron safe was blown open and the gold loaded onto three big pack mules. Within fifteen minutes the gang took off into the wastelands.

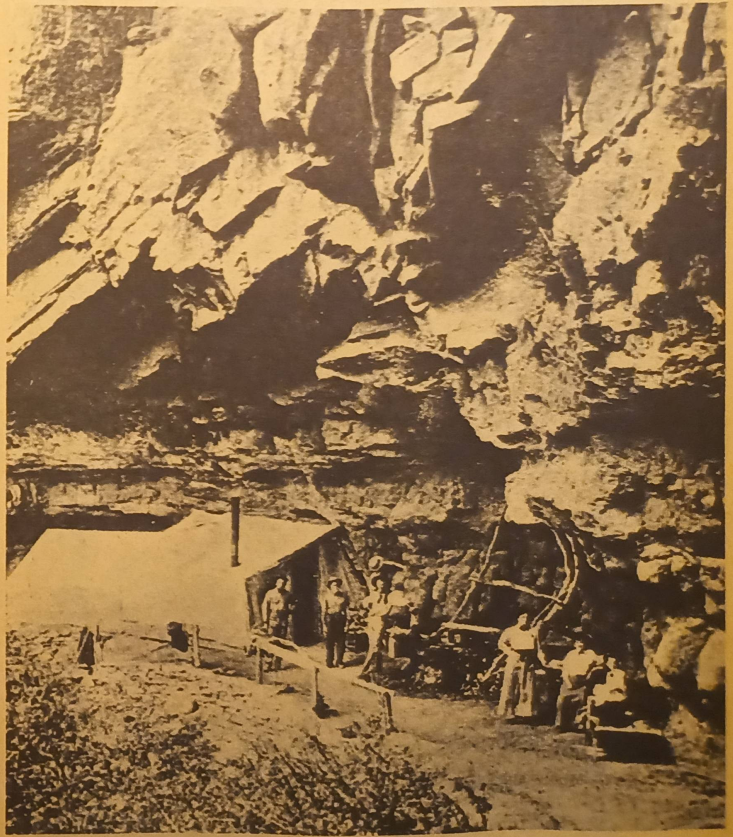
The sole survivor of the gang revealed later that they also carried along slightly more than $50,000 from the previous robberies. They planned to take their swag into sparsely settled northern Arizona, hiding out until the heat cooled.

A posse and a Wells Fargo agent from Tombstone were first to reach the scene of the holdup. Taking up the trail, they followed only five miles. By then the gang's strategy had become obvious. By fast riding they would soon outdistance the lawmen. Having about fourteen hours' start no pursuing posse could ever catch up. The officers returned to Tombstone and telegraphed word throughout the territory to watch for the six outlaws.

(Continued on page 49)



Louis Boucher's camp at Dripping Spring (below). After Brown's death, Boucher took over the spring, basin, and trail in 1891. The upper section of Hermit Basin (above) is where Brown is supposed to have hidden the outlaws' gold.

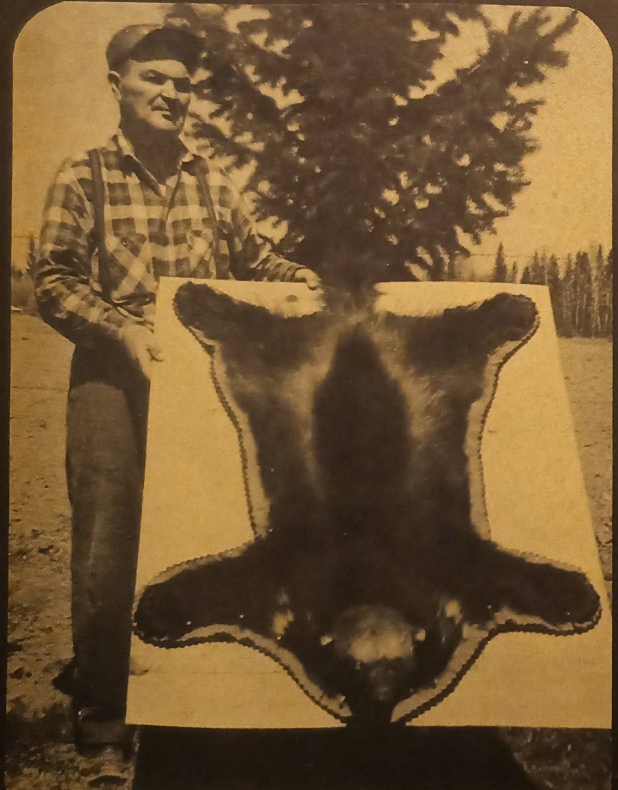


NOBODY LOVES A GLUTTON

IF ANYONE HAS A KIND WORD FOR THE WOLVERINE, NOW'S THE TIME TO SPEAK UP!

By EVELYN LEONARDSON

Photos Courtesy Author



Hugh Galloway, state trapper of Kalispell, Montana, displays at left the wolverine he trapped in Haskell Pass in 1937.

TOWARDS EVENING in early October 1966, a sixteen-pound pet dachshund mysteriously disappeared from a Montana mountain trail where he had been following his master. Young John Anderson had given his horse free rein for a brisk run, leaving Copper, the family dog, far behind. Then, as customary, he waited for the dog to catch up. But this time Copper failed to bound out of the colorful autumn underbrush.

John called, even turned back and searched the area in the swiftly dropping darkness. Unable to find the dog he reluctantly cantered the short distance home, telling himself that Copper would be there.

On the shores of Lake McDonald the small village of Apgar awaited the night. Massive ridges on all sides helped speed the process as the blackness descended. John walked into the house of his parents, the Grant Andersons, Forest Service employes of Glacier National Park, to find Copper still missing. The Andersons joined their son in a search for the dog.

All too soon John's flashlight beam picked up crimson drops on the dry, scattered leaves along the trail. They followed the mounting evidence for 100 yards before finding the lifeless form. Copper's throat was gashed and his heart eaten out. The Andersons understood. Only one wild animal kills with such bloodthirsty lust.

On that same night, less than a mile away, the killer struck again. Margaret Grist, a neighbor, had let her pet Chihuahua out for a run. Seconds later she heard an ominous scuffle in the yard. Fearfully, she ran out to check, but visibility was too poor to see anything. She dashed to the car, reached in through the window and turned on the headlights. There, revealed in the beam, she caught the dim form of a wolverine moments before it melted into the forest of spruce. The Chihuahua was never found.

SOME CONSIDER the wolverine an animal close to extinction; others swear it is an evil spirit possessed by demons. The truth is that the wolverine, by its unharnessed desire to invade, steal and kill, continues to earn an obnoxious name for itself in isolated western and northern communities.

Confrontation in the wild is rare. One of the earliest North American sightings is mentioned by a man named Lahontan in 1687 at Boucherville, Quebec. From the journal of Lewis and Clark, 1805, as interpreted by Elliot Coues, comes the earliest Montana sighting near what is now Great Falls. One hundred and sixty years later, the greatest concentration of wolverines in the U. S. is in Montana.

By 1927, Yellowstone National Park contained only a paltry half-dozen and the situation hasn't improved; or perhaps it has, depending on your viewpoint. Fish and game departments in Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Washington and Wyoming report no recent sightings, but there is an authentic account of a wolverine being killed around Caldwell, Idaho in 1954, and an unidentified hunter shot a two-year-old male wolverine three years ago near Redfish Lake in the Sawtooth Range. The mounted specimen was on display for some weeks in 1967 in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

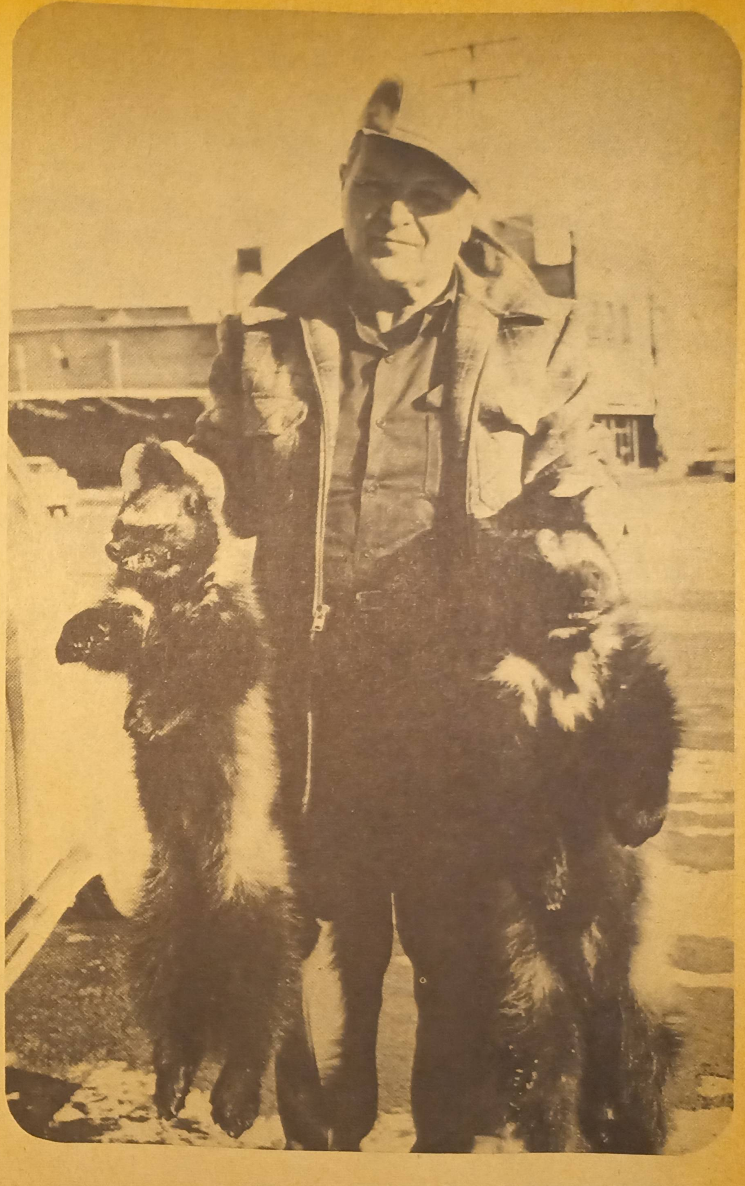
In California's Sequoia National Park, a wolverine was spotted as recently as 1961. C. T. Mattison observed one chasing a rabbit in the Wolverton ski area. Glacier Bay National Monument in Alaska showed a 1962 population of 100, while Mt. McKinley National Park reported 50. Studies in both parks reveal a static trend. Hudson's Bay Company of Montreal reports no accurate manner of counting.

The first authentic Oregon sighting since 1912 occurred in 1965. Art Cofer, a hunter from Brownsville, shot a wolverine on the slopes of 7,848-foot Three Fingered Jack. Another verified sighting has been made since. A Colorado hunter, Roy Goecker of Littleton, was hunting bobcats in March 1966. The area was Pine Creek about twenty-three miles from Littleton. Minutes after turning his hounds loose on a cat track, Goecker heard a terrible racket.

"The dogs were fighting an animal on the ground," he states. "Probably ten minutes later I reached them. A wolverine was fighting all three. Even though it was a losing battle for her due to her age and condition of her teeth, she was a courageous fighter—vicious, too. I don't know if she attacked the hounds or vice versa. My dogs are average-sized hounds, weighing from forty-five to seventy pounds. Three black-and-tans and one bluetick."

Goecker shot the wolverine and turned it over to the state Department of Fish and Game to be mounted. At the Fort Collins Research Station, the wolverine weighed in at twenty-two pounds and appeared to be at least fifteen years old. She had never borne young.

Clyde C. Slonaker, assistant regional manager at the research station, writes that a wolverine escaped from the Cheyenne Mountain Zoo in Colorado Springs a few years ago. That's about thirty-five miles from Pine Creek. "No way to tie the two together," Slonaker notes, but it makes one wonder.



Courtesy Daily Inter Lake, Kalispell, Montana

Hugh Galloway and wolverines trapped in Montana's Blackfoot River country in 1966.

Back in Montana, Hugh T. Galloway, a veteran state trapper from Kalispell, has followed trap lines since the age of nine. He caught his first wolverine in 1937 using homemade coyote scent and a Number Three Newhouse trap. It was quickly dispatched with a .22 rifle. Galloway's large German shepherd dog would tackle badger, bobcat, even bear, but kept his distance from the wolverine.

More recently, in January 1966, Galloway trapped a pair of wolverines in the Blackfoot River area near Lincoln. After studying the tracks, he determined that four were traveling together. Aware of their habit of returning to the same location in ten- to fourteen-day intervals, he set four traps with coyote scent, then put a hunk of beaver meat in a tree as bait. In two weeks he checked the area and found the snarling pair, hopelessly trapped and tearing up the earth around them. A third wolverine managed to pull up a trap and struggle free.

(Continued on page 59)

Monterey Peninsula's HIDDEN WEALTH

By RANDALL REINSTEDT

Photos and Map Courtesy Author

It comes from many sources—mines of the padres, loot of privateers, local bad men and smugglers, army payrolls—the legends are many . . .

MONTEREY—Sebastián Vizcaíno's peaceful bay of pines, northern jewel of Spain's far-reaching crown, prize of pirate Bouchard's bold Pacific conquests, stronghold of Mexico's frontier empire, home of the famous bandit Tiburcio Vasquez, capital of California under United States rule. Monterey—city of history, city of legend.

As early as 1770, when Padre Junipero Serra founded Mission San Carlos Borromeo, the Indians' tales of gold excited the soldiers at nearby El Castillo, the Spanish fort on the hill.

Problems caused by these early-day conquistadores, along with a lack of good soil and fresh water, caused Serra to move his mission a short four miles to the south, where the present-day Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio Carmelo (Carmel Mission) still stands.

With its proximity to the briskly flowing Carmel River and the abundance of rich soil at the mouth of Carmel Valley, the mission soon flourished and became home to the father of the famed Mission Trail.

While the moving of the mission did much to insure its success, it did nothing to quiet the stories of the peace-loving inhabitants of the land. The Costanoan Indians continued to excite the Spanish by spreading tales of "gold for the taking." These legends, sprinkled with bits of local history and color, are discussed to this day by descendants of these early-day pioneers.

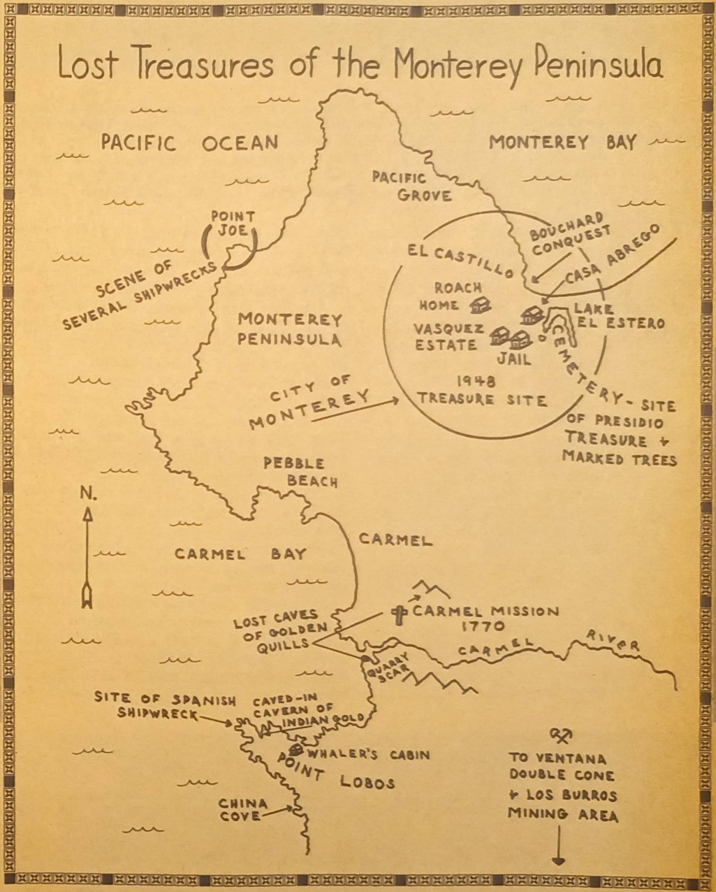
One of the most prevalent of Indian tales concerns the lost mine of the Ventana. Many stories concern this lost bonanza, but two legends stand out as the most probable—each surprising in its similarity to the other.

Carmel Mission (upper left), founded June 3, 1770, was the home of Padre Junipero Serra, father of California's Mission Trail. Behind the whaler's cabin at left, in Point Lobos State Reserve, is the swale where a Portuguese whaler buried his savings.

The first of these tales states that the Ventana is but a day's walk from the mission. The mine is said to be on a direct southeasterly course from a large white scar on the face of a nearby Santa Lucia peak. This peak, with its clearly visible cliff-side scar, is only a short distance from the mission and can be easily seen from the lofty bell tower.

The scar referred to in this legend is the remains of a sandstone quarry where the Christianized Indians gathered stone used in the building of the church. These hard-working neophytes would chop a stone from their eagle-like perch, let it tumble down the steep Lucia peak, and from the valley below carry it to the site of the present-day church.

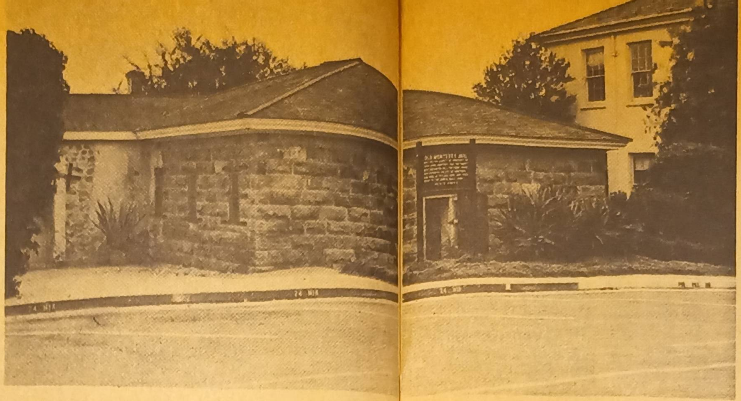
Ventana, Spanish for "window," fits nicely into the tale, as from the entrance to their nugget filled cave one is said to be able to see the bell tower of the distant Carmel Mission.

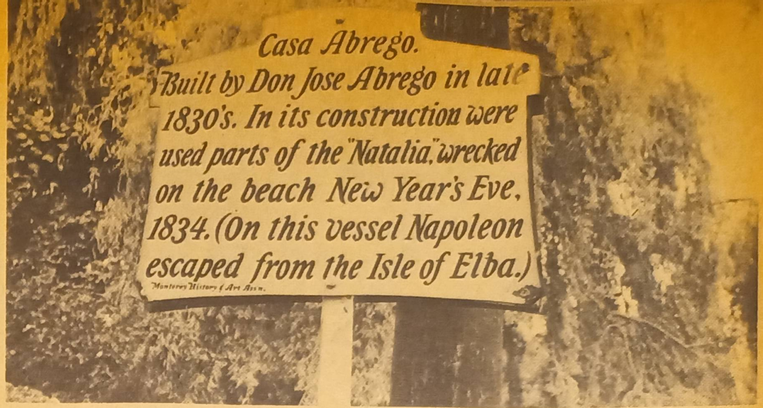

Lost Treasures of the Monterey Peninsula
PACIFIC OCEAN
MONTEREY BAY
PACIFIC GROVE
POINT JOE
SCENE OF SEVERAL SHIPWRECKS
BOUCHARD CONQUEST
CASA ABREGO
EL CASTILLO
ROACH HOME
LAKE EL ESTERO
VASQUEZ ESTATE
JAIL
CEMETERY- SITE OF PRESIDIO TREASURE + MARKED TREES
1948 TREASURE SITE
MONTEREY PENINSULA
CITY OF MONTEREY
PEBBLE BEACH
N.
CARMEL BAY
CARMEL
LOST CAVES OF GOLDEN QUILLS
CARMEL MISSION 1770
CARMEL RIVER
QUARRY SCAR
SITE OF SPANISH SHIPWRECK
CAVED-IN CAVERN OF INDIAN GOLD
WHALER'S CABIN
POINT LOBOS
CHINA COVE
TO VENTANA DOUBLE CONE + LOS BURROS MINING AREA

As the story goes, the church fathers swore the Indians to secrecy, but as so often happens with stories of gold, the secret leaked out. Treasure seekers have been searching for the lost window of the Lucias ever since.

THE SECOND tale states the name of the mine was taken from a tall, almost-inaccessible peak twenty-one air miles from the mission. This peak also lies in a southeasterly direction and is commonly referred to as the Ventana (listed on maps as Ventana Double Cone). As in the first story, one is said

S. S. ST. PAUL
WRECKED HERE
AUG. 1896




Casa Abrego.
Built by Don Jose Abrego in late 1830's. In its construction were used parts of the "Natalia," wrecked on the beach New Year's Eve, 1834. (On this vessel Napoleon escaped from the Isle of Elba.)
Monterey History & Art Assn.

Clockwise from above left: Point Joe area, mistaken by many mariners—with disastrous results—for the entrance to Monterey Bay; Monterey jail, across the street from the Vasquez estate, was in use from 1854 to 1959; signpost on the "Path of History" in Monterey, California; Mike Maiorana, at the site of the 1948 Monterey gold rush, holds one of the twenty-dollar gold pieces he found; Casa Vasquez, Tiburcio Vasquez's Monterey birthplace and frequent hideout; mysterious markings on this oak tree in Monterey's cemetery may be clue to buried church treasure; China Cove in Point Lobos State Reserve, scene of smuggling of Chinese laborers in the 1880s, showing two of the natural rock caves in the area.

to be able to see the bell tower of the mission from a particular spot on this peak.

It is of interest to note that in a southeasterly direction from the mission, the Ventana is the highest mountain (4,853 feet) of the coastal range.

Continuing in a southerly direction from the spot on Double Cone where the Mission sighting is made, a day's walk will bring one to a shaft where, legend says, the Indians obtained their gold.

Credibility of this story stems from the fact that gold has been, and still is, mined in a southerly direction from the Ventana. Continuing down the coastal range, approximately thirty-five air miles south of the Ventana Double Cone (quite a day's walk over the rough Santa Lucia Mountains), one will come upon the Los Burros mining area.

Found in this southern tip of Monterey County are the Melville, Buclimo, Gorda, Calizona, and Los Burros gold mines. Of course the majority of these have long ago been covered over and forgotten. A small amount of mining is done to this day in the Los Burros area, but as one old miner puts it, "It's a mighty good day when wages are made!"

Another story of a lost treasure cave, dating back to the days of the Indians, involves a rocky shoreline known today as Point Lobos State Reserve.

Near the tip of this jagged point, the Indians told of a cave which was accessible only at special times during the year. This cave was below the waterline, and an extreme ebb tide was required before one could gain entrance.

The cliff above the cave was a sheer drop and the water in the narrow cove below was choppy and rough. The Indians ingeniously lowered themselves down the face of the cliff with a rope they had patiently woven.

Inside the cave the constant churning of the Pacific waters had washed bits of gold from the cavern's walls. All that was left for the Indians to do was to scoop up the nuggets and flakes that lay on the floor. Unfortunately the entrance to this cavern collapsed approximately twenty years ago and, from all indications, Mother Nature did a remarkable job of sealing the entrance to this underwater grotto.

In discussing the possibilities of gold in the "lost cavern" with an elderly Montereyan who had ventured into the cave as a boy, he only laughed and commented, "The only 'gold' in that cave was the red and black abalone that clung to its ceiling and walls."

As with most of the California missions, the stories of gold and lost treasures are as plentiful as the tourists who trod their carefully marked paths.

One tale that boasts pirates and sacked towns, as well as lost treasures, took place in 1818. In that eventful year the Argentine privateer Hypolite Bouchard attacked and burned the town of Monterey, gained control of the Spaniards' proud El Castillo, and in general made a nuisance of himself for the better part of a week.

The word of this pirate and his army of evil men soon spread over the hill to the mission. The quick-thinking Padres, not wanting to risk the "treasures" of the church, loaded many of the valuables onto the back of a blind Indian and led him into the Carmel Valley hills where they buried these prized possessions.

According to legend many of the golden vessels were never recovered, but the Catholic Church has a conflicting report: It claims all items of this period are still in the mission inventory, with many in use to this day.

TWO MORE tales of lost Indian gold concern the "Caves of the Golden Quills." Both caves are said to have ledges carved into their rock walls on which lay a vast collection of bird feathers, generally agreed to be from the ever-present seagull. Inside the hollow quills of these feathers, the Indians are said to have carefully poured gold dust.

Both caves are located close to the mission, although they are in different directions. One is said to be at the base of a gentle rolling hill near a lagoon at the mouth of the Carmel River, this particular hill being marked today by a wooden cross at its summit.

The location of the second cave is but a few hundred yards from the mission. It is said to be in a canyon winding in a northerly direction away from the main church building.

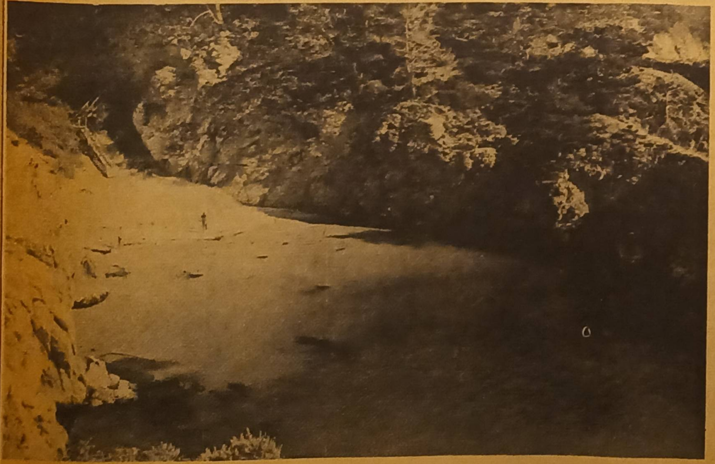
The previously mentioned Point Lobos State Reserve boasts numerous legends of its own. The most popular tells of a Spanish ship carrying gold which was wrecked on its rocky point. Three survivors somehow made it to shore, carrying with them a large quantity of the ship's valuable cargo.

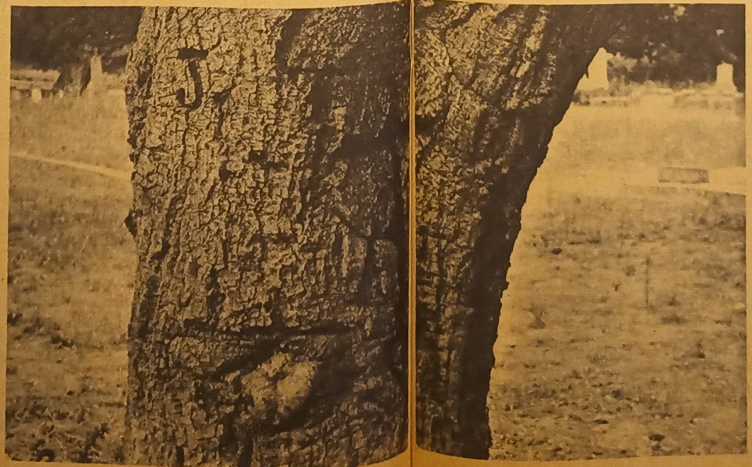
As was later learned, they carefully sighted through a crotch in an old cypress tree near the point, and where a gnarled limb pointed, they buried the gold.

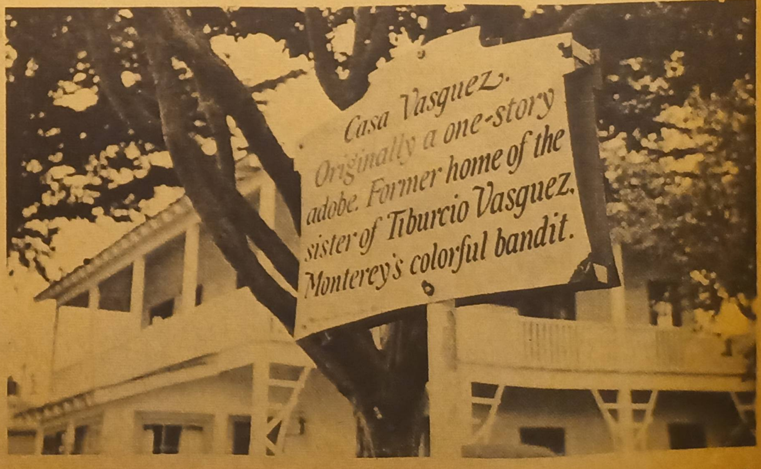
Upon reaching Monterey they celebrated their good fortune. It didn't take long for free-flowing whiskey to loosen the tongue of one of the happy survivors. Before his companions could stop him he told the story of the gold. In the drunken brawl that followed, two of the sailors were killed and the third mysteriously disappeared.

An Indian working as a whaler at the nearby Portuguese-operated Whaler's Cove once told of finding the gold after locating the gnarled limb that pointed to its hiding place. He told how he dug in

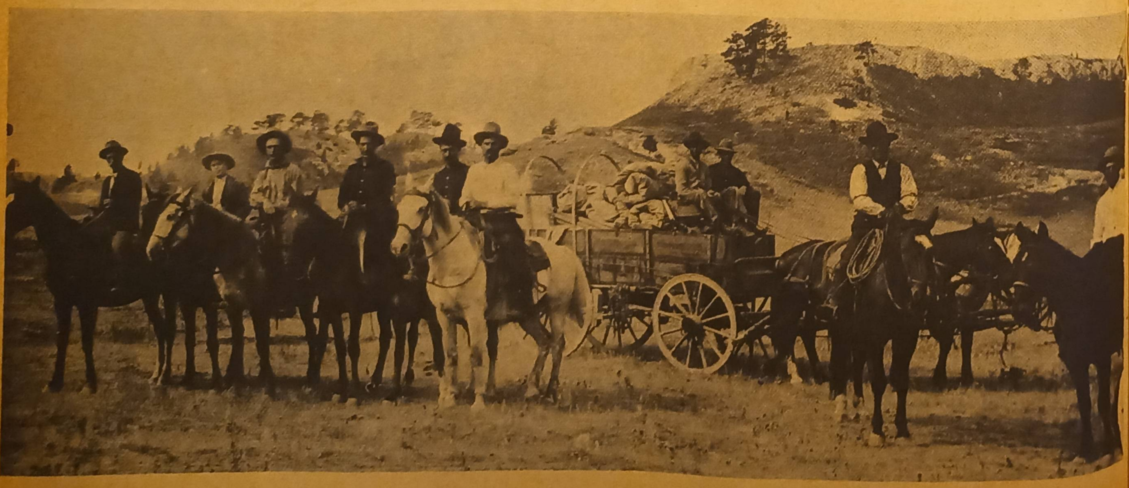
(Continued on page 60)






Casa Vasquez.
Originally a one-story adobe. Former home of the sister of Tiburcio Vasquez, Monterey's colorful bandit.

THE HIGH NOON OF DISAPPOINTMENT



Plows versus cows —and everybody lost

By J. R. JENNINGS

Photos Courtesy Author

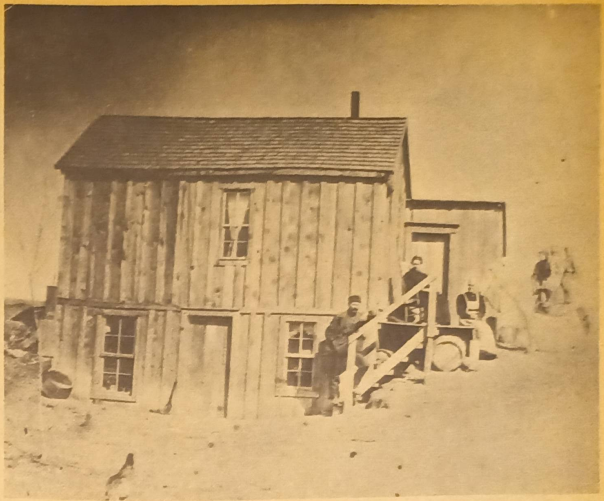
WHEN WESTERN South Dakota started filling up fast with homesteaders it meant the end for the big stockmen. My folks moved there in 1905 when I was three years old and filed about four miles north of Owanka. We were from Virginia but had lived several years in Texas. The first year we were on the Dakota homestead a herd of cattle passed our place. The herd had 5,000 head and it was called the last big roundup in that country. It seems a shame, too, for though one could raise a crop once in a while, it wasn't good farming country then, and still isn't. The range should never have been destroyed.

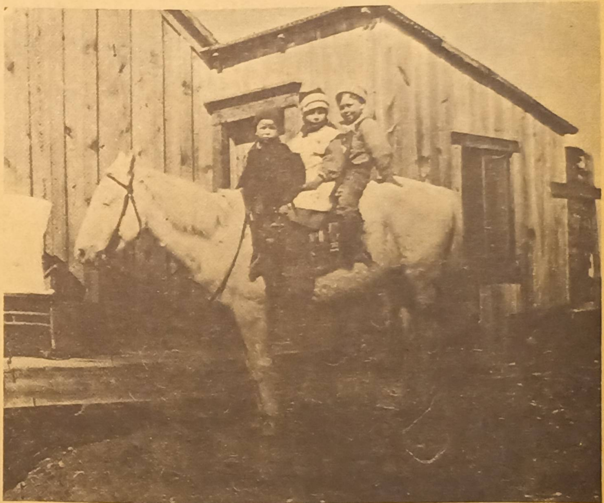
Dad left Mom, my sister Edna and me in Texas and had gone to Rapid City looking for work. He had scarcely stepped off the train when he was offered a job, and Dad said, "I'll go to work for you if you'll advance me fifty dollars to send for my wife and kids." The man, Joe Waterson, forked over the fifty dollars and we arrived about ten days later.

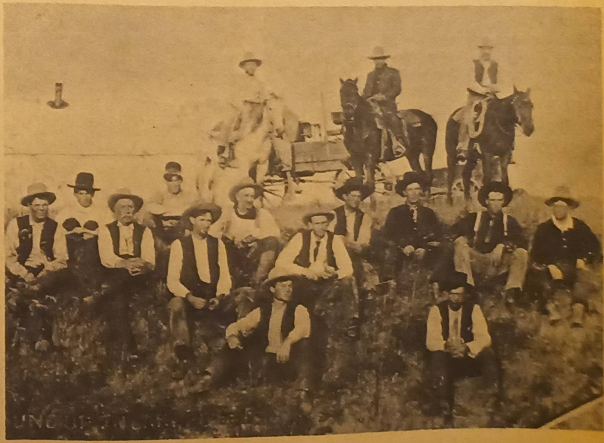
Hay was cut on the open range and my first recollection found me sitting under a table in a tent where Mom was cooking for a haying crew.

After haying, Dad filed on the homestead, one having the only open water between three big ranches. The open water consisted of three or four waterholes that never went dry. While you always hear of trouble between homesteaders and ranchers, it wasn't so in that part of the country. Regardless of how they must have felt, they were all our friends, and if it hadn't been for the many times they helped us out—like giving Dad work or dropping

At the Jennings homestead in South Dakota (top right), the author's mother is in the chair on the porch with visiting neighbors, the Beardsleys. Jennings children on the horse are (from left) Lee, Edna, and the author. Below right, cowboys pause during the last roundup on Lake Flat near the Jennings' place. Below are Miss Teller and Mrs. Dick Hopkins, and at left are the round-up wagon and ranch hands near Wasta, South Dakota. All photos were taken about 1908.







The author's family in South Dakota about 1908. Lee is in his father's lap; the author and Edna are in front.

off a generous piece of meat—times would have been much harder for us than they were.

Our shack, which was two rooms and a basement dug in the side of a bank, sat back about 100 yards from the old Pierre-Rapid City trail. After we got our well dug, every cowboy who passed always turned in for a drink or maybe just to see who had the courage to try to farm in that dry, flat country. Dad had built a little platform for the pump and it was worn smooth in the three years we lived there. We never left a tin cup at the pump and I have often wondered since if it was because we only had four at the house. When someone would ride up to the well, either my sister or I would dash out with a tin cup, and it soon developed into a race to see who would be there first, for very seldom did anyone fail to give us a nickel, dime or even a quarter.

Somewhere along about here, we received a brand new brother, Lee, and without the aid of a doctor. Then spring came, and with it, a blizzard. It started with a rain and the water came down the little draw where we had our pigpen. Dad was away from home and Mom could see that our two pigs, which must have weighed about 100 pounds each, would surely drown or freeze if they weren't moved. Our chickenhouse was dug down in the ground about three feet so it would be warmer in winter, and this is where Mom took those pigs. She wasn't very big and I can see her now, dragging a pig up over the pen by the hind legs and then holding him by his hind feet, making him walk on his own front feet (wheelbarrow fashion) until he got to the chickenhouse door, and then giving him a push.

That summer the railroad was being built from Pierre to Rapid City and every once in a while a hobo, instead of walking the railroad, would come past our place, which worried Mom. One night just after dark, we heard a commotion on the porch. Mom blew out the kerosene lamp and grabbed the old single-barrel shotgun, and waited. Soon, the same noise, then silence. Mom herded us all into her bed, and sat up all night with the gun across her lap. When daylight came, she peeked out on the porch and there lay her only geranium. It had been in a swinging pail and the string broke, letting it drop down on a little bench on the porch, then the wind must have rolled it off the bench onto the floor, making the second bang. Mom was hard to scare after that.

One fall, Dad took us all to Rapid City, which was forty miles away, for our winter clothes and supplies. Coming home we pulled into a rancher's yard just before dark and, as was customary in those days, we were asked to stay all night. During the night a rip-snorting blizzard set in and we were there for three days. Dad pitched hay and shoveled snow the entire time, as most of the men folks were away from the ranch. I remember hearing the folks tell him how lucky they were that we stopped.

I was the sickly one in our family and winters were pretty hard on me. My throat would swell almost shut. Our house was so cold that when Mom gave us a bath she would drape quilts over two chairs to curtain the heat, and then bathe us close to the stove.

IT MUST HAVE been the second year we were on the homestead that Edna and I learned to tap dance—or rather what was called jigging. Whatever it was, we could beat out a tune with our feet. When the cowboys stopped for a drink, they were even more generous if we would jig, and the planks around the old pump really took on a shine.

There were no antelope or deer there at that time, but ducks and geese were plentiful in the spring and fall, as were curlew, sand-hill cranes and grouse. Mom used to hang a quilt on the clothes line and sit underneath with a shotgun and try for a duck or goose when they would fly low over the house. She never did get one, but using the same tactics, she used to account for a troublesome hawk every once in a while. Once, when a bunch of teal lit on one of the waterholes, she sneaked up and got six with one shot. On another occasion, Dad got nine teal and two curlews in two shots.

I think prairie fires used to frighten me more than anything else. When you can see for miles and miles, one will see a lot of them during a summer. If Mom would assure me that they were on the other side of the Cheyenne River, everything was all right. I must have thought the river ran clear around us. One day when my sister was in school, a big smoke came boiling up right by the schoolhouse. I was sure she was being burned up and I screamed until I most drove Mom crazy. One of the school kids, a homesteader's boy, set the fire right behind his dad who was mowing. His dad had to race the horses out of there fast in order to escape, and luckily, he did.

Everyone came for miles around to help, two men usually working together on horseback. They would take a pole or fence post and wrap a tarp around it. Then each man would fasten his rope to an end of the pole, bracket the flame by dragging the tarp over the burning grass, and ride as far and fast as they could, then pull out and let the next two men take over. This method worked equally well with a big calf split lengthwise.

Dad played a five-string banjo. He played not by note, but what we called break-down style. That was the music Mom used to sing to, and Sis and I learned to jig to. He used to play for dances, too, and I can still see him. He would kind of look down over the neck of the banjo and his hair would fall down over his forehead while he was playing some fast music for a square dance. Occasionally, we would get him to sing, but not very often. Sometimes there would be a shortage of girls at the dances and some cowboy would tie a scarf around his arm, and fill in. Another thing I remember that you never see anymore, is a cowboy holding a silk scarf in his right hand while dancing with a girl so his hand would not soil her dress.

Young folk seemed to gather at our place on Sundays. It must have been because we were friendly, for it couldn't have been the fancy Sunday dinners we had, although I never remember going hungry. Anyway, by noon, there would sometimes be a dozen or more visitors. The men would usually bring their best girls, and lead a bronc or two that needed riding; then put on a rodeo in the afternoon.

Dad loved to trade horses. He usually got the worst of the bargain but once in a while he would get a good one. Our first team, when we moved on the homestead, were blacks. One would balk, and when it did start, it would buck. The other was a good work horse but would buck when you tried to ride it. I remember once when Dad had to go to Rapid City, he led this horse out to the road, pulled his hat down, and climbed on. With the aid of the saddle horn he stayed on, but during the ride home the horse threw him on a railroad crossing. When he came to, he was in an Indian tent and his horse was tied outside. The next morning seven Indians saddled up and rode with him within sight of our house, which was forty miles from Rapid City. Dad gave the chief a silver dollar, which was the last one he had. Then realizing it wasn't much of a gift, he gave him his watch. Our family has always had a warm spot in our hearts for Indians.

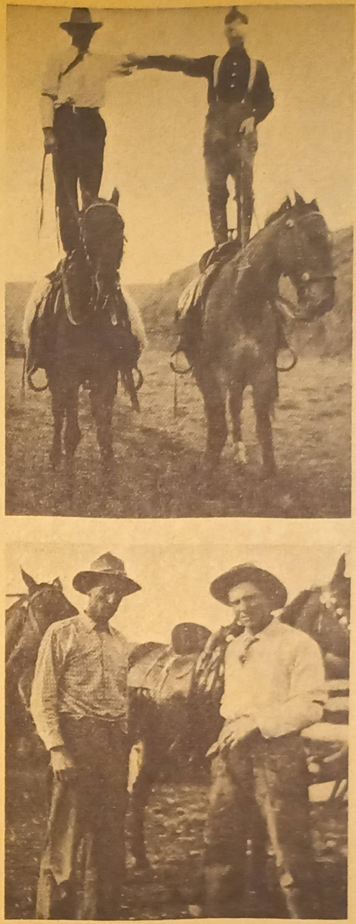
Another time, Dad promised me a cap the next time he went to town. A cap wasn't a cap to me unless it had a visor. When he brought home a grey turban sort of thing, I was disgusted. He also bought me a pair of cowboy boots. They were too short for me but I knew he wouldn't be going back to town again for months, so I said they fit fine. It wasn't long before my toes pushed the end out of the boots.

We had a mail box about one-fourth mile from the house and Sis and I used to go up after the mail. One day, she spied something on the ground and picked it up. She was afraid I would take it away from her so she headed for the house, with me right behind. She was screaming because she was afraid I would catch her, and I was bawling because she wouldn't let me see what she found. Mom heard us coming and came running out, thinking one of us was rattlesnake-bit. Sis had found a watch charm with a horsehead on it. We eventually located the owner.

Dad used to take me with him quite often to Wasta and usually I would stay in the wagon when we got into town. Once, when I was waiting, he came back to the wagon fighting mad. It seemed there was someone in a saloon who didn't think much of the South or any of its people, and when he said he had never seen one of the so-and-sos that would fight, Dad lit on him like a banty rooster. He found out there was *one* who would fight. Dad always swore the North never whipped the South. He said, "The South just wore themselves out whipping the North."

On our way home, after crossing the Cheyenne River, we were going up through the river breaks when we saw a coyote. Dad always carried a pistol, so he cut down on the coyote and the horse we were driving jumped. Dad's hat flew off and went clear down in the coulee where the coyote had been. He couldn't leave the horse, and he had one sweet time making me go after his hat, but I guess I must have been more afraid of Dad than I was the coyote—I went.

One time one of the Waterson girls ran a coyote down and roped it, but everytime she would slow up, the coyote would charge her horse. Finally she rode up along a fence and flipped her rope over a post and strung him up.



Clowning for the camera (top) are Dick Hopkins (left) and Thurlow McCain. Above are Wit Teller and Hopkins.

Joe Waterson raised sheep and horses and the man adjoining ran cattle. One day they met at their line fence, and during a fight which followed, Mr. Waterson got stabbed with a knife. I can't remember how he got back to the ranch, but I do remember hearing Mr. Waterson tell Mom that every breath he drew you could hear the air whistle in and out of that wound. For two weeks no one thought he would live, but he did. Afterward, when the neighbor did any riding he always rode the ridges so no one could surprise him.

One morning, Ethel Waterson rode up to our house just at daylight and called to Mom, asking if we had seen anything of their blankety-blank hired man. He had eloped with her younger sister. Ethel had ridden north and her father had headed for Rapid City.

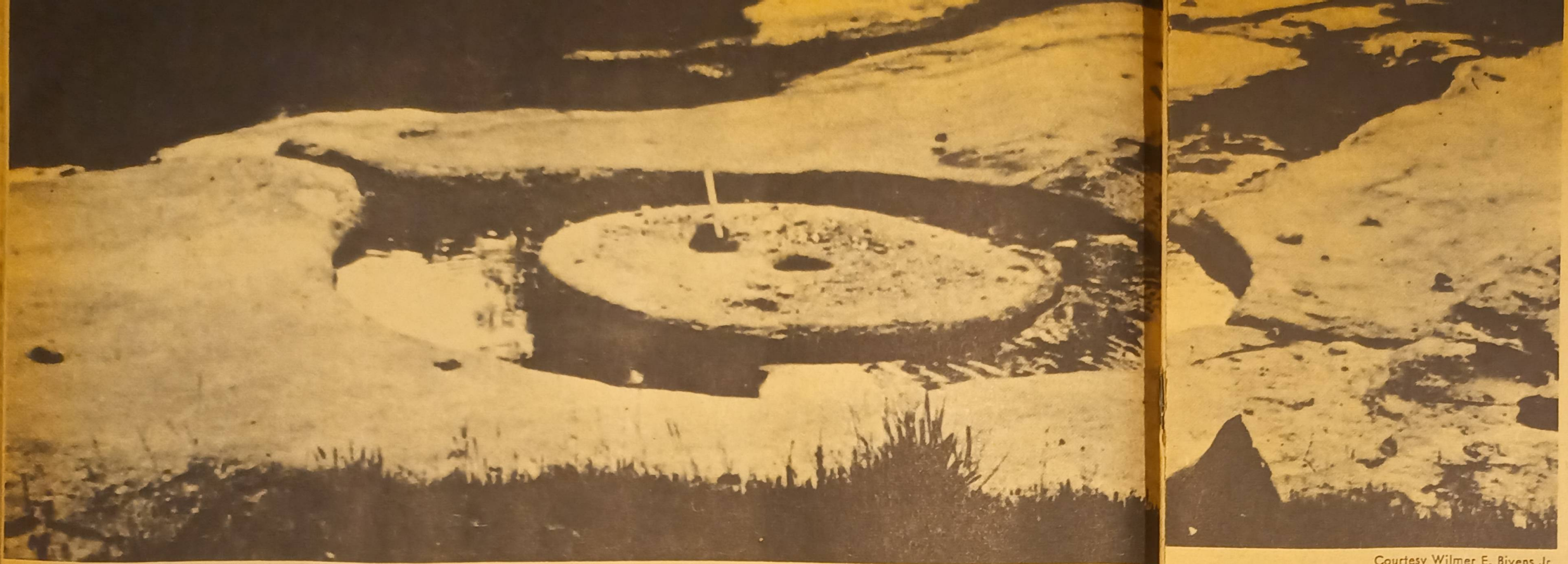
The young ranch hand and Blanche were in a buggy. He had a gun for he feared there would be a killing if Mr. Waterson caught up with them. But they made it to Rapid City and routed a justice of the peace and had been married thirty minutes when the bride's father rode in. Since they were already married, there was nothing Mr. Waterson could do except give them his blessing and head back to the ranch. He had ridden the forty miles in three hours. Blanche told Mom afterwards she must have looked back at least a thousand times, for while she was very much in love with her sweetheart, she was also very fond of her father, and didn't want anything to happen to either of them.

ONE spring morning, Dad took me to Wasta with him and when we were ready to start home it began to turn cold. I didn't have a coat along so Dad borrowed an old denim jacket for me, then got a big wooden dry goods box and turned it upside down over me in the wagon box. It wasn't exactly comfortable under there, but I did stay warm. Somewhere along the road, the wagon stopped and I could hear voices. Having already found myself a knothole I looked out and saw a man on horseback beside the wagon, and he and Dad were passing a bottle back and forth. Afterward I learned he had just killed another cowboy over a card game and was heading for Canada. He was caught and sentenced to life imprisonment. Twenty years later an old cowboy told me how it happened. This cowboy had won most all the money the other fellow had and didn't want to take it all, so he (we will call him George) refused to play any more, while Bill, the other fellow, wanted to continue playing, thinking he could recover some of his lost wages. George went outside and mounted his horse. Bill followed him out, then went back in the house and came out with a rifle, but as he started to aim, George shot him right between the eyes.

Two other cowboys we knew ended their careers rather violently, too. No one realized they had anything troubling them. One was found hanging from a tree after his horse came in without him. Boot heel marks were on his saddle seat so he must have ridden under a tree, stood up in his saddle, tied the rope around a limb, slipped the loop over his head and then spooked his horse. The other cowboy tied his foot to a tree, then stood on the very edge of the riverbank with his back to the river and shot himself in the mouth with a pistol. I guess he figured if the bullet didn't do the job, the river would. He left his saddle horse tied to a tree nearby and another cowboy, riding by, saw it.

Once when the folks left us kids alone, they cautioned us that if a prairie fire or a wind storm should strike, we were to go in the cellar. It did come up a storm, so Sis and I raised the door up and put a spade under it, then she took our little brother in her lap and slid down the steps which had been cut in the ground but were worn till there wasn't much left of them. Sis and I threw some big old beets, stock beets

(Continued on page 53)



Courtesy Wilmer E. Bivens Jr.

GIDEON THORP'S GOLD MILL

Walnut Creek's "mysterious" arrastre, subject of a story in our Winter 1969 OLD WEST, is no longer a mystery—thanks to the discovery of the old mill's actual builder!

By ROD PATTEN

Photos and Map Courtesy Author

CHISELED into the hard rock bottom of Walnut Creek in northern Blanco County, Texas is a large circular trough—the remains of an arrastre, a type of ore-crushing mill. By way of a community road, people have passed nearby for years without observing it. And yet there it is—an obscure monument to one man's dreams of wealth.

I was introduced to the arrastre in 1962 by my barber, Dawson "Mike" Tinnin. He did not know who had built it, but his theory was that it was Spanish. This seemed plausible to me. Spaniards had prospected in Central Texas, as history clearly shows. After a little study, though, I began to have some doubts about Tinnin's theory. History also shows that many of the first Anglo settlers of this area panned the streams for gold. One of them could have built the mill.

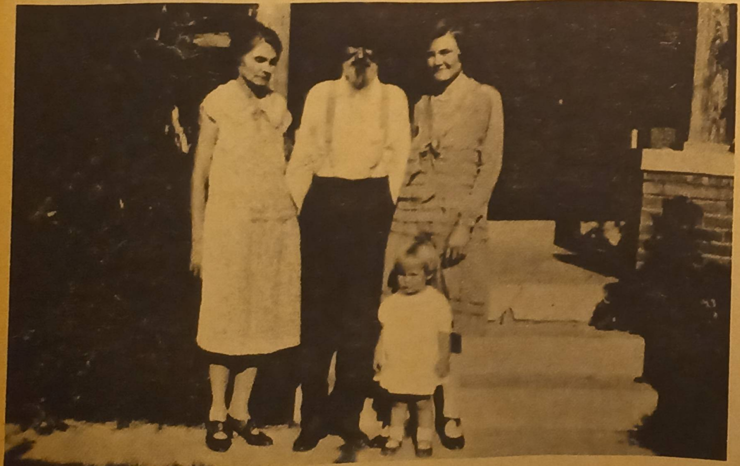
I took a friend of mine, Terry Leifeste, out to see the arrastre and gave him Tinnin's version of how it got there. Terry wrote a story about the mill which was published as "Ghosts of the Men From Spain" in the Winter 1969 issue of OLD WEST. I had given up trying to find out who had built the mill and figured I'd never know; but as luck would have it, Terry's article reached the right person! Seventy-eight-year-old Frank C. Thorp of Truth or Consequences, New Mexico read Terry's article and responded by writing two very informative letters to me and one to Western Publications [See "Letter Rip!" Spring 1970 OLD WEST, page 4]. His father made that mill on Walnut Creek in the late 1880s. Now the full story of Gideon Thorp's arrastre can be told.

Walnut Creek is a southern tributary of Sandy Creek, which flows eastward through the southern half of Llano County into the Colorado River. Near the arrastre, Walnut Creek flows over nearly flat-lying Cambrian sandstone, but downstream, to the north, it enters the Pre-Cambrian metamorphic terrain exposed in a large "window" in the overlying sandstone. Gold is sparsely disseminated throughout quartz stringers in the steeply tilted metamorphic rocks. In places, hydraulic action has produced placer deposits. Much of the gold has been concentrated in the base of the overlying sandstone, and where this basal conglomeratic sandstone crops out near Walnut Creek, Gideon Thorp obtained his ore. He built his arrastre a little ways upstream.

Gold had been found in this vicinity many years before Thorp arrived on the scene. Not all the glittering yellow flakes found in Llano area streams are gold, however. Biotite (black mica) changes to a golden color when exposed to air and water. For many miles downstream from the Pre-Cambrian window (the only place in Central Texas where biotite is at the surface), the Colorado River sand contains these sparkling yellow flakes of weathered biotite. This was noted by the Spanish. While on an expedition to Texas in 1709, Father Isidro Felix de Espinosa observed that the sand of the Colorado glittered with minerals. The discovery of gold in the Llano region did not come until many years later. Spanish explorers of Central Texas were acquainted with Sandy Creek, which they called Arroyo de San Miguel, but they did not report the presence of gold. After Texas had been wrested from the grasp of Mexico by adventurous Americans, the Hill Country was slowly opened to prospecting. In the summer of 1838 an expedition of Anglo-Texans explored the Llano area and returned with news of gold along Sandy Creek, and in the early 1840s two of Ben McCulloch's rangers found some shiny golden particles in a stream in the area. The flakes were later identified by an "expert" in San Marcos as "drift gold." But it was not until after the California gold rush that people really got the fever.

In the spring of 1853 someone found some gold in Sandy Creek and suddenly Texas had a full-scale gold rush on her hands. Nearly 200 men arrived at Port Lavaca on New Orleans steamers and the Texas newspapers were full of accounts of droves of people passing through towns on their way to Sandy Creek. By early May as many as 400

(Continued on page 72)



Courtesy Frank Thorp

Three generations of Thorps joined Gideon, age 83, for this family photo in 1928.

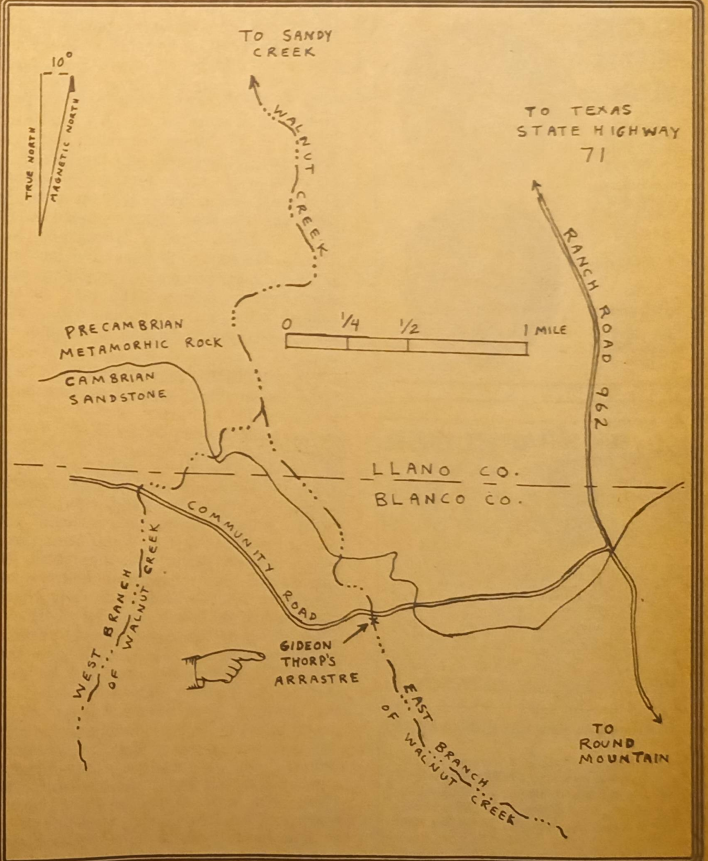


Photo of Gideon Thorp's arrastre (above) was taken by Wilmer E. Bivens Jr. and was included in his 1939 thesis at the University of Texas. Map (right) is by the author. The more recent photo of the arrastre in the Winter 1969 OLD WEST was incorrectly identified as being in Llano County.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

LORD AND LADY

In 1960 J. Frank Dobie sent this reviewer a copy of Shane Leslie's classic *Studies in Sublime Failure* (London, 1932) and the presentation inscription calls attention to the fact that Moreon Frewen (one-time Wyoming rancher) was the author's uncle. Pancho goes on to say "The Frewens and Beresfords were closely related. . . . One of the Beresfords had a big hacienda in Chihuahua, where 'Lady Flo' (his Negro concubine) presided over the table. . . . The full story of the civilized, hot-blooded English, Scotch and Irish who ranched in America may never be written. Here's to their bright shades!" In the last ten years several writers have added bits and pieces of fact and considerable fancy to the story of Beresford and his Flo. In *Lord Beresford and Lady Flo* (Texas Western Press, $2.00) Dr. Eugene O. Porter, recently retired Professor of History at the University of Texas at El Paso, examines both the facts and fancies and sets the record as straight as it can be at this late date—Beresford was killed in a train wreck in 1906 and Flo died of tuberculosis in El Paso in 1913. This is Monograph No. 25, Southwestern Studies and an important contribution to ranching and Southwestern history—the text is enhanced with an appendix, notes and photos. Recommended and a bargain.

WEBB ON HISTORY

"A belly full of history—a fine meal prepared by a master chef—" are the colorful words used by Dr. E. C. Barksdale in "An Explanation" of Dr. Walter P. Webb's *History as High Adventure* (A publication of the Jenkins Garrett Foundation by the Pemberton Press, $6.95). This gathering of a series of papers presented by Dr. Webb at various places over a period of years takes its title from his inaugural address as President of the American Historical Association delivered in New York in 1958. Many of the others are not readily available and the Foundation and the editor, Dr. Barksdale, have put all history buffs in their debt with this fine contribution. Your reviewer knew Walter Webb for thirty years and during the last ten years of his life we were friends. Yet in reading these papers much new about Webb the historian and Webb the man came to light—every teacher of history at any academic level in this broad land should own and *use* a copy. For the lovers of the beautiful (as well as the worthwhile) there is a special edition for series subscribers (this is the first of the Jenkins Garrett Foundation books) hand bound in one-half morocco in a slipcased edition of 350 numbered copies, $17.50.

BASIC HORSE GUIDE

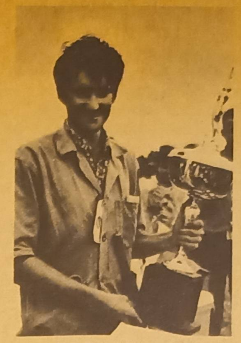
An updated fourth edition of the equestrian's bible—*Horse and Horsemanship* (The Interstate Printers and Publishers, $14.35) by M. E. Ensminger is now available to interested readers. Victim of mechanization and automation, the nation's horse population skidded downward in the early part of the century. Due to the renewed interest in light horses for recreational purposes, numbers have risen to nearly seven million head and there will probably be twelve million by 1980. Horse racing draws far bigger crowds than all ball games, and rapidly increasing interest in riding, horse shows and 4-H club projects have helped swell the growing interest in light horses. Dr. Ensminger's book has been popular in all editions, being the basic American guide book on the care, feeding and handling of horses. Highly recommended.

A WAY WEST

The Arkansas, Lifeline of Empire by Oliver W. Holmes, past Sheriff of the Potomac Corral, The Westerners, is the seventh volume in the Corral's The Great Western Series. Dr. Holmes, who grew up not far from the Arkansas, is a sound historian and this is a fine summing up of the importance of that river in the development of the West. There is a short bibliography, a double-page map and a number of illustrations including five by Frederic Remington and two (Zebulon Pike and Stephen Long, early explorers of the Arkansas) by Charles Wilson Peale. While *The Arkansas* is available in only a few bookstores it may be ordered directly from: The Potomac Corral, P.O. Box 6006, Arlington, Va. 22206, (in wraps at $2.50 or in boards, one of 250 numbered and signed copies, $6.00).

BADMAN CLASSIC

The Badman of the West (Naylor) by George Hendricks has proved to be a dependable seller since first published in 1942. Revised and enlarged through four editions, the latest sells for $5.95. Among the numerous books about western badmen, Hendricks is the first to analyze the species in his habitat and discuss the motives that influenced him and describe his techniques, quirks and codes of action.



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Bandit Loot in Grand Canyon

(Continued from page 35)

THREE NIGHTS after the robbery Henry Garfias, Arizona's most noted frontier-day peace officer, noticed two suspicious characters in a Washington Street saloon. The quiet men had trail dust and stains on them, and after a few drinks bought half a dozen quarts of whiskey, paying for it with gold.

Gathering several men, Garfias trailed them under the starlight, having to stay well behind to prevent discovery. He almost lost them in the Salt River bottoms, but hurrying up, led around a projecting point of brush right into the outlaw's camp.

Gunfire exploded immediately. Garfias was a nervy, courageous officer who had chosen the right men to help him. Shooting back they leaped from their saddles to take cover. For upwards of an hour shots were exchanged between the two groups. Finally resistance from the outlaw camp ceased.

Venturing forth, Garfias discovered that four of the gang had escaped. Two lay dead in the hastily abandoned camp, supplies and cooking utensils scattered around. The posse rode back to Phoenix.

Garfias returned at dawn with an Indian tracker and a larger force. Taking up the trail he pursued north into Tonto Basin country, but when he came onto four worn-down horses he knew defeat. Finding loose range stock of the 77 outfit, the outlaws had roped out fresh mounts to race on. Riding west to Camp Verde, Garfias dispatched messages of the gang's flight course.

The outlaws now made a mistake. They headed for St. Johns to assuage their hunger and buy supplies. Unknown to them several Apache County posses were expecting them. Had they turned in any other direction they would have escaped.

Unable to shift the heavy packs to fresh mules the three available animals were worn down from fast travel and becoming sore-footed. Lagging behind, moving more slowly all the time, Brown drove them alone. Up ahead in pine timber Canary and the others decided to rest in a clearing until the mules caught up.

No sooner did the outlaws hit the ground than a posse with levelled guns surrounded them from the timber. Instead of obeying an order to throw up his hands, Canary went for his holster. A crash of gunfire dropped him but not fatally.

Still concealed in the heavy forest Brown drew up instantly and listened to the considerable noise he correctly assumed to be a posse. Not panicking, Brown turned the mules west, whipping them on for a mile or more before they balked. Lifting off the packs he hid the animals in the brush, turning them loose to graze, and circled around to appraise the scene of action. Half an hour elapsed before he saw the posse. Riders broke the timber eastward traveling in two lines toward St. Johns, the three outlaws tied to their saddles.

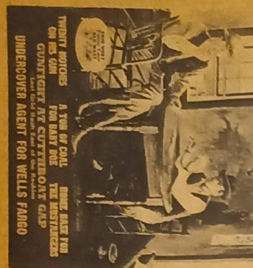
While held in jail at the county seat Fulton and Roach escaped. Canary, recovering under guard in a private home, was turned over to Colorado authorities. Arizona officers felt certain he would be convicted of murder and hanged in Denver. On the contrary, Canary drew a life sentence and the gates of Canon City Penitentiary closed behind him.

MANAGING to kill a deer near sundown that day, Brown sated himself on roasted venison and rode northwest that night to the vicinity of Flagstaff where the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad had built through. Strangers were no novelty with boom times so he passed unnoticed.

Posing as a prospector, he outfitted with a good supply of grub and rode on into the Grand Canyon country. Within a short time he familiarized himself with the area. First, he selected Dripping Spring down under the rim about a mile and a half. A little later he moved into the basin, erecting a small stone cabin to live in. When prospectors began using the trail into the canyon, he turned to hunting valuable minerals himself. For this purpose he improved what had been an Indian and game trail into the depths.

Ryan and Bass arrived separately and in time got to know Brown well. It was they who began calling him "Louey the Hermit." In after years Hance claimed to have known Brown intimately and claimed knowledge of his past. Considering Hance's reputation for spieling windies, this is doubtful. On the other hand, Ryan, a closemouthed man, was more or less in Brown's confidence.

Once when setting forth on a trip to



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Williams in 1883, Ryan was presented by Brown with a bag of gold coins to purchase supplies. Ryan said Brown had dug up the money close by the cabin. By then Brown had only one mule left, which he rode, and he asked Ryan to bring him back several good, strong burros, which Ryan did.

That same year Canary broke out of the pen, making good his escape into New Mexico. Several months later he found Fulton and Roach, and they began a careful search of the Southwest for Brown. This is according to Fulton's story, who lived at Wickenburg until his death in 1931. In the course of time they learned in Williams that a "hermit" at the Grand Canyon sent for supplies by Ryan or Bass a couple of times a year. The description fit Brown, who they were convinced had got away with the $150,000 in loot. Most of it belonged to them and they intended getting it.

Riding north they proceeded down the trail into Hermit Basin. Absent from the cabin when they arrived, Brown came in the next day, his burros loaded with ore.

Years later Fulton said Brown convinced him that some of the posse captured the swag-laden mules. He had dodged into timber cover when the fight started. A few minutes later on the rapid approach of riders he took off, fleeing west. Where did he get the gold money spent for provisions? Why, from the sale of raw gold found down in the canyon. Apparently proving it, he showed them quartz ore rotten with metal which certainly appeared to be gold.

Fulton and Roach believed he told the truth, but Canary was suspicious. While hanging around for a month, the three took turns descending into the canyon to help work Brown's mine, satisfying themselves that he really had one. They were seen by other prospectors who were surprised that Brown let anybody throw in at his camp.

A few days before they left, Ryan dropped down from the rim to see him.

"The freighter is in from Williams," he said. "The wagon will carry all my ore. You have a pile up there big enough to load the trailer. Want it sent out, Louey?"

"Yeah, would be most obliged," Brown replied. "That would be mighty nice of you."

Because he seemed unusually happy about the offer, whereas he had never sent out ore before to be milled, Ryan's suspicions were raised. Failure to introduce the three men fooling around some yards off caused Ryan to inspect them covertly. The redheaded one he did not know, but Fulton he recognized by a bluish, flat mole under the left ear. Roach had a slash scar across his chin which his beard failed to cover. Their descriptions were on wanted dodgers carried around by the sheriff's deputies from Prescott, the county seat. After visiting briefly, Ryan rode back to the rim and sent out the ore to a mill in California's Mojave Desert.

IN THE COURSE of time both men received express company drafts, which Ryan cashed. He took Brown's money to him in gold coin. This occasion proved somewhat friendly, and Ryan stayed overnight.

A couple of months later two hardcases arrived and stayed at Brown's cabin. When they departed another pair of suspicious men replaced them. Word was whispered around that Brown harbored outlaws because he was once one himself. These last two did not remain long. After them, others were seen there occasionally.

No visitors were there, however, when Canary, Fulton and Roach came back following a series of robberies committed in California. This time Canary went after Brown hot and heavy with accusations that he had doublecrossed the gang by holding out and caching the train robbery loot somewhere in the canyon. Whenever Brown went below to his mine Canary searched and dug all through the basin. Repeated failures infuriated him, and he began hunting when Brown was present, hurling angry threats of bodily harm if Brown didn't cough up.

The next time Ryan stopped with Brown all "visitors" were gone but his friend was obviously frightened. This time Brown volunteered the information that the men recently stopping with him were outlaws. Then he said, "I want to show you something," and took Ryan into the edge of the basin.

"Right under there," pointing to the base of the cliff overhead, "is what I got. If anything happens to me, dig it up. Split what you find down the middle and send the other half to my parents in California. Their address is in a box with a letter of instructions."

Of course, Ryan figured that Brown was really an ex-outlaw since those hiding out with him were. At the time, however, he imagined only that Brown had buried recently acquired money, not a considerable amount of robbery loot. Ryan also deduced that the outlaws had threatened death if Brown didn't hand over his gold.

The first week in June, Canary, Fulton and Roach showed up for the last time. Ryan and others saw them while passing along the trail with their pack trains. In his case Ryan was coming out and, that night, unloaded his burros in the timber. The last report on his shipment to the mill had indicated the gold was petering out. This might be his last trip, and without much profit.

After spending the night in his rim camp he was surprised in the morning when Tom Wagner rode in. A stockraiser near Williams, Wagner stood six feet six inches tall, a giant of a man weighing close to 300 pounds.

"I tracked some varmints this way," he told Ryan whom he knew well. "They swapped three worn-out plugs for three of my best horses. Seen any strangers around?"

His question immediately placed Ryan in a quandary. Wagner was afraid of nothing and would tackle any odds. If told about the outlaws Wagner would go down at once. Against three killers he likely had no chance at all. Then Ryan had an idea.

"Tom, sometimes a couple slip in here. Tell you what, I'll drop down the trail to my mine. Bring up another load tomorrow. You wait here for me and I'll spy around. No use making shooting trouble unless necessary. If they got your stock, we'll go back and grab them. What's them horses of yours look like?"

Wagner described them, agreeing to wait until Ryan checked. Passing down the trail Ryan stalled on approaching Brown's cabin. Past it in the basin he saw three TW branded horses feeding on browse. On the descent he had hoped to run into one or more miners he knew were scattered east and west from Horseshoe Mesa, but this didn't happen.

Loading his pack burros the next morning, Ryan started up the trail. A mile above the river, entering the basin, he saw Bass moving ahead. It was when he had almost caught up that the shots had echoed over the canyon from above.

After burying Brown the miners ascended the trail to the rim camp. Wagner met them as they reached the piles of ore deposited there for a freighter to haul away.

"I-grannies, Siler!" Wagner exclaimed. "I got my good horses back!"

"You—what?"

Ryan and the others were startled and confused. Then Wagner waved a hand toward a glade beyond where the camp was pitched. On the other side grazed three horses, all of them saddled.

Wagner explained, "They come riding right up to me after topping over the rim. Seemed in a tolerable hurry about something. I said, 'Boys, get down and lemme have my horses back.' The redheaded one objected. Well—" he broke off, motioning and leading them into the edge of piñon and juniper timber.

Lying on their backs and very dead were Canary and Roach. The miners stared at Wagner in mild wonder that he had downed them, receiving no wound in the gunfight himself. It must have been quick and deadly.

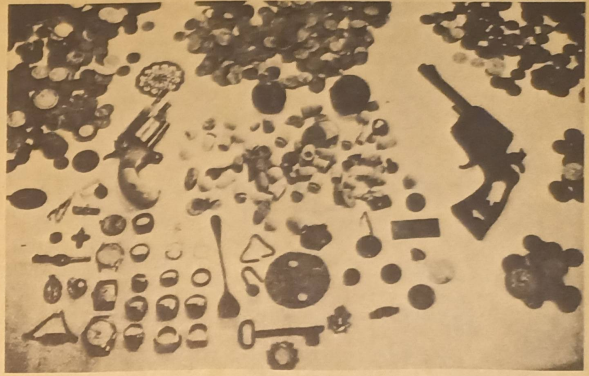
"What happened to the third one?" Ryan asked.

"He run off in the brush and I ain't heard him since. I-grannies! Them varmints looked kind of mean."

They told Wagner what had happened down below, and Ryan said he should pack the bodies to the railroad. There just might be some rewards on them. There were—offered by the Territory of Arizona, the state of Colorado, and Wells Fargo. But only the express company paid off, Wagner receiving a total of $1,200 for putting the pair of bad outlaws out of business.

Unknown to them at the time, Fulton walked and ran all the way to Ashfork on the railroad west of Williams. On recovering from near exhaustion he went on south to Prescott. Attempting to rob an express messenger in his car right in the station, Fulton was captured and sentenced to ten to twenty years in the penitentiary at Yuma. In order to prevent his being connected with other holdups, he gave lawmen an alias.

WITHIN A FEW days after Brown's death Ryan shovelled out the place Brown had shown him. Impressed in the



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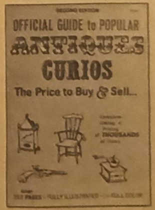

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dirt was the shape of a box only recently removed. It had been sixteen by fourteen inches and a foot deep. Remaining in the bottom of the hole formerly concealed by the box was a buckskin pouch. It contained one roll of $10 and one of $20 gold pieces. The paper wrappers bore the name, Bank of California, San Francisco. This was definitely part of the gold shipment taken in the $100,000 robbery of the Southern Pacific.

Not believing the outlaws got the box of gold, Ryan sought it elsewhere in Hermit Basin and around Dripping Spring. He believed that for some reason Brown himself removed the cache, hiding the loot elsewhere. As proof of his deduction, no gold had been found on Wagner's recovered horses or on the bodies of Canary and Roach. Wagner said that Fulton escaped with no more than whatever he carried on him—certainly nothing like a big sack of loot.

The Grand Canyon country soon began filling up. Stockmen moved into the south timber and open ranges. Miners patented mineral claims, which brought in dozens of other prospectors. It was then all wide open public domain. Grand Canyon National Monument was not created until 1908, nor made a National Park until 1919. Considerable gold, some silver, copper, asbestos and later uranium were found almost everywhere in the great canyon depths. To reach their mines the owners built trails. But there also began an influx of tourists to the marvelous gorge. After it became a National Park the mines were closed out one by one, until The Orphan (uranium) was the last, and it finally ceased operations in 1966.

Tourist accommodations sprang up. One was put in at Dripping Spring in 1891 by a Canadian, Louis D. Boucher. In addition he established a rest-over camp on the river. Boucher took over Brown's old spot and thereafter was sometimes referred to as "The Hermit."

Fulton, released from the pen in 1897, came north to the Grand Canyon. Outfitting and posing as a prospector he descended by Hermit Trail. Boucher's camp at Dripping Spring confused him somewhat so he camped in the lower end of Hermit Basin. From there he ostensibly prospected the ledges, canyons and creeks toward the river. In reality he hunted extensively for the train robbery loot he felt confident would soon be all his.

Not only Ryan and Bass, but other miners, Daniel S. Hogan (discoverer of The Orphan mine), P. D. Berry, Niles J. Cameron and Arizona's famous Bucky O'Neill saw him quite frequently. He aroused their curiosity because he always kept to himself and never talked.

From their first encounter Ryan was annoyed because he couldn't recall Fulton by name, feeling sure he had seen him before. Then he placed him by mere chance. Boucher remarked that the man was a nuisance, digging holes in Hermit Basin. The puzzle began to clear for Ryan.

Wagner then worked for Cameron as a guide during the summer tourist season. He was one of the builders of Bright Angel Trail. Ryan sought him out at the small village which was beginning to grow along the south rim.

"Man who's hanging around Hermit Basin, I figure he's the horse thief who escaped you."

"He didn't get away with it so he's no horse thief."

"But if he was, he's part of the bunch that murdered Louey Brown. Have a look at him." Wagner did so, but shook his head, unable to be certain of a man he had seen only one time while running away.

Ryan, some years before, had moved upstream and then worked a mine with two other men. One sundown he was riding up Bright Angel Trail when he found Fulton lying beside the trail with a broken right leg. For two days and nights the injured man had pulled himself up after falling over a cliff on his horse. The animal had been killed in the spill.

Fulton was delirious, out of his mind. The break was a compound fracture which Ryan could do no more with than tie between two cedar limbs to prevent further damage. Getting the suffering man on his horse, Ryan led up and out of the canyon. The first person he met was Wagner coming away from the Cameron camp and corrals.

The nearest doctor was at Williams, twenty-eight miles south. Without delay Ryan and Wagner put Fulton in a buckboard and set out. The next morning when they drove into the settlement they luckily managed to find Dr. A. G. Rounseville at once. The two men paid the doctor and the small hospital bill, for Fulton had no money in his pockets.

Two months later, fully recovered but wan and weak, Fulton returned to the Grand Canyon on a freight wagon. Hunting up Ryan and Wagner he told them who he was and asked to be taken down into Hermit Basin.

"There's only one thing down there I want," he said. "Then I'm heading for the Salt River Valley."

He was put on a horse and taken to his old camp. There he spaded a small leather sack out of the ground. It contained about $2,000 in single and double eagles. Knowing what they had paid out on him, he gave each man exactly twice the amount.

"Louey's gold?" Ryan suggested sarcastically.

Fulton exploded with curses. "You might as well know. Time limitations have run out. The stuff was as much ours as his. He cached it down in here somewhere but this is all I could find. There are several places where he hid the gold, then dug it up to bury somewhere else. Must have done so at night. This much was scattered in the bottom of several holes."

"So you're one of them who killed Louey?"

"No! Canary killed Brown. Shot him three times through the chest and he wasn't armed. Mojave and I were trying to find the gold. Red just got mad and let his violent temper drive him to it. He always did believe Brown hid it here to beat us out of our shares. But for a long time I didn't think so. Now I know somewhere in this cursed place is most of $150,000!

"But I'm through looking. Hell's own luck been on my back from the day we collected the gold. If you boys keep your mouths shut so others won't flock in here looking for it, maybe you'll find the stuff."

THEY took the fuming Fulton back to the rim and Ryan hauled him to Williams in a wagon. En route, while camping one night, Fulton told more about Brown and the gold he got away with.

During the ensuing years Ryan, Wagner and Bass saw Fulton in various sections of Arizona, especially after he went to ranching near Wickenburg. His old crimes were long outlawed, and he had paid at least part of his debt to society, so they did little talking about the man.

Wagner devoted much time to periodically searching Hermit Basin and off the trailside at each end. Occasionally Ryan helped him, recalling as much as he could of what Fulton had said.

The two were hunting together one day in 1900 when they found a spot under a cliff wall caved over with a ton or so of loose stones. When they got it cleared, they found a small pocket covered by a large flat slab of stone. From beneath the rock they dug out a rusted water bucket which tore apart from the weight of the gold inside while being pulled out. It contained $3,300 in $10 and $20 gold pieces, all dated before 1880. The wrappers once enclosing them in rolls had long ago rotted to nothing. This small cache, they were sure, had been buried by Brown.

He must have gotten so scared that he divided up the golden loot. Ryan reasoned that he made several caches of it just in case he might have to buy his life with one. At the climax the enraged Canary never gave him time to dicker. Why the outlaw then burned out the cabin Fulton never explained.

Encouraged by their find Ryan and Wagner went over the basin with a fine-toothed comb. They removed other rock slides, dug into cracks that appeared to have been plastered over, but they never found anything else.

Before long, news of the find got out in whispers. While Ryan talked little and soon left Grand Canyon country, Wagner was a bluff, hearty man who harbored few secrets. Consequently in succeeding years Louey the Hermit's gold was sought by scores of men. The last of them used witching sticks and metal detectors.

Wagner never searched for the gold again. He became a cowman and raised a family. In later years he sometimes worked as a deputy sheriff and at last as constable and brand inspector at Flagstaff.

Ryan, Wagner and Bass, who knew more about the cached loot than anyone else, have gone over the long trail. A few months before his death in 1946 at age 88, Wagner said, "Louey the Hermit put it away so good nobody is ever going to find the gold, I-grannies!"

Long ago abandoned, the old Hermit Trail is now hardly fit for hikers. A Park Service ranger conducts nature lecture trips down it part way. Recently former county deputy sheriff C. J. Halliday and I walked it into the basin, seeking Brown's gravesite from descriptions given by Wagner, Ryan and Bass many years before. We could not find it and the Park Service Rangers don't know where it is either.

On the rim near the head of the trail and about where the ore from the depths was once piled for freighters by miners, stands a tourist place called "Hermit's Rest."

To deface any natural beauty in a National Park is against the law. Nevertheless, now and then some mysterious men hike down the very rough and forbidding Hermit Trail. They poke around and come out at sunset. If Brown's gold hasn't been found—then, as Wagner believed, it never will be.

High Noon of Disappointment

(Continued from page 45)

we called them, at the spade till we knocked it down, so we were trapped there until the folks returned.

Our kitchen was a lean-to built on the north side of the main house, and Dad had sodded up the side of it to make it warmer in the winter. It wasn't quite finished at one end, and we could climb up the sod to the top of the kitchen, then onto the roof of the house. We had often heard our folks talking about mad dogs they had seen in Texas, how they acted and so forth, and one day we were home alone when we saw our dog having what we thought was a fit. We were cut off from the door so up the sod and onto the roof we went, with the dog right behind. Sis was in the lead and she ran to the end of the house and jumped off. I was right behind and we ran in and locked the door. It turned out that the dog had a cactus in his foot, and in pulling it out, it stuck in his mouth, and he was coming to us for help.

Mom was working in the garden one morning about one-fourth mile from the house. Sis and I saw a band of gypsies coming, traveling, as usual, in covered wagons. Sis took our little brother and got as far under the bed as she could, then I pushed chairs and everything I could move against the door and stood guard in the middle of the room with a little cottonwood bow and arrow. Pretty soon the door began opening slowly and, with my heart in my mouth, I was all ready to get my first gypsy when Mom pushed her way in. Was I glad to see her! She had seen them, too, and knew we would be frightened.

Our neighbors were wonderful people. Dick Hopkins had a horse ranch a few miles east of us, and he and his wife, with their daughter Elsie, age five, riding behind one of them, used to come to our place often. Mrs. Hopkins especially was full of fun. I remember when one of their cowboys played a joke on her, and she laughingly vowed to get even.

During the summer, most of the cow-

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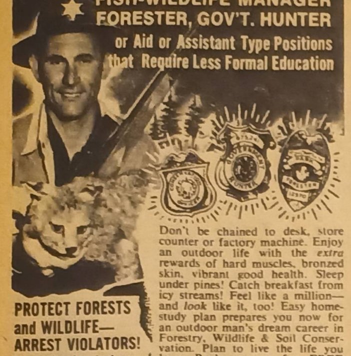

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boys just rolled their beds out under the cottonwood trees. One Sunday morning Mrs. Hopkins slipped out of the house and dragged the prankster, bedroll and all, right out into a nearby pond. He didn't dare get out of his bedroll till he had his pants on, and since they were being used for a pillow he had to sit in water up to his neck, and dress.

John Humphry and family lived just north of us. The older boys were all good bronc riders. Dad had traded for an old spoiled saddle horse; in fact, he was an outlaw. Dad couldn't ride him, so one of the Humphry boys volunteered to break him and I remember hearing him tell Dad that if the horse killed him, Dad would have to pay for his funeral. Dad traded old Red Top off to some gypsies and got a little grey pony, older than time but just the finest horse in the world for Sis and me.

Those were the happiest days of my childhood, but Mom was always lonesome for Virginia, and I used to lie awake and listen to them talk about returning. Dad didn't want to go and I'm sure if Mom could have foreseen the unhappiness which was to befall us until we returned west, six years later, she never would have left the homestead.

Dad relinquished his homestead rights and sold everything we had for $1,400. Our neighbors took us to Wasta, where the folks bought me a new pair of shoes, and we boarded the train for Virginia. My last memory of South Dakota was when we changed trains in Pierre. I lay on our suitcase on the depot platform with my feet up in the air—my new shoes were killing me.

I was back "home" not so many years ago, but there was nothing left of the old place except a little depression where the cellar was, and a small incline where the basement had been dug out of the bank.

Black Pot With a Yellow Fortune

(Continued from page 19)

never did figure out what happened to it.

"Pappy made me promise never to 'cheep' this as long as he or the other three lived. Cousin Eli, the last of the four, died last month at the age of ninety-four."

I HAD JUST returned from a trip to Honduras after Cousin Eli's death, so Arthur Porter was now at liberty to tell me this story.

He continued, "I have known you since you were little. Remember, we raised you, or at least helped."

So he took me to the place and pointed out to me the old hole where some sixty years ago the washpot full of gold had been dug up. One of the three beech trees was still standing. The stumps of the other two are still there to verify the triangle.

Mr. Porter scratched his head and looked up the river. He then said, "Mark, my boy, there's another pot between here and the falls on the river, for Pappy told me of it many times. Just before he passed away twenty years ago he said that the old waybill showed the other pot to be buried just like this one, between three beech trees in a triangle with eight arrows cut on each tree. Each arrow is suppose to represent $20,000, so there's $160,000 in that pot. I could never understand why Pappy and the other three were so scared or suspicious to hunt for the other pot, but to my knowledge not one of the four ever did. I never thought it would be right for me to hunt for it as long as any of them remained alive."

After Mr. Porter came and told me this story, he agreed to go with me to see his step-brother Clayton White (when Pappy Porter's wife died he married a Mrs. Nora White who had a grown son, A. C. "Clayton" White) to see if Clayton knew anything that might shed a little more light on this other pot of unfound gold.

We took off to see Clayton. When we got to his house, it was raining. Over coffee, I asked Clayton if he had ever been told of the pot of gold coins. Clayton assured me he had. He then suggested, even though it was raining, that we drive as close to the place as possible and then walk the rest of the way which was about one mile. I hesitated until Mrs. White stated that she would be delighted to go on the twenty-mile trip.

When we arrived there, Clayton looked me square in the eye and said, "Mark, you and I have been friends for many years and I trust you just as Arthur does so I'm going to tell you the story Pappy told me. [Everyone called Arthur's father Pappy.]

"My wife and I got married during the Depression and the only job I could get was making stave bolts. We were camped on Little Missouri River and living in a tent. My mother and Pappy lived about ten miles north of where we were camped and over several mountains.

"One Saturday about noon Mother and Pappy came to spend the night with us. The next day they were going on to visit Arthur and his family. [Today that isn't very far, but back then we only had wagons and the roads were just trails.]

"After they had eaten and rested awhile, Pappy asked me to take a walk with him. We walked about a mile up the river and he brought me here. [Clayton pointed to the remaining beech tree.] See the initials? I cut them forty years ago so I would always be sure of this exact spot. Pappy told me about the lost waybill and the other three trees that has the same markings, and he said that there were eight arrows cut on each tree. He then swore me to secrecy until he had passed away and then I was to go see Arthur, but this is the first time that we have ever discussed this.

"THE NEXT morning after Mother and Pappy had gone on to visit Arthur, it being Sunday, my wife, Emmar and I were just sitting around the tent when she made the remark that she had never seen the falls on the river. It was about four miles from our camp to the falls so she packed us a lunch in a gallon bucket and we took off. We had to pass within fifty feet of where the pot of gold was found so I asked her if she would like to see where Pappy had found the pot of gold.

"We spent about thirty minutes looking at the hole and all the markings on the trees. All three trees were still standing then. We went on to the falls, ate our lunch and had started back when Emmar walked up on a big flat bench and there across a little creek stood three beech trees in a triangle. She went up to the trees, took a look and then called to me. So help me God, on those three trees were cut eight arrows and the cross underneath just like these!

"We hurried back to camp and planned on going to get Arthur and Pappy early next morning, but when we got back to camp, my brother-in-law was there. He was working in the oil fields in Borger, Texas making $5 a day, and he had me a job there. I was only making fifty cents a day cutting stave bolts, and Borger sounded very far away to two kids who had never been a hundred miles from home. So we went to Borger, but all the years we were there, we always planned on coming back and digging up that pot of gold.

"The years passed and now we are ready to go."

His wife spoke up and assured me that she had found those trees just the way Clayton had told me. She added, "I am sure that I can go back to them. They are between our old camp and the falls on the river. It will be easy to find again if all three haven't died or fallen down."

I asked Mrs. White when she wanted to go take a look. She smiled and assured me that she would be ready just as soon as it frosted and the snakes stopped crawling.

This gives me time to go back to Honduras and do a story I've been working on. But come November, I am going treasure hunting. Somewhere between their old camp and Little Missouri Falls, and no more than 100 yards from the river, still lies buried that other washpot full of gold coins. You will have to hurry to beat me to those three beech trees in a triangle.

Who buried this gold? No one knows. And I could care less. All that's important is the gold. Maybe I can even keep the washpot for my wife's Christmas present.

Arthur Porter and his wife Annie were good, honest, hard-working, and God-fearing people. For fifteen years I spent more time in their home than at my own. Mother Annie made me mind just like her own three kids. She busted my hide when I needed it, which was usually three to five times a day.

Last January, when we laid her to rest, I lost my "second mother." This is why I know this story is true. I have loved and respected this couple since I was a small kid.

Note to OLD WEST Collectors

Please make the following corrections in your Summer '70 issue: Page 46, 2nd column—Arroyo Cantina should read Arroyo Cantua page 47, 3rd column—Santa Cruz should read Santa Clara; late 1870s should read 1868.

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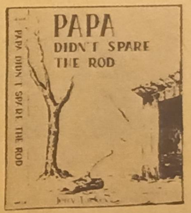

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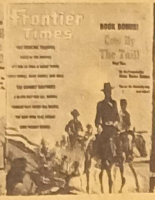
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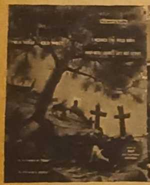
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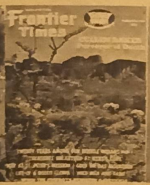
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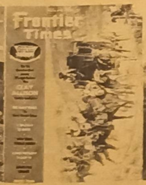
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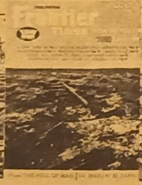
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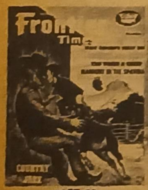
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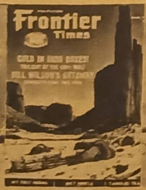
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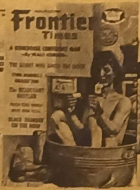
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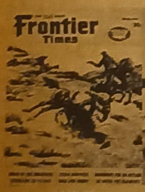
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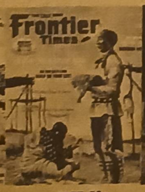
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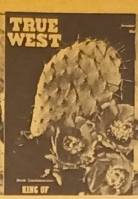
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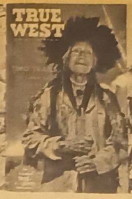
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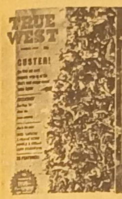
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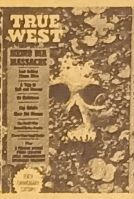
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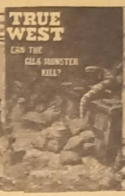
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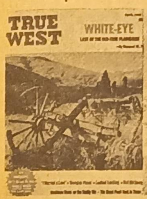
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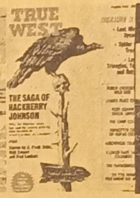
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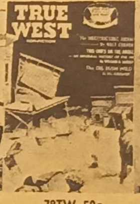
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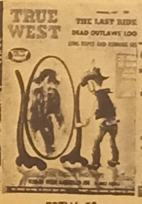
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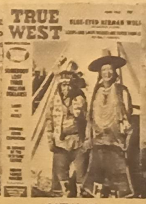
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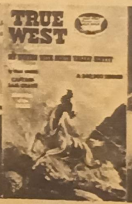
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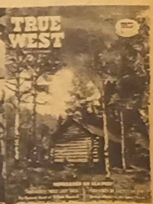
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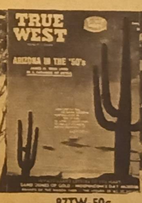
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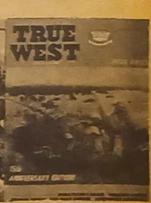
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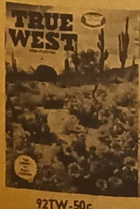
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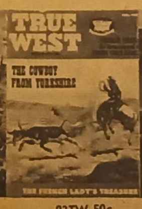
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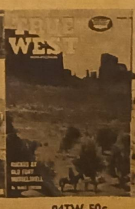
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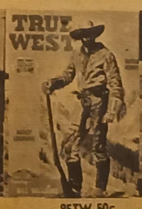
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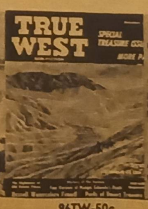
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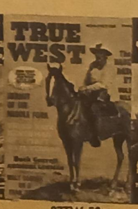
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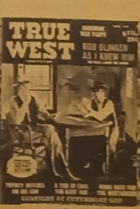
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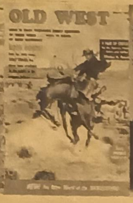
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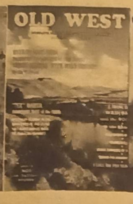
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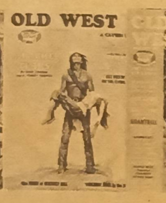
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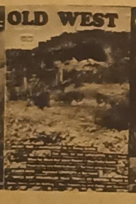
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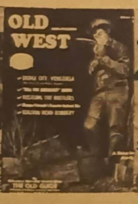
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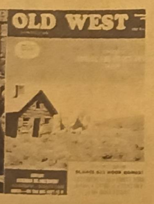
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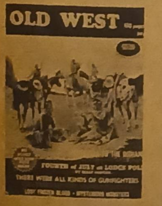
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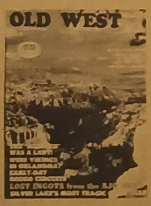
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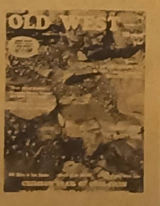
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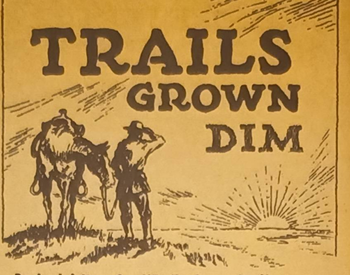

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Leroy Elmo Mathews

I have been trying to locate my father's family since his death in 1953. He was Leroy Elmo Mathews and I was only thirteen at the time of his death.

He was born in Colorado in Black Forest, a short distance from Colorado Springs. His birthday was September 13 or 14, 1912. He ran away from home as a teenager after an argument with his father. He had a brother named Elyman, but I don't know his sister's name. He talked very little of his family, so my mother was not able to give much information.

My father was a lumberjack, as were apparently most of the menfolk in his family. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who may have known him and his family or could give me any information as to the whereabouts of his family.—Mrs. Jesse Berain 356 Gardner Avenue, Twin Falls, Idaho 83301

Partney-Pierce

Louis Edward Partney, brother of Jim, John, and Sarah, was buried at Ware, Missouri around 1924. William Gooseberry Pierce, brother of George, Marion, and Wesley, and his son Wesley went to Texas around 1890 or before and were never heard from again.

It is believed Gooseberry was a Cherokee Indian. Any information on his birthplace and on any of his relations would be of great help. He lived for a time in Franklin County, Missouri.—Mrs. Leona M. Partney, 713 Delaware Street, Denver, Colorado 80204

Mildred Russell

My cousin Mildred Russell was living in Detroit, Michigan about five years ago. She has red hair and would be about thirty-eight to forty years old. If anyone living in Detroit knows her, I would like to hear from them.—Buddy Garner, 1609 Whatley Street, Columbia, Tennessee 38401

William Lofton

In the Republic of Texas census of 1840 is one William Lofton of Austin County with the statement that he owned 369 acres of land. I would like to hear from any of his descendants.—J. E. Williams, Box 1045, Brady Texas 76825

James A. Layman

My great-grandfather James A. Layman, a Confederate veteran, Pvt., Co. D., 2nd Regt. Kentucky Cav. & 1st Missouri Cavalry, Co. A, received an honorable discharge May 10, 1865 and entered Confederate Soldier's Home at Higginsville, Missouri October 19, 1900 from Pulaski County, Missouri. He was listed as a resident there as late as 1902. He left to enter the home at Pewee Valley, Kentucky, and was there January 31, 1905 in Room 31 in the south wing. Here my record stops—no death date or place and no burial place. Will appreciate any help. —Ray Jones, Route 6, Box 634, Springfield, Missouri 65803

Eastman-Carpenter

Perhaps someone could help us locate my husband's sisters, the daughters of Walter Lee Eastman and May Carpenter. My husband Roy was the oldest. He last saw his sisters in Altus, Oklahoma in 1926. There was Lila, Myrtle Lee and Lennie. Roy, a wanderer, didn't write and has never heard from them since. We would love to hear from anyone knowing about them. They would be in their 50s now, I believe.—Mary Eastman, Box 12, Royal City, Washington 99357

David Arnold

David Arnold died in Colorado in 1912 and was buried in McPherson, Kansas. A wife and four children survived him. Two daughters are now living, I believe. Would like a copy of his obituary for family records or would like to know where he died and if murder was ever proved. Also, was it ever proved that the deaths of his two sons in 1913 were tied in with his murder? He was my great-uncle.—Noreen Arnold, Box 414, Crystal Bay, Nevada 89402

Buffington

I would like to hear from anyone knowing the whereabouts of the children of Hamilton and Alice Buffington who were living at Aline, Oklahoma in the late 1890s, later moving (possibly) to the Guthrie, Oklahoma area. Their children were: Charles, John, Andrew, Art, May and Hattie. Alice lived in Pueblo, Colorado in 1915 and in 1927 was living with her daughter, Mrs. David (May) Dennis in Wiley, Colorado. She left there during the '30s, going to California.—Mrs. R. Phillips Brehm, Box 1023, Pratt, Kansas 67124

Dr. Joseph Abraham Miller

My great-great-grandmother's brother, Dr. Joseph Abraham Miller died at age ninety in Brawley, California in May 1920. He was well known as a minister and doctor and preached in almost every church in Imperial Valley. He lived at 7th and D Streets. I wonder if there are some old-timers who knew him, or if there are any of his family, sons or grandchildren living? I would like to correspond with them.—Robert E. Coney, 2627 Myrtle, Sioux City, Iowa 51103

Melvin N. Lahar

I am interested in finding the whereabouts of my great-uncle, Melvin H. Lahar (pronounced Liar). He was born in Washington State between 1889 and 1893, son of Charles A. Lahar and Ida Mae Gleason Sharp. He had one full sister, Nancy L. (nicknames Emma and Dottie) Lahar Farris. He was last seen in Washington just prior to World War I. No one in the family has seen or heard of him since. He was raised in Colfax, Washington in the household of his aunt, Mrs. Minnie Longstreet.—Mrs. Kathy McDonald, Box 933, Klamath Falls, Oregon 96701

Williamson-Pitts

I would like to know the names of the parents, brothers and sisters of my great-grandfather, James Williamson, born 1829. His mother was a full-blood Choctaw Indian. He ran away from home when quite young and at age 18 married Elizabeth Savage Pitts, March 11, 1847. Their ten children were born in Pontotoc County, Mississippi. My grandfather, Eli Asberry Williamson was the youngest child.

James died December 23, 1867, at age 38 of pneumonia, apparently contracted on the Mississippi River while helping the Judson Pitts family. He was buried en route to Texas.—Mrs. Carmen Brasco, 915 Oak Avenue, Canon City, Colorado 81212

Wright

I am trying to contact Mr. and Mrs. Wright. I have lost their first names. There were three boys, L. J., George, and Bud Wright. There were two girls that I knew of, Anna and another whose name I have forgotten.

My brother Wheeler and I worked for them in 1928 or 1929 in the wheat harvest. We also thrashed some flax, the first and only flax we ever worked in or had ever seen. The Wrights lived in a sod shanty at Chaseley, North Dakota near Bowdon, North Dakota.

The last I ever heard of them, George was married and lived near Scottsbluff, Nebraska. We loved those dear ones. Would like to hear from anyone who can give me any information as to their whereabouts.—Andrew "Andy" Minks, Box 42, Goodman, Missouri 64843

Cooksey

I have noticed that Wyatt Earp's mother was Virginia Ann Cooksey. I would appreciate it if any descendants of Virginia Ann Cooksey Earp would write to me and give me some information on her.—Toney E. Cooksey, Box 53, Sycamore, Alabama 35149

Hoyt

My father, Addison Elmer Hoyt, lost his genealogy book of the Hoyt family in or near Polson, Montana about 1916—at least before World War I—and was too ill to search for it. Our family Bible shows Hoyt ancestors in Worcester, New Braintree, Massachusetts about 1723 or earlier. The first Hoyt listed is Benjamin, born 1723, killed in the Battle of Ticonderoga. Benjamin had a son Robert born May 6, 1753, married to Nancy Hall, daughter of Zakius Hall and Mary Jennison Hall.

After all these years do you suppose that Hoyt book is still in existence? Possibly there were ink sketches of horses, little birds and fine penmanship in the book as Father loved to sketch and draw. He was born in Green County, Illinois, son of Albinus Perry and Surrinda Robinette New Hoyt. I would like to hear from descendants of our lineage who are willing to share information.—Louise Hoyt Qualey, 710 Pueblo Street, Boise, Idaho 83702

Nobody Loves a Glutton

(Continued from page 37)

THE WOLVERINE comes in three American forms, each distinguishable by range, length, color and shape of skull; but all forms share the imaginative names given to this largest member of the weasel family.

Most familiar are such colorful printable nicknames as Glutton (most common in Asia and Europe), Giant Weasel, Skunk-bear, Beaver-eater, Carcajou, Quickhatch, Keewaharkees (Evil One), Little Tough Guy, Indian Devil and King Beast of the Sierra. Is it any wonder the wolverine projects a blurred image?

This twenty-five to thirty-five-pound hellion is said to be the most powerful mammal of its size in the world. In color, size, shape and, worst of all, odor, he resembles a cross between a black bear and a skunk. The general hair color is a rich blackish-brown with a tendency to pale and take on a gray tinge about the crown and cheeks. A light chestnut band begins on each shoulder and stretches along the flanks to meet at the tail root. The rump is nearly white in some specimens; most are spotted about the throat and chest with a yellowish white. Actually, both sexes are marked alike, although the female is somewhat paler in color.

Wolverine hair is coarse and is valued as trim for parkas because its moisture-resistant qualities prevent frost from collecting.

A quick look at the wolverine conformation reveals stubby legs and large, hairy feet, each with five toes. The male wolverine stands a mere twelve inches at the shoulder and rarely weighs more than thirty-five pounds, although there are records of a few forty-pounders.

He makes a coughing, growling, hissing noise. Equally unpleasant is the fetid, yellowish musk fluid discharged by the anal glands. The edible and flavorful meat is not contaminated if care is taken in skinning.

Most creatures who are able to withstand sub-zero temperatures have unique ways of dealing with the sparse pickings of winter. They either range farther south, cram the pantry or gorge in Indian Summer and live on their own fat. Not so the wolverine, who grins in the face of long, icy months and seems to relish the challenge of survival. He re-

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fuses to hibernate, relying instead on his scavenging craft to bring in the bacon.

Courageous confidence in his hunting ability enables the wolverine to face winter. Sometimes that traveling lope, a familiar gait in the West, may take him fifty miles from home ground in search of food. And the wolverine does live high on the hog.

His menu consists of such favorites as hare, squirrel, beaver, mice, fox, reptiles, insects and all types of ground birds, including their eggs. An ailing or careless elk, deer or moose make special treats, and he's not a snob, for he never passes up carrion.

The wolverine's ability to shinny up a tree or paddle in the lake marks him as a bitter enemy of the beaver. For more than half the year the beaver labors away from his lodge, cutting wood and constructing dams. Occasionally, he goes on strike against a 168-hour work week and lounges in the sun. That's the time the old glutton comes to dinner. And if his appetite is overpowering, he'll dig right through the beaver's lodge roof and clean out the entire family.

In his constant search for food the wolverine follows the trail of men. The beast knows that wherever man is found there exists a grub pile. If trappers follow their own trail they usually discover the superimposed tracks of a wolverine. When the trail leads to a cabin, inevitably the wolverine breaks in and steals food. Choice meat cuts are carried away in zig-zag fashion, then smeared with the offensive secretion and buried in the snow. No other animal will touch it.

A few years ago, Clyde Ormond, southeast Idaho author and outdoorsman, and his guide, Herb, were riding back to camp in Alaska's Tok River country when they spotted a wolverine. They were unable to get a shot away. Later, their camp was raided. Missing was a caribou ham that had been hung high in a tree.

In many instances the powerful bandit may well spring traps, rob them and then return to dispose of the trap. Sometimes he'll rip a fur to shreds. Understandably, trappers, hunters and ranchers agree on open season for the likes of him. Alaskan Indians believed the wolverine had locked within him the soul of a great hunter whose only remaining joy was to harass other hunters, until they, too, joined the company of the damned. Thus, the Indian name, Keewaharkees, which means "evil one."

PERHAPS the wolverine deserves his vicious reputation, but there are those who choose to promote his domestic side. Even here, however, the critter emerges as a formidable figure.

Peter Krott, an Austrian naturalist and author of the book *Demon of the North*, has made a close personal study of the wolverine. In 1949 he obtained thirty-eight cubs from a Lapland zoo which had secured them from a reindeer herdsman. He set out to raise them in his Scandinavian home and did discover a gentler side to the animals; the cubs became playful companions of his small child. Nevertheless, Mr. Krott notes that strong doses of strychnine cannot kill the stoic wolverine.

Another portrayal of the wolverine as an honorable beast comes from Edwin C. Park. His article, "The 'Bad' Wolverine of the North," complete with photographs, was published in *Audubon Magazine*. Park tells of watching a mother wolverine and three cubs for two hours in Alaska's Mt. McKinley National Park. Pictures were taken from as close as fifty feet with no adverse reaction from the mother, who is known to be fearless in her protection of the litter.

The wolverine mating season is usually in mid-March, with a gestation period of 90 to 100 days. Some feel they pair for life, but the weasel analogy contradicts this. Two or three, rarely four, cubs are born in a litter in June or July. A variation of colors is noted in the babies, ranging from pale grey to buff to white. It is felt that latitude accounts for the difference. The cubs are suckled until late summer. At eight or nine weeks, they are nearly as large as the parents; however, they are not fully grown until they celebrate a first birthday.

The San Diego Zoo has a pair in its collection which has been exhibited in a few larger zoos. The Zoological Gardens have no record of wolverine births.

Whatever the final outcome of his reputation, the wolverine remains a fascinating creature. He is a tremendous character. When meeting a bear, wolf or mountain lion, the larger creatures step aside. Perhaps it is the dominant personality, rather than the stronger physique, that prevails. With a constant chip on his shoulder the wolverine portrays the original angry rebel who is miffed at the world. The meaning of retreat is nonexistent in his make-up. As long as breath remains, he fights on.

When Longfellow wrote Iagoo's story of the coming of summer, he characterized the wolverine as the one forest animal who, while the other clever and stronger beasts pondered, "bent his knees—drew his arms—and leaped!" thus breaking through the weatherproof dome subsequently letting out the summer season.

Elliott Coues in *Fur Bearing Animals* allows us to leave the wolverine in dignity. He wrote of the animal possessing a "singular habit, not one shared as far as I am aware, by any other beast whatever. He sits on his haunches, and shades his eyes with one paw, just as a human being would do in scrutinizing a dim or distant object."

The anthropomorphist would have us believe the wolverine is merely contemplating further ways to frustrate humankind.

Monterey Peninsula's Wealth

(Continued from page 41)

the dead of night and just as he reached the treasure, a strange light appeared on the rocky point. The superstitious Indian quickly covered the gold, never to return.

In 1882 with the introduction of the Chinese Exclusion Bill, the profitable business of smuggling Chinese went into high gear. China Cove, on the southerly side of Point Lobos, gained its name from this thriving business.

One particular ship captain was said to have favored this secluded cove over any other on the coast. As his men laboriously unloaded their unlawful human cargo, he would place his first mate in command and quietly row away in his small dinghy. Loaded aboard his boat would be a chest full of coins. Legend says he hid this treasure in one of the many natural caves found near China Cove.

The most recent story of treasure in the Point Lobos area took place in 1932. In that year three Danes came to Monterey Peninsula from the northerly city of San Francisco. They camped on the grounds of Carmel Mission and with the help of a home-made divining rod made many interesting discoveries near the old church.

One evening while tramping the hills of Point Lobos, they picked up a strong reading of buried metal. The location was in a small swale near an old whaling cabin which still stands today on the southwest shore of Whaler's Cove. With darkness creeping in, accompanied by an ever present covering of Monterey fog, they decided to wait until morning to see what was buried under the grassy hollow.

Early the following morning as they eagerly approached the swale, they were shocked to find a large pile of dirt and, deep in a freshly dug hole, the imprint of a large metal chest. What was in the chest, or who dug it up, has never been determined, although there is general agreement that it was originally the property of a Portugese whaler who, as was the practice of the day, had buried his savings for safekeeping.

ANY story of treasure in the Monterey area would not be complete without a tale of its most famous *bandido*, Tiburcio Vasquez. Second only to Joaquin Murieta as California's most noted villain, Vasquez was born in Monterey in 1835. There are several tales of his dastardly deeds in and around the Monterey area, but the one I like best tells how he would hide away at the home of his sister who lived directly behind the local jail.

According to legend, after daring escapades into the heart of Monterey, he would slip back to his sister's adobe and watch the posse ride off in search of the "mean and cunning villain."

In one such episode the sheriff was tipped off and as his men attempted to surround the house, Tiburcio beat a hasty retreat, leaving his loot hidden somewhere in or around the Vasquez estate.

Not for from this lies the original Monterey home of William Roach, sheriff of Monterey County during the early 1850s. Roach was a principal player in the much-publicized Sanchez treasure feud. Eleven men lost their lives in this "gang war" that rocked Monterey for years to come.

Roach, who gave up his political office to become administrator of the wealthy Sanchez estate, was eventually killed himself. His battered body was found in a well near Watsonville, California.

As part of his job as administrator, Roach had felt it his duty to protect the $85,000 in gold dust he found in a barrel at the Sanchez hacienda.

The hiding of this $85,000 is what caused the kidnapping of Roach and the ensuing death. According to early accounts of the "cursed treasure," Roach's brother-in-law, Jerry McMahon, was told to take the money from its hiding place sealed in the adobe foundation of the Roach home and hide it where the kidnappers would be unable to find it.

This McMahon did and to this day it remains hidden. Jerry McMahon died in a gun fight at the bar of Monterey's Washington Hotel without revealing his secret of the whereabouts of the fabulous Sanchez fortune.

Also in the eventful 1850s, the robbery of an army paywagon from El Castillo (known today as the Presidio of Monterey) caused much excitement and the loss of one life, the robber's. As with the Sanchez fortune, the only person knowing the whereabouts of the treasure was shot and killed without divulging his secret.

Unlike the Sanchez fortune, the oldtimers of Monterey seem to agree as to the whereabouts of this lost treasure. The lone robber was chased from the Presidio towards the Monterey cem-

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etery. This cemetery is partially surrounded by a crescent-shaped lake which makes the entrance and exit almost one-way. The robber was seen entering the cemetery with the money. A short time later, upon trying to escape the confines of the graveyard, he was shot and killed. A search of the body revealed no money.

Some say he was in the cemetery such a short time he couldn't possibly have buried his ill-fated fortune. They therefore agreed he must have dropped it in the hollow of one of the many trees in the area.

Others say he hid out in the cemetery quite a lengthy period of time and would have had ample opportunity to bury his loot.

What he did with the army payroll is still a mystery; there is no record of it having been found and many feel it is still "planted" somewhere in the confines of the crescent-shaped lake.

The Monterey cemetery is said also to hold the remains of an undisclosed church treasure. Found on the trunk of an ancient oak tree are mysterious markings with the initials "J" and "T" plus a large cross with an arrow at the base.

Many years ago the discoverer of these strange markings went to work with a metal detector and recorded a strong reading near the base of the tree. With permission granted, he excitedly went to work. After digging two feet he came upon old, hand-made bricks—not of the adobe variety. Using a crowbar he laboriously worked his way through the bricks, a distance of four more feet.

With his detector still telling him to go deeper, he continued his digging and soon struck hard pan (extremely hard clay-like soil) which his crowbar would not penetrate. Needing a jackhammer to continue the dig, he was refused permission and the hole was ordered closed.

Whatever was there is there to this day, but there is considerable doubt as to whether permission will ever again be granted to prospect in the grounds of the Monterey cemetery.

BEING A HARBOR town, and at one time the most important port on the Pacific Coast, Monterey boasts numerous tales of valuable cargoes which rest on the bottom of its historic bay.

Bronze anchors, rusted cannons, and ancient artifacts of early sailing vessels are often dragged onto the sands of the curving Monterey shoreline. Many of these are on display in the authentically restored adobes that surround the popular Custom House Plaza.

In the construction of one such building built by Don Jose Abrego in the late 1830s, timbers from the wrecked ship *Natalie* were used. Of interest in this story is the fact that the *Natalie*, wrecked on the Monterey beach in 1834, was the same vessel that carried Napoleon Bonaparte away from his exiled island home of Elba and back to prominence. A true treasure of a different variety. In 1948 a very real treasure was found only a short distance from downtown Monterey. While preparing for construction of a school building near the present location of Monterey High School, workmen unearthed a cache of twenty-dollar gold pieces.

Mike Maiorana, then a lad attending the Monterey schools, heard the rapidly spreading news and started a search of his own for this buried bonanza. With the first turn of his shovel Mike uncovered a can—jammed to the lid with the valuable gold coins.

Mike's good fortune started a rush for gold the likes of which Monterey hadn't experienced for 100 years. Local treasure-seekers by the thousands flocked to the site. Around-the-clock shifts were organized by the local hopefuls and the calm of the night was shattered by the sounds of digging shovels and glaring beams of light pointing into the holes of energetic diggers.

How much treasure was uncovered in this century-late gold rush is unknown, but we do know Mike Maiorana was by no means the only Montereyan to thrill to the find of a real buried treasure.

Talk About Pat Garrett

(Continued from page 22)

very good shot.

Six months after he took the job with the Diamond A, Tex decided to go to Deming and wash a little dust from his whistle. On reaching town he stopped at the first saloon he came to, some distance from the main part of the village. Not having a cartridge belt or holster, he had his six-shooter stuck in the waistband of his pants. His stomach was flat and his denim jacket covered the gun with no signs showing.

Just as he started to down his drink, he saw a man in the back of the saloon pass a paper to another one. The two walked to the bar, taking positions on either side of him. Thinking the men had papers to arrest him, he lowered his hand to his six-shooter. Sure enough the man on his left told him he was under arrest for stealing cattle.

Two seconds later there was an explosion and the man fell to the sawdust with a deep crease across his middle. Tex swung around and the man on his right fell with a bullet in one of his legs. With two down, Tex started backing toward the front door. Two men playing cards in the rear of the room jumped to their feet and went for their guns. One got a bullet in the arm which made him drop his weapon; the other was not hit, but decided to holster his. As Tex neared the front door, he noticed that the bartender had crouched down behind the bar but his hand was nearing the top with a gun in it. The fifth shot from Tex's pistol knocked the gun out of the bartender's hand.

Two more steps took Tex through the door and he ran for his horse. Picking up the bridle reins with his left hand, he put his right over the saddle, still holding his six-shooter. At that moment out of the corner of his eye he saw a man running toward him. A star was pinned to the left side of his shirt and he had a gun in his hand. Tex let him have his last bullet and saw him fall.

The man had not much more than hit the ground when Tex had his horse in a run toward the ranch where he worked. He stopped at the Diamond A where McGrath was foreman and told him what he had done. McGrath gave him a fresh horse and told him to hit for the Mexican border. He was to stop at every Diamond A ranch house, tell what he had done, and get a fresh horse. He was not long in getting across the line.

There were some interesting developments back in Deming. The last shot from Tex's pistol hit the star pinned on the left breast of the officer. Back of the star was a heavy silverine watch. The bullet hit so close to the officer's heart that it knocked him out for a while. He was a tough old frontiersman, however, and recovered quickly. His name was Pat Garrett.

THE MAN closely associated with Garrett that I knew best was Wayne Brazel. I was in New Mexico when trouble was building up between him and Garrett and I heard a lot of discussion of how it came about. In February 1908 I visited the Hunter ranch at the south end of the White Sands and got acquainted with Deputy Sheriff Beal of Deming and a man named Mackey who was looking for a couple of stolen horses. In the course of their overnight stay they asked Mr. Hunter, who knew both Brazel and Garrett well, about how the trouble started. Hunter told them that Brazel was a hard worker and had worked a lot for W. W. Cox at the San Augustine ranch. He saved his money and invested it in horses.

After some time he decided that goats were a better investment and bought a herd of them, selling his horses to raise the money. His horses had ranged near the Cox ranch and nobody had objected, but goats were different. He wanted a place where his goats would not interfere with anybody's cattle and when he learned that Pat Garrett had grazing land with plenty of water that he would lease, he went to see Pat about it.

They were able to come to terms and made a verbal agreement, but both of them thought a lease should be drawn up and signed. A. B. Fall, who was then an attorney in El Paso, drew up the papers, and since there was no love lost between Fall and Garrett, Fall made the lease iron-clad—no loopholes at all—but Pat did not find that out for some time. He signed it, and a few days later it was said he told some of his Las Cruces friends how he had leased his ranch to "that young sprout Wayne Brazel and got the best of him."

"How did you do it?" somebody asked of him.

"Wayne's horses will go farther from water to graze than cattle and my cattle can water at the same place as the horses," he said.

Pat was furious when he found that Wayne had sold his horses and bought goats. He went to court to force Brazel off the property, but when the judge read the lease, he told Pat there was no way he could do so. Pat said, "If the court won't put him off, I will."

Brazel came to Alamogordo right after this happened and I talked to him. He considered Pat's remark to the judge as a threat against his life, and I suppose it was. However, Wayne didn't show any fear. He was a man of few words, but he had plenty of courage.

The first time Pat saw Wayne after the lease was upheld, he told him not to drive goats on the Garrett range. Wayne put the goats in the leased pastures anyway, but he was careful to stay away from Las Cruces, where Pat spent most of his time. Pat never let him forget the situation. He would send Wayne threats, hoping to bluff him into moving off. Wayne wouldn't bluff.

As we talked the situation over that time on the Hunter ranch, Deputy Sheriff Beal, knowing Pat's reputation, was of the opinion that he would kill Wayne on sight. Mr. Hunter was not so sure Pat would win. "Wayne is very cool-headed," he said. "He has never shot at any human and is not too quick on the draw, but he is accurate and Pat may get excited if he draws first."

It worked out pretty much as Mr. Hunter thought it would. I got the story in 1931 when I made a trip from California to Alamogordo to try to pick up more information about Brazel. I had left New Mexico in November 1908 but was always interested in Wayne's welfare. I talked to his old friends, including Walter Baird, and I rented a cabin from Mr. Bentley, storekeeper and postmaster at Organ, the little mining town almost at the top of San Augustine Pass.

Wayne and Pat had stopped at his store on their way to Las Cruces the day Pat was killed. Mr. Bentley and I stood in the road that is now Highway 70 and he pointed down the hill toward Las Cruces and showed me where the killing took place.

FROM Organ I went to Las Cruces to talk with Felipe Lucero, who was Sheriff of Dona Ana County at the time of Pat's death. I introduced myself and told him I would like to talk to him about Wayne Brazel. He smiled and said, "Wayne was a great boy. I knew him well for many years."

"Will you tell me what you remember about the Garrett killing?"

"Sure," he said. "I heard every word Pat said when he threatened Wayne, and I was afraid he would kill him, knowing Pat's disposition. Wayne didn't come to Las Cruces many times after the trouble started, but I did get to talk to him one time about the difficulties they were having. He told me he was staying away from Pat as much as he could because he didn't want to kill Pat unless he had to. He had no fear of him.

"When I was sheriff, I had a habit of leaving my house after eating breakfast and going to the courthouse, and if things were in order, I would go to the post office for the mail. I was on my way there that day when I met Wayne walking toward the courthouse. We stopped to talk and he asked me if I would like to have a boarder. I told him to go to my house and ask Mrs. Lucero.

" 'You've got it wrong, Felipe. I mean at the jail,' he said.

"Right then I knew *it* had happened.

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I knew he had killed Pat. I knew he wouldn't just cripple him. Pat would have done the same to Wayne. I told him to go to my office and I would see him when I finished my business.

"When I returned to my office, Wayne was sitting in my chair with his boots on my desk. He told me he had talked to Pat west of Organ. He was on horseback. Pat was in a buckboard, and there was a man with him. In the course of the conversation Pat got very mad and stopped his team. He jumped out between the wheels on the right side, started to draw a double-barreled shotgun from under the seat, and said to Wayne, 'I've got you now, you s.o.b.' There were other things under the seat and Pat had trouble getting the shotgun. When he almost had it out, Wayne said, 'I wouldn't do that, Pat,' and drew his six-shooter from his waistband, firing twice. The first bullet hit Pat in the face. The second struck him in the top of the head as he fell toward Wayne, coming out of his back near the shoulder blades. Pat's friends claimed that the second bullet was fired by a second person after Pat was face down on the ground.

"With Pat out of the way, Wayne asked the man in the buckboard if he wanted any, and he said no. So Wayne asked him if he would help to put Pat's body in the back of the buckboard. He did, and drove the buckboard on into town. Wayne rode in to give himself up."

After Wayne had told his story, he asked Lucero if he wasn't going to lock him up. Lucero said, "No, you came in and gave yourself up when you could have gone the other way and could have been hiding out by this time."

At that moment a small crowd of Pat's friends entered Lucero's office and wanted to know why Wayne wasn't behind bars. Felipe explained his reasons, but they insisted that Wayne should be taken before a judge and bound over for court. The judge who heard the complaint was a friend of Pat's, and when he found out that no warrant had been issued for Wayne's arrest, he gave Felipe a reprimand and set bond at $25,000. Wayne said he didn't have that kind of money but he was sure Mr. W. W. Cox would go his bond if they would give him permission to go to the Cox ranch. The opinion of the court seemed to be that a murderer should be in jail, not out riding around the country, but fortunately for Wayne, a Jewish merchant pushed his way through the crowd and asked Wayne what he had done.

"I killed Pat Garrett," Wayne told him, "and I have to raise a bond of $25,000."

"I go your bond. I go if it is $50,000."

"We will make the bond $50,000," the judge said.

Someone in the courtroom who knew more about law than the judge did told him that once the bond is set, he couldn't change it.

The story Felipe Lucero told me was almost word for word the same as Mr. Bentley and others had related. Several men came to Bentley's store before Pat's body had been taken to Las Cruces and they said there was no sign of anyone having hidden to help Wayne in case he needed assistance. There wasn't even a bush within half a mile of where Pat was killed.

Sometimes the stories the old-timers tell have more real truth in them than the books ever tell. In those days the ranchmen and their friends wouldn't talk to an outsider who came seeking information. But they talked plenty to each other.

Montana's First Lost Treasure

(Continued from page 23)

For months this ideal life went on, and during this time the trappers learned a smattering of the language of the tribe and developed a love for that rich and beautiful land. One of them married a comely Indian maiden and was taken into the tribe. The others in turn were becoming increasingly uncertain as to whether they cared to return to civilization. Destruction of this aura of peace and contentment consequently came without warning, and in all innocence.

ONE OF THE older Indians one day carelessly displayed an ornament he had fashioned from a piece of yellow metal. As one, the trappers pounced upon it. Their eyes glittered with excitement and greed seized them. They fired volley after volley of questions at the confused old man, who answered them as best he could. He told them how he and a companion had found the yellow metal in the sands of a stream across the mountains to the east; how they had made the little ornaments as mementoes of their journey.

Could he take them to it? This question was shouted at him from five throats. The bewildered and startled old man assured them that he could, but he hesitated because the trail led through the southern limits of the dreaded Blackfoot country. Any intruders found and caught were promptly killed. The impatient trappers waved this aside. If the gold were there in the quantity described, it was worth the risk. Still, the old man was uncertain; life to him was far more precious than bits of metal whose only worth was in fashioning trinkets. But the white men were not to be put off, and their greed for gold would not let them be shunted aside. At last the old man compromised. He would take them to the gold-bearing creek, but he would at once return to his tribe. Eagerly the trappers agreed; if they could locate the site, they needed no help in obtaining the gold.

Days of excited preparations followed, with the married man confronted by a problem. His pretty wife insisted on accompanying him. In spite of the opposition of the others, he finally agreed to take her. And so a party of seven set forth one morning in early spring—five white men, the greed for gold upon them; a little Indian girl, loyal and faithful to her man; and a reluctant guide. Each of the party was mounted and each led a horse, all laden with supplies generously provided by the tribe.

They traveled through a pass by a river's edge and down this river for two days, then crossed another pass to the south, and finally arrived at the headwaters of a tiny creek. Their guide never faltered once, but led them directly to this tiny stream among a thousand others, and then down the creek to the site of the gold-bearing sand.

As they dug into the sand with their fingers, the trappers went wild with joy. The creek bed glistened with the yellow metal. With consternation, the two Indians watched the white men's insane antics. Then the guide reminded them of their bargain and turned his horse to the north for home. The girl-wife remained, although dreading the menace of the Blackfeet with whose name her mother had threatened her when she was a disobedient child.

WEEKS of frenzied work followed. From early morning light through the dim rays of twilight, the five men crouched at their work in the stream. In the crude dugout-cabin, which they reluctantly took time to build, buckskin sacks bulged with their heavy contents. The creek was unbelievably rich, and the amateur miners grew dizzy with the thoughts of the wealth they had accumulated in such a short time.

Through it all the Indian girl worked faithfully, preparing meals and doing all the work necessary for the comfort of her man. She even ventured out to hunt for food when the miners would not take the time to do so. Her fear of the Blackfeet was never voiced, but was constantly with her. She knew from the tales around the campfires of her people, of the tribe's bitter hatred of encroachers. She knew of their cunning in attacking and their delight in killing. Many times a day she climbed to a point of vantage and scanned the country as far as her eyes could reach.

After two months of frenzied labor, there came an evening when the five men talked in discouraged tones. Their returns for the day had been meager, and the sands of the creek no longer glittered with the bits of golden treasure. So completely had the wild desire for gold consumed them that they could find little consolation in the fact they had already secured wealth in a fabulous amount. And so for a week longer, they dug feverishly in the banks and the bed of the creek, but their efforts were fruitless. The pocket had been gleaned. Resigning themselves to the inevitable, they loaded their wealth on the horses, along with their remaining supplies, and set out for the camp of the friendly Flatheads.

Against the advice of the Indian girl, they took a different route for their return, and this trail took them farther into the valley which later would be known as Big Hole Basin. It was near the Big Hole battleground, where many years in the future the blood of white and red man would again flow, that the ambush took place. The actual site was on an old Indian trail not far from the forks of Ruby and Trail Creeks. Here five horse-loads of gold were dumped on the ground, trampled upon, and ignored by the victorious Blackfeet.

Without warning, scores of warriors closed in on the little party, accompanied by a hail of deadly arrows. The Indian girl was the first to fall. The miners discharged their guns once and the fight was over. Only one, whipping his mount, managed to escape up the trail although several arrows had found their marks in his body and he was badly wounded.

The miner tied his horse in the timber and crept back to see if he could salvage some of the gold. But the Indians had cut the packs from the horses, slit the packs open and, upon finding them full of the useless yellow metal, had left them where they fell.

Unfortunately, the miner was discovered and barely made it to his tied horse. This time he fled madly from the scene pursued by the Blackfeet. A few miles up the trail he was fortunate enough to encounter a hunting party of Flatheads, and then it was the Blackfeet's turn to be chased. The Flatheads drove them back to the main party, and then the roles were reversed; but the Blackfeet followed only to the divide between the Big Hole and the Bitterroot, and then, fearful of the whole Flathead tribe's wrath, turned back into the Big Hole Basin.

The wounded white man was taken to the main Flathead camp, and there, despite the care given him, succumbed to his wounds. Before he died, he told the story of the gold-hunt, the ambush, and about the gold lying in piles on the old Indian trail.

Several days after his death, the bodies of the girl and the other four men were found by a party of more daring Flathead warriors. The bodies were placed in trees beyond the reach of coyotes and other varmints, but the gold was left heaped in the trail.

With an estimation of 100 pounds of nuggets per horse, there might be 500 pounds of gold in this small area. At the present price, if even a portion of this could be salvaged or found, it would be rewarding.

No one, of course, would think of panning or testing a lonely section of an old Indian trail. But in approximately six horse-lengths on this particular route may be the richest ground in the world.

Wild Bill's Guns in Deadwood

(Continued from page 15)

February 1867 *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, in which Nichols stated: "His . . . waist was girthed by a belt which held two Colt's navy revolvers." Nichols was describing a shooting affray in which Hickok killed David C. McCanles and two other men at the Rock Creek Stage Station in Nebraska.

Wild Bill carved his fame early in life as a frontiersman, scout, lawman and always a gun-handler. During the Civil War he was a Union scout or spy and stories of his feats only added to his prestige. The Civil War ended, Hickok entered the Indian wars under General George Custer, again as scout. In 1869 he guided a group of Easterners headed by Henry Wilson, then United States Senator from Massachusetts and later Vice President, who wanted to see the Kansas forts and Indian battlefields. The trip was said to have been so successful that at its close Wilson presented Wild Bill with a brace of fine ivory-handled pistols as a "souvenir of the most delightful trip" he had ever experienced.

Wild Bill was marshal of Abilene, Kansas in 1871, enhancing his reputation as a man who could shoot quicker and more accurately than any other man in the West. However, the West was becoming civilized and shoot-'em-up marshals were losing their popularity. When Buffalo Bill Cody offered Hickok a place in his Wild West show, Hickok accepted. He was not a showman like Buffalo Bill and the venture was short-lived, but during his participation his legend as a marksman grew.

Robert A. Kane wrote an article in 1906 in which he tells of meeting Wild Bill "along in the '70s" when Hickok, Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack Omohundro were in Milwaukee, Wisconsin for a three-nights' engagement of the wild west show. Kane stated that several of the "local marksmen including myself" called on the celebrities for a social chat which ended with Hickok giving the Milwaukee marksmen a demonstration of shooting. Mr. Kane remarks, "Mr. Hickok's weapons were a pair of beautifully silver-plated S. A. .44 Colt revolvers. Both had pearl handles and were tastefully engraved. He also had a pair of Remington revolvers of the same caliber."

The gold rush to the Black Hills was gathering impetus in 1875, though the area was still Indian territory and closed to the whites. Wild Bill heard the rumors of gold and must have been thinking of that last frontier, but he went first to Cheyenne, Wyoming and married Agnes Lake on March 5, 1876. Mrs. Lake, a circus equestrienne and owner of the Lake Circus, necessarily continued her tour when Hickok joined the rush to the Black Hills.

He went to Deadwood, arriving in June 1876 with his friends Colorado Charlie Utter, Steve Utter and several others. Deadwood was wide open with miners cluttering the narrow gulches, gamblers in the pool halls, fancy ladies in the windows, and mayhem everywhere. Though Wild Bill seems to have confined his activities to gambling during his short life in Deadwood, his earlier gun-shooting days could not be ignored. On August 2, Jack McCall ambled into Saloon No. 10 where Wild Bill was playing poker with three good friends, and shot Wild Bill through the head. Hickok has been a part of Deadwood ever since.

THREE YEARS later the South Deadwood Cemetery in which Hickok had been buried was found to be an inconvenient spot for a growing town, so the bodies were moved to a new cemetery on a hill overlooking the town.

The *Black Hills Weekly Times* of August 9, 1879, in reporting the removal of Wild Bill's body from the original burial ground to Mount Moriah cemetery above Deadwood, notes: "Everything in the coffin was found just as it was placed

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there, and the rumor that the grave had been rifled is all bosh. The only article buried with the body was a carbine, and that was in as good a state of preservation as ever. There was no knife and revolvers buried with him as reported, and those who should know say that he never owned a pistol in the hills."

John S. McClintock, the local settler who wrote *Pioneer Days in the Black Hills*, 1939, a reminiscence of his experiences in frontier Deadwood, was beside Hickok's coffin when it was exhumed and opened and he wrote unequivocably, bearing out the correct reporting of the *Times*: "It has been stated by the acting undertaker who was in charge of the original funeral, that Wild Bill's big Sharps rifle was buried by his side. This statement the writer knows to be incorrect, as he saw the gun in the coffin when it was opened on reinterment. It was not a Sharps rifle, but a carbine, or a short cavalry, fitted into an old fashioned Kentucky rifle breech, with the name J. B. Hickok engraved in the wood. After his death his personal effects were disposed of, and John Bradley of Spearfish, S. Dakota, purchased the Sharps rifle. He used the gun for many years afterwards in hunting for wild game. Subsequently it came into possession of Allen Toomey, of Spearfish, now deceased."

On March 4, 1880 the *Black Hills Daily Times* issued a review of the Hickok situation, again speaking of his gun: "The carbine that was buried with him was in a perfect state of preservation."

Of the Deadwood guns claimed to be Hickok's, McClintock says: "Wild Bill had several revolvers, one of which was a finely carved, ivory handled Colt's forty-four caliber, model of 1850. The gun had been used until it was completely worn out, and when it was fired every chamber would be discharged simultaneously. This fine though useless revolver was turned in by Wild Bill to Captain Dotson in part payment of a board bill. Subsequently it came into possession of Laverne Wolfe of Deadwood. He owned two other forty-fours and a small pistol. The whereabouts of these is not definitely known by this writer."

THERE ARE a number of mementoes and photos of Wild Bill's life in the Adams Memorial Hall in Deadwood, including two pistols believed to have been used by Wild Bill. These are not the ivory-handled pistols, as can readily be seen, but they could have been used by Wild Bill at one time or another.

One is a short, four-barreled .32RF derringer. It has the inscription "C. Sharps, Patent 1859" on one side and "C. Sharps & Co., Philadel. Pa." on the other. The description given with the gun when donated to the museum relates: "Gun loaned to the Adams Memorial Hall by Mrs. Lillian (Casey) Gowey, Sidney, Montana. Mrs. Gowey states that this gun was buried with Wild Bill when his body was interred in the old cemetery, and when the body was removed to Mount Moriah, Pat Casey came into possession of the gun. 8-13-32."

The Sharps pistol is rusted and corroded beyond repair on the iron barrel, though the metal of the handle is either copper or some alloy which withstood corrosion. Though the coffin appeared to have suffered water seepage during the three years it rested in South Deadwood cemetery, which would explain the corrosion of the barrel if it had been in the coffin, we have the word of the *Times* of that day and of McClintock's verification that there was nothing in the way of firearms buried with Wild Bill except his carbine. We must, therefore, question Mrs. Gowey's statement in that respect, though the gun could have been the small pistol mentioned by McClintock and perhaps owned by Hickok. There is no proof to the contrary.

The other revolver is more difficult to identify. The descriptive title with it reports: "Wild Bill Hickok's Pistol. One of a pair of target pistols owned by Wild Bill Hickok. These pistols were given to Buffalo Bill by Wild Bill since they were close friends. Buffalo Bill then used these pistols for sharp shooting. Eventually Buffalo Bill gave one of the pistols to a friend who gave it to John T. Milek. The other pistol's whereabouts is still unknown. Loaned by John T. Milek."

On close examination of the revolver, a French pinfire, it is seen to have a revolving chamber holding the usual six shots, a single barrel, and a barely discernible stamp on the metal which reads L E G * and below that, something that looks like GaeJ. A number 7 is easily visible near the trigger. The handle is of polished wood and parts of the metal are engraved.

There is no doubt that Wild Bill and Buffalo Bill were close friends. Here again, as far as is known, the gun may have been used or even possibly owned by Wild Bill at some time during his life, though proof is lacking. A portrait in the T. B. Walker collection shows Hickok holding a revolver, but that gun is definitely not Deadwood's French pinfire.

As for the carbine and the rifle, we have no knowledge of the whereabouts of the carbine. It could still be in the grave, as no mention is made of removal of the carbine from the coffin when they reinterred Wild Bill.

Adams Museum in Deadwood has a picture of a rifle with Hickok's name carved on the stock, said to be the Sharps rifle once owned by Mr. Toomey, but technically the gun has been identified as a custom Springfield sporter of 1870 pattern. In checking the present whereabouts of the gun, Mr. Toomey's sister, Mrs. O. Allen Anderson, Spearfish, South Dakota, stated that the Toomey rifle pictured at the Adams Museum was owned by W. McFadden Duffy, New Orleans, Louisiana, in 1960. Mr. Duffy is the son-in-law of Allen Toomey, and doubtless still has the gun. Mrs. Anderson thought that her brother originally obtained the gun from a man named Wright in St. Onge, South Dakota.

An old tintype taken in Deadwood in 1876 purportedly shows Colorado Charlie Utter, Will Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill Cody, Texas Jack and Arapahoe Joe. In the tintype Wild Bill is holding a rifle upright which could be this rifle, but the tintype is so indistinct that it also could be some other rifle.

Gun collecting today is a serious hobby. Novice collectors should know that serial numbers on guns of all types, plus manufacturer's names and other identifying marks, make it possible in most cases to trace the date of manufacture and in some cases the original owner. The value or lack of value of an old firearm is thus tied to its date of manufacture and to whatever history can be connected with the weapon.

Gun fanciers have examined carefully the many guns in various parts of the United States claimed to be Hickok's. Some have been authenticated, some have been proven to be fakes. We make no attempt here to describe the others attributed to Wild Bill's ownership, being interested only in the Deadwood guns in this report.

Three Men of Evil

(Continued from page 27)

side the cell. One was Ed Silbee, one a man named Wilson, who had been convicted of horse stealing, and some said the third was Amos Phillips.

Night comes early in January, but the oil lamps inside the jail had not yet been lighted. Therefore none could say for certain just who did take a hand in the fracas. However, at Wheeler's shots all prisoners ran back into their cells. By now Behner, Wheeler, Ball and Conway were inside George Silbee's cell with Dillon. Allen had recovered so that he was able to rise to his feet and clear the way for the other officers.

Action was fast and furious. Five pistols began pumping lead toward George Silbee's cell. A bullet struck him in the right leg just below the hip and penetrated the bone. He fell to the floor. Deputy Ball grabbed the wounded man and pulled him out of the cell, promising that if he so much as raised a finger he'd be a dead man.

Allen pulled his gun and placed it against Silbee's head, saying he'd blow his brains out. Another officer pushed the gun away, saying, "You don't want to do that, Allen."

The fight had gone out of George Silbee; some said later he "began to blubber." Ed, however, was defiant and full of hate. George was placed on a cot and handcuffed; Ed was handcuffed and shackled with the thirty-pound leg irons.

INVESTIGATION revealed the prisoners had, with almost superhuman effort, removed all four heavy steel doors from the cells. They had torn the doors from the steel casings, the brass rivets having been straightened and pulled out by force. This was accomplished in a most unique way.

With strips of wood broken from a bench in the cage, the Silbees had pried the seat from the toilet and using this and other pieces of wood from the bench, had dismantled the doors one at a time by inserting wood into the crack, then forcing the doors shut. Leverage thus obtained was great enough to break the lever bar which opened the doors from outside the cage. It was a piece of this bar which George Silbee had used on Allen. The four doors had been carried back inside the cells.

Probably every prisoner in the jail knew what was taking place, for such work would have required considerable time and could not have been accomplished without noise. It was learned afterward that officers had indeed heard strange noises coming from the cell block, but investigation showed the Silbees were enjoying themselves by wrestling. Ball had heard the noise through Saturday and was tempted to reprimand the brothers but recalled they were being taken to the penitentiary on Monday and thought to allow them a measure of freedom, knowing it would be short-lived.

Men gathered outside the jail as word spread of the attack on Allen and subsequent results. Cries of "Bring 'em out," and "Let's string 'em up," were heard on every hand. But no leader stepped forward and the crowd continued to mill about, muttering threats while the prisoners cowered in their cells.

Quietly, however, town leaders had gathered at the courthouse, taking possession of the district clerk's office. Guards were posted at the front of the stairs to screen admittance. When some 100 men had been selected, plans were laid for lynching the Silbees and Old Man Phillips. Three ropes with nooses in place, a heavy sledge hammer, and other necessary equipment for breaking open the cells were brought in.

At 8:15 the door opened and the plotters marched in double file down the stairs. These were grimly determined men with but a single thought. As they came out the north door of the courthouse they found about 400 others assembled on the lawn. Three ropes had already been tied to a tree in front of the courthouse.

Taking no notice of the crowd the 100 marched on to the jail fence and proceeded to cut the heavy wire. A barricade in front of the jail door was torn down and cast aside and the angry men set about opening the outer door.

Sheriff Brooks and Deputy Sheriff Ball protested but faced with such strong opposition, they reluctantly stepped aside. It was the only sensible thing to do, since the Silbees were condemned men anyway. Brooks did insist, however, that he and others of his force be permitted to go along inside the jail to protect the other prisoners. To this the leaders agreed.

With officers looking on, men with sledge hammers broke the locks and bolts from the outer and inner doors.

INSIDE, the prisoners waited with fear and apprehension—all except George and Ed Silbee. They appeared indifferent to the whole affair. Phillips shook in his boots, cowering in a corner of his cell, and when he could stand the suspense no longer, crawled under his cot.

In pleading tones he prayed, "Dear Lord, save me. Don't let 'em take me out to hang." At other times he directed his pleas to Brooks: "Sheriff, for God's sake don't let 'em take me. Promise you'll protect me." Brooks stood in the corridor and just behind the Silbees' cell while the mob was breaking open the cell door.

In solicitous tones he asked: "Ed, why did you fellows do that? You're gone now. The mob is bound to get you."

Ed looked him in the face with a bravado beyond the officer's comprehension. Smiling scornfully he said, "I guess I can die. Let 'em take Phillips too. He's as guilty as we are." Hearing this, the old man screamed denial.

Turning to a fellow prisoner, Ed asked him to roll a cigarette for him. When Ed had lighted it, he stood puffing smoke into the air, watching it curl and spiral, occasionally smiling at the frightened men about him.

George seemed somewhat concerned. He was weak from loss of blood, but he did not cringe or beg. He did insist they take Phillips, saying the old man was guilty and urged that he be hanged along with himself and Ed.

With the last lock cut away, the leaders made a dash into the Silbees' cell, seizing them and pulling both men out into the cage where ropes were placed about their necks. Then several made for Phillips' cell. But Sheriff Brooks barred their way.

"No sir, men, you shall not take him! You've got two who are guilty. There are a lot of folks in this town and county who are not satisfied as to the old man's guilt. Don't make a mistake for which you'll be sorry."

Someone cried, "Come on, let's get on with the job."

Because of the leg irons, Ed was picked up and carried. George was shoved along despite his painful injury. Outside the jail the mob went back through the opening they'd made, and on to where several catalpa trees stood. Ed was let down at the one nearest the jail, while George was pushed along to another some twelve feet distant. The ends of the ropes about their necks were thrown over limbs to be seized by eager hands. George was asked if he wanted to say anything.

"No," he sneered, "I said I wouldn't talk 'til I got ready and I'll show you bastards that I've got nerve enough to keep my word." With that he turned toward the tree where his brother waited to be pulled up.

"Die game, kid!"

A voice from the crowd called out, "George, I admire your nerve."

"By damn, it takes nerve to live in this world." His voice, full of contempt and seething with hatred, held the familiar ring Fort Scott officers had learned to know so well.

Those were the last words George Silbee, alias Meeks, alias Smith, murderer of an innocent young neighbor, ever were to utter in life. The next instant the rope tightened and he was pulled upward until he stood on tiptoe.

While this little scene was being enacted by George, his brother Ed opened up. "Boys," he cried, "you can hang me if you want to, but I'm innocent. George fired the shot that killed Edlinger, and Phillips used the axe. You want to get

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the old man, too."

He perhaps would have said more but he was choked off as the rope grew taut, almost the same instant as that about his brother's neck. Both ropes were drawn up slowly, given a bit of play then pulled tighter and tighter until the two men's feet were flailing the air.

ED'S dying statement as to Phillips' guilt caused another dash to be made toward the jail. Voices yelled, "Now for the old man!" but Sheriff Brooks and his deputies faced them bravely as they came at the jail door.

"Back, men! Don't come any closer. You don't get Phillips. You've hung the Silbees and that's where it ends."

A moment's hesitation, then they surged forward again. But Brooks' voice broke over them, calm and determined. "Think what you're doing. You've already broken the law. Don't make a mistake and create a greater wrong than you've already done."

Someone called out: "Brooks is right. We've done enough for one night. Let's all go home."

Slowly the mob melted away in the darkness, leaving its grisly reminders of vengeance dangling from two catalpa trees.

All day Sunday the bodies lay in the back room of the mortuary where hundreds of persons came to view them. Ed lay with the leg irons still about his ankles. Relic hunters began chipping at the hanging trees until it became necessary to wrap the catalpas tightly to preserve them from total destruction.

On Monday following the sentencing of Amos Phillips to be hanged in the state penitentiary, Sheriff Brooks secreted him in the basement of the Goodlander Hotel for safety. Phillips was nervous and apprehensive of another lynch mob.

Shackled to the leg of a heavy table, he started up when a number of people went along the sidewalk. Then, while standing, he said to Deputy Sheriff Ball who'd been placed there as a guard: "I'll tell you! You've got the right—"

Ball immediately realized that the old man wished to tell him about the murder. In a calm, soothing voice he urged Phillips on, listening to an account of the plot against Leopold Edlinger. Phillips talked for more than an hour at the end of which Ball took him to the sheriff's office where they spent the remainder of the night going over the story.

The murder was planned, Phillips said, at the Silbee farm near Butler, Missouri, after Ed learned of Edlinger's plans for going to Oklahoma. They laid out a scheme to track Edlinger, stalking him much as an animal would its prey. Phillips was sent ahead, where he found work not far from Fort Scott. Two weeks later he received a letter telling him to meet the Silbees at an old house. He arrived at night to find the Silbees and Edlinger there. The Silbees, he said, had arrived after Edlinger, and going in had asked him if they could spend the night. Edlinger said yes.

Phillips went in and found the three men talking. At an opportune moment, George picked up the old muzzle-loader gun and shot the boy. The three then went outside to hitch their teams to the wagons, with plans to take the Edlinger outfit. They heard Edlinger moaning and begging for help. George Silbee ordered Phillips to take the axe in Edlinger's wagon and go in and "finish him off."

Phillips did as ordered. When Edlinger saw him come back into the house he begged for help, and when he saw the old man advancing with the axe pleaded for mercy. Phillips—perhaps through fear, since he expressed great fear of George while in jail—went ahead and smashed Edlinger's skull with the axe. They then wrapped him in a blanket, loaded the body in a wagon and drove away. They drove with the body in a wagon until Sunday evening when the odor became so nauseating they were forced to get rid of it at Mill Creek. A farmer bringing his stock to water discovered the body two weeks later.

Following his confession, Phillips slept fitfully the few remaining hours of the night. He frequently spoke of Edlinger's dying words and looks. Over and over he repeated that he heard the poor boy's pleadings and saw visions of the awful scene every time he closed his eyes.

Phillips later was kept shackled in the sheriff's office until time to board a train which took him to Leavenworth, Kansas. There he was held at the federal prison until he could be taken to Lansing State Prison, following the lifting of a smallpox quarantine.

Since Kansas law called for the governor to set a date of execution and not one man was hanged by governor's decree from the years 1870 until 1944, all those condemned to death were kept until they died, or perhaps given paroles. Phillips died of natural causes at Lansing but the date of death is not now known.

Lady Hunter on the Platte

(Continued from page 17)

a deep blue. The only breaks in the line of the plains were scattered cottonwoods along the Platte.

As Martha Maxwell watched the black bodies rocking in orderly single files, mass in motion, each buffalo blindly following the one in front, her pulse quickened as it always did, she admitted, when she saw a wild creature she did not yet have in her collection. Outwardly she displayed no emotion. Unless you saw her eyes you could not sense the rising excitement in her.

"There are a lot of steaks over there," said the general's wife, eager for a change from the pioneer diet of beans and salt pork. "Why don't we try for some?"

"Cross that river?" spat the general. "Damnfoolishness." To James Maxwell he said on the side, "We better kill that idea before it gets started."

"I know my wife well enough," said James, "to know she won't be satisfied until she is among those beasts."

THERE was a steady beat and rhythm to the passage of the buffaloes as their awkward gait moved them forward and sent up the dust. Standing close to her husband, the top of her head level with his shoulder, Martha, still looking, saw a lone Indian at the edge of the herd trying to single out one animal and kill it. The main herd paid no attention to this minor fringe activity.

Other members of the party agreed that crossing the river was necessary to accomplish their objective, so some of the horses were unhobbled and hitched to the wagons. The Platte here was wide and looked shallow enough for a light wagon to make it. One wagon started across but a short distance out began to sink in soft wet sand. The shifting channel was deceptive. The horses could not be turned so a rope was fastened to the wagon and with the help of horses and men on the bank and with much groaning and grunting by all, the wagon was finally pulled out backwards. There were now extra syllables prefixed to the general's "Damnfoolishness." Leaving the wagons behind, each person prepared to ford the stream on horseback.

Martha Maxwell drew the general's mare as her mount and her husband stood ready by the horse with his hands cupped to make a step for her to mount. Before she did this, Martha shifted her shoulder bag and powder pouch to a position on her back so splashing water would not reach these important items. Up she went and her husband handed her her rifle which normally would ride in its leather case ahead of the saddle but which for this crossing she held above her head.

"Hold your feet up by the horse's neck," he said, "and you won't get wet." This maneuver was difficult because Martha's high-laced shoes came just below her knees and made her legs heavy to hold out horizontally as she sat in the saddle.

All members of the party crossed successfully except the general. Perhaps his heart wasn't in it. When he endeavored to raise his feet he lost his balance and slid off sidewise into the water. He grasped his horse's neck and made his crossing that way. As he emerged, red-faced, water running off him in little steams and filling his boots, the others enjoyed a hearty laugh. To ease his humiliation they said, "In the Colorado sun you will dry in a half-hour."

"The Colorado sun be damned," he growled.

The party set off at a gallop toward the herd. They were approaching each other head-on. When the animals sensed some kind of danger, they broke up into groups of about twenty each, but individual animals kept changing groups so there was much internal activity. The herd was very diverse with old bulls, cows and young animals.

Now much closer to the herd, the hunting party felt the pounding of the earth as the buffaloes pressed forward. They drew their horses together to confer on a plan of action. Martha's strong desire to obtain a specimen and the contagion of their movement were compelling. Her spirited horse wanted to run. When Martha saw the wild riding of the lone Indian hunter at closer range and the buffalo feinting and dodging, she had to act.

With no word to the others, no thought of caution, she touched the mare lightly with the spurs and the two were soon riding among the buffaloes. Dust choked her. The horns of one lumbering beast nearly caught in the folds of her brown-checked hunting dress. As her horse felt the excitement of the animals all around it, it swerved and the small woman was in great danger of being thrown, trampled and crushed.

Members of the party waved their arms and yelled, "Your horse will be gored! You'll be killed!" Her husband turned pale, realizing her danger and his helplessness. As their bodies brushed close to her horse time and again and as her excitement began to wear off, Martha realized her precarious position and began to work her way out, guiding the horse on a diagonal track from the herd's main direction.

As she got near the edge she singled out a bull for a close range shot. The bull increased its pace as it felt itself being separated from the others. Martha spurred the mare and the chase was on. When her horse came abreast of the bull with only a few feet between them, Martha dropped the loop of the rein over the saddle pommel, brought her rifle down level with her hip and fired at a point somewhere behind the buffalo's front quarter. The recoil from the shot and the horse's startled jerk threw her off balance so she grabbed for the pommel with both hands and finally steadied herself.

The bull kept running as if nothing had happened. Then after a short distance he began to slow down and Martha knew she had hit a vital part. When it stumbled and fell a great shout went up from those watching and they all rushed to her assistance.

MARTHA'S husband was the first to reach her and with his usual good nature gone, rebuked her sternly. "You could have been killed," he said. The general's wife embraced her tearfully. The others stared, still only half believing what had taken place. The relief that Martha was unhurt was enhanced by the gratitude of the men that a buffalo had been obtained with so little effort on their part. Their admiration was great.

"Bet he'll go 1,600 pounds," said one of them. Less than 100 pounds of woman had done it.

Martha helped with the skinning, using her special skinning knife as she directed the men to work so as little damage as possible was done to the hide. During the skinning she made measurements. The only parts she wanted were the head, legs, tail, skin and certain skeletal bones. From these in her Boulder workshop she reconstructed the buffalo, making a plaster cast from her measurements and stretching the skin over it. She also created for it a suitable setting amid the buffalo grass it liked so well.

A strict vegetarian by principle and religion, Martha ate none of the meat, nor did her husband, though he really wanted some.

Martha's first experience with a gun had come when she was thirteen. The family was living in an unfinished log house near Baraboo, Wisconsin where Martha's stepfather, Josiah Dartt, worked as a surveyor, often being gone from home all day. An unusual sound was heard coming from the unfinished part of the house and when Martha and her mother went to investigate they saw a large yellow rattlesnake coiled on a rafter, its rattles vibrating, ready to strike the small girl playing in the dirt below. Quickly Martha snatched the baby, put her in her mother's arms, and ran to the hearth above which Josiah's gun rested, always loaded. She took the heavy gun down, rested it on some boards, aimed and shot. The snake fell mangled and dying.

When Josiah returned he praised the girl for her bravery and, realizing for the first time the danger his family was in began giving her lessons in the safe use of the gun. Josiah always kept one barrel loaded for big game and this was later to become Martha's practice also.

Martha's first lesson in taxidermy had come through the guidance of her grandmother, Abigail Wooster. The child's father had died soon after she was born in Ticonderoga County, Pennsylvania, and her mother was an invalid for several years following Martha's birth, so Abigail came to care for them. It was said of Abigail, "Like Napoleon she was determined to be an ancestor." A most trying quality was to stick like grim death to her opinions.

Seeds were scarce in the pioneer community and thrifty gardeners always saved them for the next season. One day Abigail called Martha, age five, and giving her a panful of squash seeds said, "Find an old gunny sack and spread these seeds out to dry in the sun; then we'll put them away till planting time next spring."

Carefully the child sorted out the damp, sticky seeds, getting each one separated from the stringy flesh attached to it and allowing air space around each seed to speed the drying. Abigail looked at the array and nodded approval.

A little later in the day when Abigail chanced to go out in the yard there was one of her fat hens going right down the rows methodically devouring the seeds one by one.

"Scat, sshhh, scat you dumb chicken," yelled Abigail, swishing her apron at the flying creature. "Martha, bring me my chicken-catcher! That blasted hen has eaten nearly all those squash seeds."

Abigail was expert enough so she could have chased and cornered the guilty hen but she knew she could get the bird more quickly with her long wire. Expertly, she maneuvered the hook on the end around one of the hen's legs so as to render it helpless.

"Now bring me my pocket knife," she

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ordered Martha. "Now you hold her legs," she directed and while the two pinned down the bird Abigail neatly slit the crop open. Out spilled the contents, including the precious seeds.

"Now," said Abigail, "fetch needle and thread, quite a large needle and bring it threaded." This was an easy assignment for Martha, who sewed a fine seam at age four and who knew the contents of the sewing basket by heart. But she got a surprise when she returned, for Abigail said, "All right, you sew up the crop; you will do a neater job than I." The child trembled but whipped together the two edges of the hen's crop as neatly as an expert surgeon. None the worse, the hen quickly made off when released and went right to work to refill her empty crop.

NO TASK in obtaining specimens was too difficult for Martha. One time along the Platte where large cottonwoods shaded the riverbank they came upon a pair of flickers very agitated. Martha suspected a nest somewhere. A young man in the party climbed a cottonwood to investigate a small hole in a large branch about ten feet from the ground. The hole was so small he called for a hatchet to chop a bigger opening.

About to thrust his hand in, he drew back screaming, "Red hot demons, there's a snake in this hole!"

"A snake?" asked Martha.

"Yup, he poked his nose up as I was putting my hand in," said the young man as he started to come down.

"Wait!" ordered Martha. "If he is quiet now, give him a dose of chloroform and bring him down with you."

A bottle of fluid and cotton were passed up and the cotton wet with liquid was pressed firmly over the mouth of the hole.

In a few minutes the young man said, "Get your snake box and I'll fish him up."

The box was handed up. "Ugh," said the youth as he deposited the stupefied reptile in the box. It was a bull snake in good condition.

"Were there no eggs in the nest?" asked Martha.

"Not an egg."

On the way home, either from riding or the anesthetic, the snake disgorged five young flickers to the great delight of naturalist Martha.

One time she came close to being killed by a man who thought she was an Indian. She and her husband were camped by a small stream. Between them and high ground lay a valuable strip of meadow grass land, and each time white men had tried to cut the grass the Indians drove them off. A few rods back from the creek stood the remains of an adobe fort. The Maxwell camp was just out of sight of the fort. Martha rose early and started alone to prowl the area for specimens. The sun was just coming up.

She had crept into the valley of the stream opposite the old fort when she saw one of Say's squirrels and, since she had no specimen, took a shot at it. As she did an unearthly howl came from the old fort and she saw a man and a dog come out. The man had no shirt on and rushed toward her angrily. He stopped, raised his gun and aimed.

Martha reasoned that her greatest safety lay in not letting him see she was afraid, that she was only going about her business and had only on old shotgun. So she picked up the squirrel and went down the creek toward camp. Three times the man took aim but for some reason didn't fire.

Trembling but collected, she reached camp and told her husband. He thought they should get out—there might be more Indians—and he started to harness the horses. Then came the dog and two men, also frightened, thinking Martha's shot at the squirrel had meant the Indians were on them. They were there to cut grass and expected Indians.

"Wal, you see we weren't thinkin' of nobody but Injuns," explained the man who had nearly shot Martha. "Geewhillikins, when a feller expects to be scalped he don't mind nothing."

"Why didn't you shoot?" asked Martha.

"Well, durn my cats if I can tell. I got all ready and then I thought you acted kinda queer for an Injun and I'd jest take a look at you but I was so riled up I couldn't make out nothin' and allowed I was a fool to think of white folks for there ain't none lives hereabouts and I couldn't have believed any could get so near and we not have knowed it. So I aimed again but I knowed you seen me—still you didn't skulk or run. Great Peters, if you had it'd been a bad job for us all.

"Injuns allers run when a feller come out on 'em the way Bose and me did on you but I couldn't make you out. I didn't see no men's clothes and it wasn't till I aimed the third time that it come to me you might be a woman. I hope you'll pardon a feller, ma'm. You see it's gospel truth we don't see women often enough to know 'em when they're right afore our eyes!"

Mystery Man of the Cascades

(Continued from page 30)

on the ground floor across the west wall and four or five cubbyhole bedrooms on a loft platform which was reached by a ladder going up the wall alongside the fireplace. A kitchen and supply storeroom were off the north end with a large woodshed against the adjoining outside wall. It was almost as compact a living unit as was possible to construct from such primitive materials, and as far as travelers in this remote location were concerned served as a forerunner of today's combined motel, campsite and supermarket.

Vickers did most of the building alone. He had taken in enough supplies and accomplished enough that first season to make it possible to work until New Year's before postponing finishing the interior. In January he made a pair of snowshoes, locked up his home and hotel and supply depot and hiked through the forest, in snow depths of six and eight feet, forty miles to Coalman's homestead site near Sandy and then on to his brother's place in Powell Valley.

IN the spring of 1867, he went back to what from that time forward became known as Summit House. (Absolutely no evidence of it remains today except the gravemarkers across what used to be the road.)

Through the early 1870s feed for horses, cattle and sheep, freighted in from Tye Valley, could be purchased at Summit House for ten cents a pound. Supplies for guests, campers and Vickers' many friends, came mostly from Sandy on the west side of the mountains.

The first trail to timberline was blazed by Vickers alone, up Still Creek to where the present ski lodge and summer tourist hotel stands at the upper end of the modern highway. Vickers didn't stop there. He kept his early promise to climb the mountain—the first man to ever spend a night on the summit of Hood. No evidence exists to indicate that any Indian had ever done it before and none ever claimed to have done so. The view at sunrise was so marvelous from the summit that Vickers wrote poetry about his experience and these verses are now in the possession of the Oregon Historical Society in Portland.

On the evening of September 14, 1882, Vickers unknowingly chose the sight for his own grave, a beautiful spot on the pine-strewn ridge above Still Creek. The day before, Stephen Coalman and Mrs. Coalman had come to Summit House from Sandy with their small son, Lige, on a huckleberry picking jaunt. On that same evening a family named Barclay had camped only a few feet from the rear wall of Summit House and this family had with them a baby only two months old.

Vickers insisted that his close friends, the Coalmans, should occupy one of the inside bedrooms. This room happened to be in the part of the building nearest the Barclay camp. During the night Mrs. Coalman was so aware of the whimpering and heartbreaking little cries coming from the Barclay tent that she finally went to see if she could do anything to help the sick child. She found both the Barclays distraught and exhausted because of the condition of the baby, who was unquestionably burning up with fever. Its stifled sobs and complaints were already lessening when Mrs. Coalman got there and as the morning of the 14th arrived, the infant died.

During that day, Stephen Coalman and Vickers prepared a small coffin of split cedar. Vickers selected a quiet burial site across the road from Summit House overlooking Still Creek. Here the body of the tiny child was placed. Vickers recited a simple burial service and a wooden marker was selected on which were printed the words:

Baby Barclay
Born July 15, 1882
Died September 14, 1882

Some years later, the baby's mother returned to the gravesite. A native stone was roughly fashioned to resemble an old-fashioned tombstone and upon this stone was inscribed:

Infant son of W. and L. Barclay
Born July 15, 1882
Died September 14, 1882

On each side of the stone, which still remains, is inscribed "A Mother's Love. Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Less than a year after the death of the Barclay baby, Mrs. Stephen Coalman also died and Perry Vickers undertook to lend what comfort he could to his friend Stephen. From that time on, Perry Vickers was never absent when Stephen or his son Lige needed help or encouragement.

THE BARLOW ROAD still needed to be maintained. Vickers and Coalman, with seasonal workers, took care of that, and Vickers administered to the needs of all travelers who came his way. There were dozens of cattle and herds of sheep, as well as men and women afoot and those in wagons and on horseback. Summit House became a sanctuary which welcomed all who were in need of rest, food or supplies.

But Vickers did more. The spectacular beauty of the nearby mountain had attracted nature-lovers, the curious and the pleasure-bent. Vickers became available, upon proper notice, to guide groups of people up the mountain. However, Vickers did not go full-time into the guiding or mountain-climbing business. That was to be left to his friend Oliver Yocum, who was shortly to establish more elaborate recreation facilities headquartered at Government Camp.

In August 1893, a man named Steele who had been employed by Adam Fisher, a farmer in the Columbia Slough area, stole a double-barreled shotgun and ammunition from his employer. Fisher had been away for the day, leaving Steele at work on the farm. When he returned in the evening, both Steele and the gun were gone.

Neighbors informed the farmer that Steele had evidently undertaken to cross the mountains by way of the Barlow Trail. The thief had been seen passing through the town of Sandy and going along the road over Devil's Backbone via Marmot. He spent his first night with a bachelor rancher by the name of Philip Moore who, without knowing that the shotgun had been stolen, traded Steele a Sharp's rifle for it. Steele then continued on eastward on the Barlow Trail until he came to Summit House where he stayed overnight near Vickers' trading post.

In the meantime, authorities had been notified of the theft of the shotgun and that Steele had started over the mountains. The sheriff of Multnomah County sent a deputy named Roarke to Fisher's place. Roarke deputized Fisher to accompany him and the two men took up the trail of the gun thief.

But since the original warrant for Steele had been issued in Multnomah County, it was necessary for the lawmen to stop in Sandy and have their warrant re-issued so they could serve it in Clackamas County. They also picked up a quart of whiskey as a stimulant for their spirits in the inclement weather. Eventually learning that Steele had made the gun swap and passed through the Salmon River neighborhood, the deputies then took the road on the south side of the Sandy River through Cherryville and on to John McIntyre's trading post.

At this point Fisher became ill and was left behind. John McIntyre was deputized and he and Roarke proceeded. At Government Camp, Oliver Yocum told them Steele had passed there and had inquired how far it was to Summit House. He had indicated that he had planned to spend the night there.

At Summit House Perry Vickers, whom both lawmen had known for years, disclosed that Steele had left that same morning with the avowed intention of spending the night at White River Crossing. Vickers had been suspicious of Steele's character and when the deputies informed him of the theft and exchange of guns, he cautioned Roarke and McIntyre that he would consider the fugitive dangerous. He suggested they eat and refresh themselves with a good night's sleep.

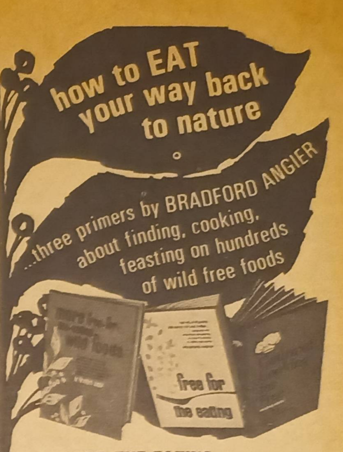
The law, however, was impatient for justice. The deputies thought that Steele could be overtaken at White River and Vickers was finally persuaded to allow himself to become deputized. Vickers knew that in the darkness all advantage of ambush would be in favor of the wanted man but his words of counsel for awaiting daylight were overruled and the chase was immediately resumed.

VICKERS saddled a horse and adjusted his brace of six-guns. The three men then proceeded toward White River Crossing where Cornelius Gray owned the next easterly trading spot. As the trio approached White River, the light of a small fire appeared in the midnight darkness. All suspected that this would be Steele's camp. Vickers, who best knew the terrain, took over authority and laid out a plan of attack. He would approach the campfire while the other two waited within easy gun range. The light of the fire would afford enough illumination for the two lawmen to keep close account of what transpired. If Steele offered resistence, they were to close in immediately or do whatever necessary to support Vickers. The two deputies were standing armed and ready as Vickers started to close in.

He proceeded on horseback. When within reasonable distance, he hailed the fire. The shadow of a man was visible there but it seemed to make no hostile movement. Neither did the man answer Vickers' shout.

Vickers, who was now near enough the fire to be seen in its glow and in a position where he thought the other deputies could give immediate help, lifted one leg across the horse's back to dismount. At that instant Steele threw up the Sharp's rifle and fired.

The lead found Vickers' body. Although he drew a gun as he fell, his horse remained between himself and his target long enough to give Steele a start into the woods. Crumpling to the ground, Vickers nevertheless got both guns free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and into action. He got off a first shot, which he believed took effect. But Steele was able to stagger, stumble and fall through the increasing distance from the firelight into the jack pine forest. Vickers emptied both guns into the darkness in the direction of the disappearing outlaw.

He then turned toward the friends upon whom he had depended and saw them retreating instead of backing him up. Gray heard the shooting from his trading post and came running to where Vickers lay in anguish on the ground. There were two other men with Gray. By this time, Roarke and McIntyre reappeared, explaining that their horses had bolted.

Vickers didn't think that was true. Gray later quoted him as saying, "Why did you desert me, boys? If you had followed our agreement, he would never have got away. You both can shoot too well to have let this happen." This accusation made by the dying man was confirmed by Gray's companions.

Vickers was carried to the roadhouse. They had tried to stop his profuse bleeding by stuffing handkerchiefs into the wound in his stomach. McIntyre was instructed to ride back to his Salmon River post for a doctor from Eagle Creek 70 miles away; the next nearest was at The Dalles, 130 miles distant. One of the men from Gray's place was also to get word to Vickers' friend, Stephen Coalman.

This man also asked Coalman to have his housekeeper, a Mrs. Mitchell, send along clean bedsheets which it was already suspected would be needed as shrouds.

Back at White River Crossing Vickers was in intense pain. He begged for something to deaden it and when nothing could be found available, said ruefully, "I've ridden many a mile for laudanum for other sufferers and now there's no one to ride for me." This was not to imply any neglect for he knew that every effort was being put forth in his behalf. It was just a statement of fact.

Vickers had Cornelius Gray draw up a will and appointed Stephen Coalman as administrator. Then he went into detail in telling Gray about the shooting. He asked that notes be made and given to Coalman as evidence in case Steele should be apprehended. Around five o'clock that evening, he died—and his last request was that he be buried on the pleasant little knoll above Still Creek beside the Barclay baby.

Cornelius Gray hauled the body back to Summit House. Samuel Welsch and Steve Mitchell split boards from a cedar tree, planed them smooth and constructed a coffin for Perry Vickers. The grave was dug. Oliver Yocum from Government Camp officiated at a simple service which Stephen Coalman described as "within view of that eternal white sentinel that had wooed him to this, his last earthly abode, with all her spiritual challenge and inspiration, Mount Hood."

The gravemarkers of these two pioneers, the tiny boy who lived only two months and the man who swam the Columbia to escape a false horse-stealing charge, the man who was first to spend a night on top of the great white mountain and who built Summit House, may be seen today, side by side, by anyone who takes the short dirt road leading down from the main highway into Summit Meadows.

A few years after Vickers was killed a man was hanged by a vigilance committee for horse stealing in eastern Oregon. Before he died he confessed to the horse-stealing charge and also stated that he had once shot a man in the Cascade Mountains. The time and circumstances fitted in with the death of Vickers and thus it was believed that Steele had carried on with his criminal career and finally came to justice.

When I talked to Lige Coalman, he told me, "Father brought the bloodstained overalls of Perry Vickers to our home and for years they hung on the wall of his workshop to be used as evidence against Steele in the event he was ever caught and brought to trial. There was no way of being entirely sure that the man hanged in eastern Oregon had really been Steele. The big bullet hole in the waistband of those overalls always gave me a shudder when I glanced that way and it was a relief to me when Father finally burned them."

Gideon Thorp's Gold Mill

(Continued from page 47)

people were at the diggings sifting sand. Inevitably, illusions were soon dispelled. Reports began pouring in that although there might be some gold there, it was not enough to work profitably. In June the gold rush subsided and by July the Sandy Creek area was described by newspapers as "well adapted to farming purposes." Someone always gets the word late. Gail Borden, of condensed milk fame, arrived at the diggings the next year!

EVENTUALLY the Llano region was examined by scientists. State Geologist Samuel Botsford Buckley stated in 1866 that what most people were washing out of the sand of Llano streams was weathered biotite. He later watched Dr. C. S. Smith of Llano pan some gold out of Sandy Creek, and in 1874 Buckley reported that such panning yielded only about fifty cents worth of gold a day. Still, reports on the gold-bearing sands of Sandy Creek occasionally appeared in Texas newspapers. In 1879 Hans Mickel wrote an article for the San Antonio *Express* describing the mineral wealth in Llano County. Four prospectors quietly left for the hills to avail themselves of this fortune, but they soon returned from Sandy Creek to file a scathing rebuttal to Mickel's report. Finding only yellow biotite, one of them said they were not able to find any gold out there because they hadn't lost any!

Rumor had it that there was gold in a layer of conglomeratic sandstone in a strip extending northeast-southwest for twenty miles along the southern slope of the Sandy Creek drainage basin. This layer cropped out on the Joel P. Smith and C. P. Haynes ranches, watered by the east and west forks of Walnut Creek. In the late 1880s Joel Smith grubstaked Gideon C. Thorp to see if there were any truth to the gold rumor.

Thorp was born in Tennessee in December 1844, on Friday the 13th. His father, Joseph L. Thorp, moved the family to Texas a few years later, settling on the Brazos where Waco now stands. Later, young Gideon moved to eastern Llano County, where at age sixteen he was mining salt. He entered the Confederate army and spent many months in bed suffering from malaria.

When his tour of duty was over he returned to Llano County and eventually drifted down to Bird Town (now Round Mountain) in Blanco County. There he met and married Sara Bird, daughter of the Reverend Joseph Bird. Gid and Sara Thorp lived in the Round Mountain area for nearly forty years. During this time he did such odd jobs as digging wells, masonry, and blasting rock for roads so he could support his family of eight children.

Finding gold in paying quantities would surely have helped his situation! He was glad to get the opportunity from Smith to work the rock that supposedly contained gold. An investigation convinced him he was justified in building a mill to break up the conglomerate and release the gold. Such a device popular in Mexico at this time was the arrastre (from the Spanish *arrastrar* meaning "to drag.") Thorp constructed his arrastre on the east branch of Walnut Creek on the Smith place.

In the hard Cambrian sandstone Thorp chiseled out a circular channel with an outside diameter of twelve feet. He made the channel thirty-four inches wide and six inches deep. In the center of the circle he carved a hole ten inches across and twelve inches deep. In this hole he placed a post about three feet high. The top of this post was narrowed down so that a beam ten feet long with a hole at the middle could be slipped onto it. Off one end of the beam a heavy flat rock was attached so that it was dragged around in the channel when a horse attached to the other end of the beam supplied the power. Chunks of the conglomerate thrown into the channel would be broken up by the abrasive action of the dragged rock. Water flowing through the channel by means of an inlet and outlet would wash light material out. The gravel and gold would remain in the channel, later to be separated by hand.

When Thorp finished building the mill, his brother-in-law appeared on the scene to help carry away all the heavy gold—in case any was found. How much of the reddish sandstone Thorp actually ran through the mill is not now known. Frank Thorp does not know if his father ever found any gold, but he realizes that something must have inspired him to put so much effort into an ore mill. In the late 1890s Gid Thorp and his wife and some of their children (including son Frank) spent part of one summer living in a two-room unpainted house just east of the arrastre. He made no attempt to operate the mill at that time. His wife

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died in 1909 and he later went to El Paso to live with one of his daughters. He died there in April 1929.

In March of 1932, Charles L. Baker of the Bureau of Economic Geology at the University of Texas issued *Mineral Resource Circular No. 5* on gold in Texas. A majority of the pamphlet was devoted to the Llano region. He pointed out that this portion of Texas had never been adequately prospected. Baker suspected that a large amount of placer gold was concentrated in Thorp's conglomerate at the base of the Cambrian sandstone covering the metamorphic terrain. Field work done later by Wilmer E. Bivens Jr. proved him correct. Bivens received a master's degree in geology at the University of Texas in 1939. His thesis was the result of a geologic examination of northern Blanco County. Copies of this thesis are scarce indeed. Many years ago Bill Bivens lost his personal copy, and none exists in the geology library at the University. Furthermore, the thesis is not catalogued in the University's main library thesis and dissertation file. However, the main library does have one copy. In his thesis, Bivens included a photograph of Thorp's mill and said it was used "many years ago with some success." Bivens was shown a bottle of gold dust and pellets which reportedly had been recovered from the west branch of Walnut Creek on the Haynes ranch.

According to Frank Thorp, the conglomerate is about two feet thick and crops out less than a mile north of his father's ore mill. How much gold is there—if any—I don't know. I've never visited the mining site. But one of these days I've got to go back to Walnut Creek and take a mile walk downstream from Gideon Thorp's arrastre.

Prospecting in British Columbia

(Continued from page 13)

sites. We assumed campsites would be more numerous than they were.

In British Columbia and Alberta, provincial campsites were excellent and clean, yet were nearly always full by the time we reached one, usually around sundown. Stop early to get a spot in a campsite and enjoy your trip much more. Provincial campsites were laid out with spaces for individual unit camps, with wood cut and available. A roofed, log-walled shelter comprised a community kitchen, usually with one or two large wood-stoves, where families could, in turn, prepare meals. Sanitary facilities were clean as a result of frequent clean-ups.

In British Columbia and Alberta, and in Montana, local groups from some of the medium and smaller sized towns have established excellent well-kept local campsites. I'm sure this pays off, because we showed our appreciation by buying all we could from such towns.

Due to unfamiliarity with the area we were covering, particularly in B. C., we found old gravel pits off the main road, and generally on hills, to be excellent, solid ground, emergency campsites. Gravel pits, of course, have no sanitary facilities and no doubt are not really approved for general camping by state or provincial authorities. I believe, however, that law enforcement personnel recognize the necessity for the great crowd of camping people—too great for the number of designated campsites—to get off the highways and camp somewhere. If campers are careful and carry away *all* their refuse, they possibly will not be ordered out or off. We were most careful to carry our garbage and rubbish with us to a properly designated deposit point. We camped many nights in abandoned gravel pits, in desperation, since designated public campsites were full up or out of range, as were commercial camps. Our motto became, "An old gravel pit can be your best home." I recommend that local Jaycees scout-out abandoned gravel pits near their towns and cities and convert them to public campsites having refuse disposal facilities. Gravel pits are particularly well suited, because they have a solid bottom, drain well and fast after rains, are not muddy and will not stick your rig in a mud-hole or bog. We thoroughly enjoyed camping to ourselves in abandoned gravel pits.

My partner and I became firmly convinced that one should have a fully self-contained unit, capable of going several days without service, as pertains basically to fuel and water supply, refrigeration and toilet waste. The camper should at least have a small chemical-water toilet with holding tank. With a self-contained unit, you will not contaminate any camp spot and thus can stay in places prohibited to ordinary camping. There will continue to be even more campers, and I feel certain that public campsite sanitary facilities will not catch up with the camping population right away. Campsite toilet facilities were almost always crowded.

When you camp, you really would like to "get away from everything and everybody." You usually are still with "somebody" in a campground, unless you luck out. All the more reason to be self-sufficient.

ICE IS AVAILABLE in all well settled areas, but in traveling north you will find solid, block-ice progressively scarcer. Big ice plants do not operate in small towns, unless it is a packing plant town. You can get cube ice, cube ice with a hole in it, crushed ice, ice frozen in a milk carton or even ice frozen in a toy balloon! Block ice will provide good refrigeration for over twenty-four hours, smaller ice for less time and less efficiency. We figured we could get by with an ice box on the first trip, and when the snow flew, use snow to "stoke" the ice box. Well, no snow flew.

In reading the specifications on several propane and propane-electric refrigerators, the words "keep in level position" were emphasized, but in traveling and camping, you can't always get perfectly level. So get an absorption-type refrigerator which will operate adequately for your purposes. We cut empty quart and two-quart paper milk cartons at half and two-thirds height to place in the refrigerator for holding jars and other items. This resulted in a sort of honeycombed system which prevented glass breakage and stabilized stored items against movement. After a long, really rough road, unless you secure all items and use plastic containers when possible, you can generate some rare "stews" in your refrigerator, liberally seasoned with broken glass. Clean milk cartons can be filled with good water and frozen prior to your trip, then used for refrigeration and the water consumed. Be sure to staple the tops.

Food prices in British Columbia appeared slightly higher than stateside, but considering the present beneficial exchange rate, entirely reasonable. One U. S. dollar brought $1.06 Canadian at the time. Food selection is as good as that in our own country, and in some cases better, particularly for hams. In the many fine local supermarkets and grocery stores, we did not experience a single instance of "gouging." You are permitted a two-days' supply of food per person on entering Canada.

Liquor is definitely more expensive than at home, and government-owned liquor stores are the only source. Bourbon selection is limited, but there is a good selection of rye, and scotch aplenty. Gasoline is about equal in price with tourist season prices in the western United States. When you consider the present exchange rate and the five-quart Imperial gallon, you are getting a fair price. The highest we paid for regular, at the end of the road places, was 55¢ per gallon (the equivalent of 41.6¢ stateside). Average prices along the road for regular ranged 44¢-53¢ Canadian per Imperial gallon, or roughly 32.2¢-40¢ per gallon at the U. S. rate. Oil is packaged in Imperial quarts, one being one-fourth of five U. S. quarts, at approximately the same price as a U. S. quart, so is actually cheaper.

BRITISH COLUMBIA regulations governing mineral prospecting are simple and liberal, aimed at both development of resources of the province and protection of the finder's interests. You can even pan gold shows on some inactive claims, inadvertently, but do not attempt to set up a sluice box or production operation on a valid claim.

You must have a Free Miner's Certificate to prospect legally. Certificates may be purchased from the mining recorder, located in the Government House of the mining district you are in, at a cost of $5.00. A booklet on procedure for filing placer and lode claims will be given you. Much gold mining is said to be inactive because of the present low price of gold ($35.00 per troy ounce). Many old-timers in the old diggings moved into the area, some from the United States, during the Great Depression or "The Hungry 30s." These men could pan enough then to provide minimum groceries. A few of those men have stayed on until today, and have continued to provide for their wants which have been kept at a very simple and reasonable level. An increase in the price of gold would start a boom in the old gold area.

Boats are available for rent, but not always where you wish to use one. All developed lake areas have rental boats, but most of the rivers and more remote small lakes generally do not. It would be far more satisfactory to carry your own with you, if you plan much boating. I would recommend a fibre-glass or aluminum skiff, boat or canoe, carried inverted on camper or trailer top. From the large size of the lakes and rivers, I would consider twelve feet a minimum length. Flotation units and life vests are necessary requirements. Small outboards are adequate in ordinary weather, but not satisfactory for bad water or swift water. And there is a lot of *big water* in British Columbia.

We did no hunting along our route, but saw much evidence of plenty of big game. Canada is most sensitive about hand guns, so do not try to take one into the country. A hand gun special permit must be obtained from the commissioner, R. C. M. P., Victoria, British Columbia. There is no problem on rifles or shotguns, if declared on entry. A hunt by a non-resident begins with a $25.00 permit to carry a gun. Next, a valid big game tag-license must be possessed for the species of animals sought, as follows: Moose, mountain sheep, and grizzly bear, $5.00 each; caribou, $3.00 each; mountain goat and elk, $2.00 each; and deer and black bear $.50 each. Should you kill an animal the trophy fee is as follows: Mountain sheep $75.00; moose, caribou, elk and grizzly bear $60.00 each; mountain goat $40.00; deer $25.00 and black bear $5.00. Also, you must have a licensed local guide. Guide fees vary, dependent on your requirements. The minimum I heard of was $25.00 per person per day, without lodging and meals, and ranging upward. Licensed guides, listed by areas, are given in the B. C. Tourist Accommodation Directory.

MAIN ROADS were all good to excellent. Gravel roads were good unless heavy timber trucks had "corrogated" them in wet weather. Be alert for these huge, loaded trucks, usually with a loaded trailer, on the gravel or dirt roads in the timber areas. They roll fast and can blind you with dust, dirt and gravel, as well as startle you in a tight spot. The truck drivers were uniformly good. I do not consider the narrow secondary roads dangerous, but potentially hazardous stretches exist. The "spooky" spots have no guard rails and very steep downhill slopes sometimes go hundreds of feet down to a rocky or very wet bottom. Do not crowd the close edges of such places, particularly when the road is soaked by wet weather. Forward glass areas of campers or trailers should be covered with cardboard, light plywood or permanent rigid plexiglass to prevent breakage by flying gravel. We picked up a hole from gravel in the over-cab window, at least eight feet above the ground.

A good standard drive, 4-speed transmission truck will easily carry you through the area. From Prince George to Dawson Creek, a large percentage of 4 x 4-wheel drive trucks was apparent in the local truck traffic, due to the excellence of this type vehicle under winter conditions. A 3-speed transmission

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would probably get you around, but I like the reserve power available in the 4-speed transmission. Of course, if you press your luck by getting too far off the beaten track, you can get stuck no matter how many drives you have. A winch would be most welcome on a 4 x 4-wheel drive vehicle.

One rather unexpected condition we encountered was the "extra" holiday schedule in various cities and towns in British Columbia. For example, Quesnel, at the time, closed up shop during part of Monday and Thursday in addition to part of Saturday and all day Sunday. That left three and one-half to four days out of seven to get supplies, mail, etc.—which can alter your schedule as well as your eating habits. You can nearly always find a place to shop on the closed-shop days, but at a slightly higher price. There was no problem on filling stations, ever. Propane was readily available the entire trip.

Observation of traffic on the 4,400 miles of this trip forces me to acknowledge that there has been a sure enough explosion in camper and trailer numbers. It appears that British Columbia authorities are not yet abreast of the requirements for facilities induced by the tremendous increase in the camping population. In that part of the U. S. which we traversed, this problem seems to have been left in large part to private commercial interests.

I SPENT the winter of 1966-67 rigging equipment which included a propane-electric refrigerator, chemical toilet with holding tank, a jeep to be towed behind the camper, a boat mounted on top of the jeep with steel sluice box, and a rocker box carried inside the jeep. I also designed and built a steel cone-shaped gold pan with a removable pocket at the cone point for use as a panning concentrator. This I named a Daisy pan as it somewhat resembles a daisy design. I modified a regular gold pan to have a removable pocket for faster panning, which I named a "pocket pan."

I was well along on preparations for the 1967 return trip to British Columbia to file "my" claim on Lightning Creek, when I was stricken with a coronary in February 1967. Weeks in the hospital plus weeks of convalescence delayed my departure. I was much more concerned about my claim than I was about the coronary, which was out of my control. Some fun. In late June I felt strong enough to depart, alone this time, but it was actually too soon. I found myself weak and barely able to cope with the overloaded jeep, which broke loose from the camper three separate times, once pulling the entire bumper off the jeep.

I headed straight for the mining recorder's office in Quesnel and on checking the maps saw to my dismay that my claim on Lightning Creek had already been filed on! I then decided to give the Likely-Hydraulic area another go. The problems of handling so much equipment alone became insurmountable when I traversed the rough, wild road to Likely to try for a claim there.

Several days after my arrival, I learned the Mounties were looking for me. This turned out to be a notice of death in my immediate family. This news, plus my poor physical condition, forced me to abandon my plans for the second time. I did manage several days of prospecting in remote areas with the jeep, but not enough gold shows were found to warrant staking a claim. The mining recorder's maps indicated the entire region from north of Barkerville to south of Likely under heavy pressure of new claim filings. Large corporations were filing lease-blocks of many square miles in extent, mostly lode claims. In the field I saw many new claim markers, so many that I felt previous claims were being filed anew or double-filed. Many of the new markers were not yet shown on the recorder's maps. I again returned home empty-handed.

DURING THE WINTER of 1967-68 I purchased detailed claims and topographic maps of the entire region and studied the maps closely. I even had copies of claims maps in my home. After much self-argument I arrived at the conclusion that there just *had* to be *one* open spot *somewhere* in that vast region where I could stake a claim. So I prepared for a third trip in 1968.

I departed in June, alone again, but without the "side show"—the jeep and boat rig. In early 1968 gold prices went through a flurry of small advances, which stirred the pulses of quite a few men, I'm sure.

I again headed straight for the mining recorder's office in Quesnel to bring my claims maps up to date from their master copies. I spent two days plotting new claims to my maps and then realized the error of my procedure. A flood of new claims and re-filings had been put on record in early 1968 as a result, I suppose, of the gold price activity.

I began searching for any unclaimed areas in physically accessible areas and found a very few. On direct field observation the indicated "open areas" turned out to be inaccessible swamps, bluffs, steep mountains, a few old placer dumps of mostly boulder-size gravels or sporting new claim markers. I learned in the recorder's office that companies were staking claims by helicopter, dropping marked stakes in the most inaccessible areas with ease. I finally had to admit that I, using relatively primitive methods, couldn't compete with modern exploration techniques, and reluctantly abandoned the venture.

Although many claims had been filed, almost no assessment work was being done. The claimants apparently simply tied up the area on speculation of gold price increases, knowing the claims would be in effect until a mining inspector could get around to invalidation of the claims due to non-development. Some good prospecting areas had been fenced or ditched to prevent access, and I saw a few claims being worked—yes, one was "my" claim on Lightning Creek.

The area I've described is rough, tough mountainous country. You can find gold shows in most streams, but practically all accessible areas on streams are claimed. You need water for nearly any type of placer gold recovery, therefore you must apply for water rights as well. The entire area has been glaciated, and is, except for higher elevations, covered by a varying depth of glacial gravels. The old rich placer areas were from 20 to 50 feet deep under glacial gravel (one mine was over 300 feet deep in glacial gravel). The gold lies at the base of the gravel, on or near bedrock. Sometimes some gold is found on top of blue clay beds, (false bedrock) in the streams' reworked gravels. If you move the gravel, you have to have some place to move it to—and you can get in a vicious cycle of moving gravel. However, if you can find gold under a thin layer of gravel, you've got it made. The entire region encompassing the area north of Barkerville to south of Hydraulic-Likely is a gold producing province.

If you are interested in this great land of British Columbia, go now while you still have the opportunity of seeing one of the last Great Frontiers. It will change fast if you wait too long. The faint of heart, however, should not go, as the enormity and grandeur of the total scheme of land, mountains, forest, water and sky is sometimes overwhelming for even a strong man. I see British Columbia as a great challenge!

Do not go up there and expect to be hired off-hand or find riches lying around. Canada has employment problems, too, at times. The Canadians are on the ball and even ahead of it, realize their potential, plan its utilization and sometimes need skilled personnel to help them in their mind-staggering projects. But most work would be short-seasonal. A Canadian Work Permit is required for one to be allowed to work in Canada. It can be obtained through Canadian Immigration channels.

The best route to enter British Columbia from east of the mountains is via Calgary and Kicking Horse Pass on Trans-Canada Highway #1.

If you wish to immigrate and settle in that area, you should consider it a two-generation venture. By that, I mean *you* will do the hard work in order that your children can ultimately benefit from your plans and effort. If you are a rugged individual, you would enjoy the contest of beating-out a future for yourself and your "tribe." Because of terrain and weather, British Columbia could be more difficult for a pioneer than Alberta. In a venture of this sort, you must define your requirements or objective, reconnoiter, observe and then plan and set course. There *is* room to *generate* a way of life for yourself, *if* you can live a simple, uncomplicated life, free of television, recent newspapers and bright lights. Also, you should be able to travel both ways and live a year on your own funds. Accessible land can be purchased, but the prices are a little high now.

In conclusion, I advise that when you find real gold and a claim is possible, stake and file *right then.* Ignore friend or foe. Do not delay, as I did, for you rarely get more than one chance at a gold mine.

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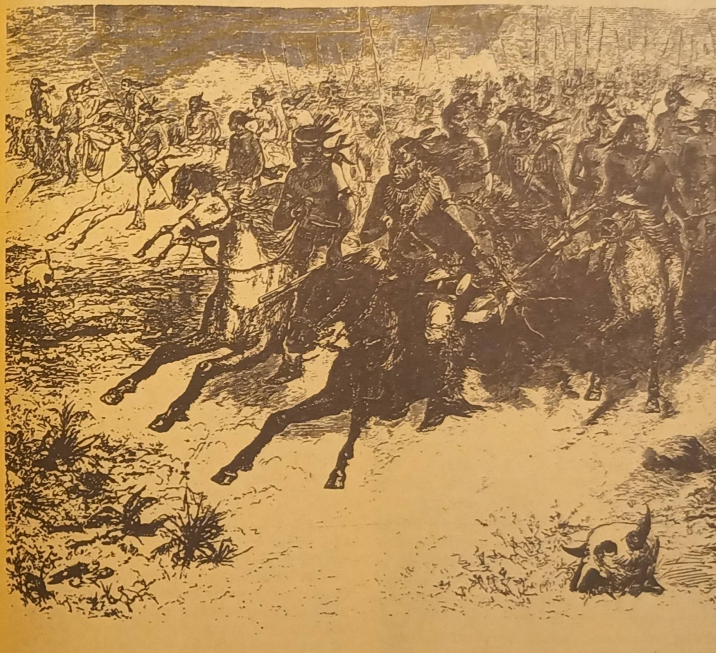

"Indians on the Warpath" from *Harper's Weekly,* June 18, 1870. At right, Captain William Banta—long on years but still ready on the trigger!

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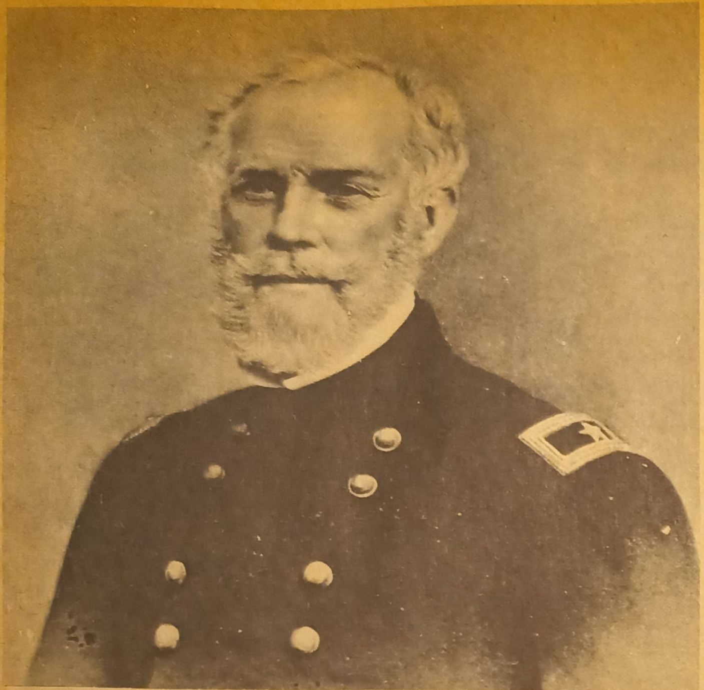
William Banta, a twelve-year-old lad accompanying his family from Indiana, came to Texas in 1839, settling first in Red River County at a time when the Texas frontier began at a man's front door and Indians challenged his every step westward. Fifty years later, by then an old man living in Lampasas County, Banta sat down and wrote of his many experiences during a lifetime of pioneer struggle and hardship.

(Continued on next page)



Brady Collection Photo (above) Courtesy National Archives

Part One told of his 1849 move to Austin and then to Burnet that same year, where he married and began to farm. Exciting tales of hunting trips and Indian fights were interspersed with first-hand descriptions of Texas Indian customs and religion, accounts of the white settlers' way of life, education and justice, and recollections of meetings with Indian chiefs and such soldiers as Henry Hopkins Sibley and Robert E. Lee.

As Part One drew to a close, Banta and two other Burnet County pioneers, hopeful of recovering stolen horses, had struck out for the San Saba Mission ruins to attend a proposed treaty council between the Indians and an army representing the United States. Failing at Fort Mason to catch up with the troops who by then were already two days en route, Banta was determined nevertheless to reach the treaty site although it meant traveling alone cross-country on a short cut which the trio felt would enable them to join the troops safely in one day's ride.

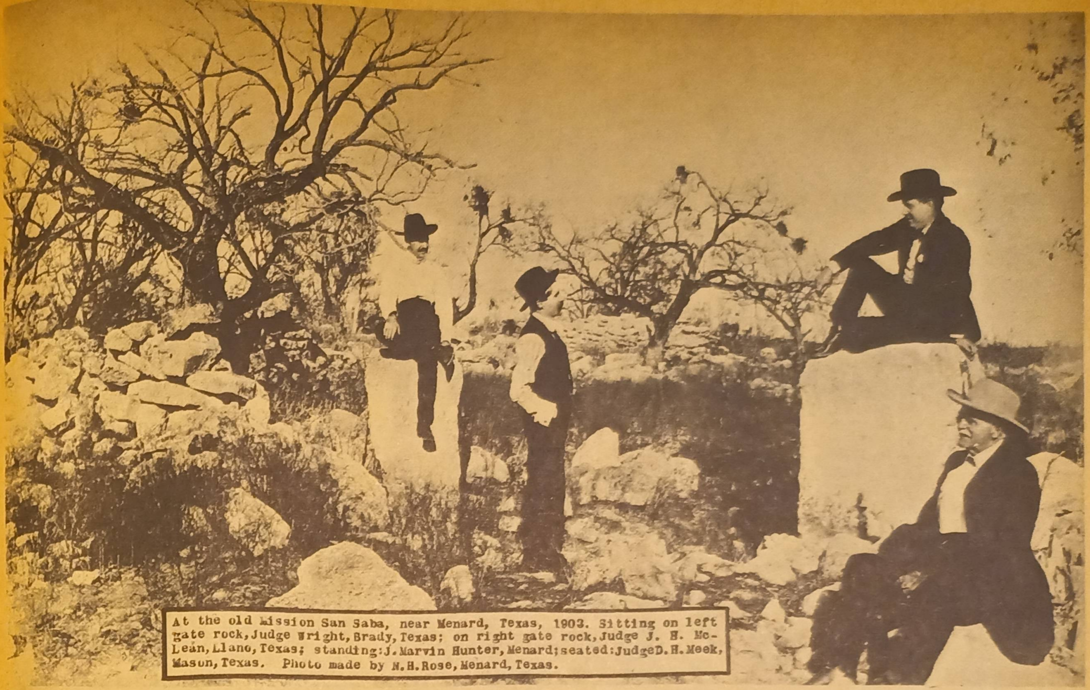
But Banta's plans went awry, and for two days the three men rode on, failing to overtake the army. Then suddenly on the morning of the third day out, "About 8 o'clock we struck a large trail of horsemen, and supposing it to have been made by the dragoons, we felt better. In the course of an hour we discovered a large number of horses under herd. We supposed we were close to the soldier encampment, so on we went, until about 11 o'clock, the first thing we knew we were in the encampment of seven thousand wild Indians."

TO RUN was death; to stand was death; to fight was worse than foolishness; now what to do was the idea. The Indians had discovered us and three of them came to meet us. On we went, and when we met them they said, "Capitan, camp." Well, we camped. Dismounted, stripped our horses, stacked our baggage, and the Indians took our horses and put them in their herd. The Muskalaro chief that ordered us to camp called out three Indians and put them on guard, and by signs and gestures tried to make us understand we should not be hurt as long as we remained in camp. They wanted to find out where the army was. We tried to make them believe the army was close by, although we did not know where it was.

The Muskalaro chief, Black Horse, stayed at our camp until we made some coffee. Black Horse was invited to dine with us, but looked rather sulky. As soon as we were through our lunch the chief said to me, "Capitan, vamanos," taking me by the arm and starting off with me in the direction of the main encampment. Well, I went, of course.

As we started, Holland, one of my comrades, said to the other, "Nath, they are going to roast Banta for dinner, and we will go for supper and breakfast, sure." The word roast is yet a horrible word to me. To be killed, or the thought of death, did not seem to have much effect on me; but the idea of being killed and roasted was almost too much for me just then, although I was determined not to let on in the presence of my comrades; but the word roast weakened me to the ends of my toes.

General William S. Harney (top) who, according to Banta, provided military support for Major Neighbors at the treaty council at Mission San Saba. At left, an unidentified Indian chief.



At the old Mission San Saba, near Menard, Texas, 1903. Sitting on left gate rock, Judge Wright, Brady, Texas; on right gate rock, Judge J. H. McLean, Llano, Texas; standing: J. Marvin Hunter, Menard; seated: Judge D. H. Meek, Mason, Texas. Photo made by N. H. Rose, Menard, Texas.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Mission San Saba ruins where Banta and his two companions were "captured" by Indians just prior to the treaty council which was held at this site. The "Major Neighbors" to whom Banta refers probably was Robert Simpson Neighbors, and the treaty which resulted from the council of which Banta writes may have been the Meusebach-Comanche Treaty of March 1847.

We went to the center of the encampment, where we came to a halt and were on exhibition the rest of the evening. Thousands of those wild savages had never seen a white man before. If I could have gotten rid of the word roast I might have enjoyed myself; but to think that as soon as they had all the sport out of me they wanted, that I might be killed and roasted was rather an unpleasant thought to me. O, that horrible word roasted! I don't like it now.

Thus I was kept out on exhibition until 7000 wild Indians had satisfied their curiosity, and to my great joy was led back to my comrades alive. We were left alone, except the guards, for the night. Well, you can guess I had some questions to answer that night.

The next morning the chief, Black Horse, came to our camp and said to Holland, "Vamanos," taking him by the arm, and led him away and kept him on exhibition until 12 o'clock; but Holland did not have roast on his mind like I did, seeing I got back all right. After taking him through the entire encampment, he was led back to camp; and after dinner the chief came to our camp and called to Gilreath, taking him by the arm, saying, "Vamanos," and at the same time led him away and kept him on exhibition until sundown, taking him through the entire encampment, and then bringing him to camp.

BY this time General Harney arrived with his soldiers, which completed the sight. We were not guarded any longer. The excuse was that they put on guards to prevent us from being robbed by the Indians or otherwise disturbed. We did not find any of our horses that had been stolen, but bought some mules from the Indians before we started home.

There were about three thousand Muskalaros and three thousand Comanches, under the head of chief Wild Cat. The two subordinate chiefs were Buffalo Hump and Yellow Wolf. There were some Apaches and a few Cheyennes; the total about seven thousand in number, of all ages, sexes and conditions, from infants tied to boards to those that seemed to be over one hundred years old; some of them clothed in buckskin and some almost naked.

After the arrival of the army we were entertained by all manner of music, dancing and marching, sometimes until midnight. They engaged in all manner of sports, plays and games. They were naturally inclined to be filthy in the extreme.

We did not stay until the treaty was consummated, but when we were ready to start home our horses were brought to us, and when we were ready to start many of them came to bid us good bye before we left the camp.

It may be well to give our readers some idea of their past-times. You can see the warriors lounging in camp, playing with cards of the Mexican style, but what they called the different games I can not here state. The squaws are engaged in dressing hides, making leggins, moccasins and other beaded work; while those from ten to twenty are sporting with bows and arrows in search of all kinds of birds and small animals, such as badgers, prairie dogs and rabbits, while those younger are shooting with their bows and arrows at marks or targets, such as a dead bird or prairie dog. It is wonderful to see with what accuracy they use the bow and arrow or lance; they often hit the size of a ten cent piece three times out of five at a distance of twenty steps.

I will now give my readers a synopsis of our travel home. We started early, leading two mules, which had been purchased from the Indians. The first half day we saw a smoke ascending out of a ravine to our right, and we thought we would stop and make some coffee, although we did not know whether it was Indians or whites. However, we turned aside, and on our approach soon saw it was Indians. There were five of them, and all seemed to be squaws. Close by the camp was a small tent. We asked if we could make some coffee at their fire, and they gave consent by a nod of the head. We dismounted, staked our horses, and soon had our coffee pots on the fires. While we were waiting for our coffee, Holland said, "Banta, that old woman is a negro." We scanned them closely, and by inquiry we soon learned that the old woman was the mother of the four girls, and that she was a negro sure enough. In her broken way of expressing herself she told us she wanted us to take her and her girls to the settlement. I asked her if she had any hus-

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

An Apache camp in 1886.

band, and she said she did, and that he was sick in the tent that was close by. We told her it would not do for us to take her, as her husband would raise a company of Indians and follow us and kill us and them for going with us. "No, no; killee this man in the tent and take us and go quick."

She wanted us to kill the sick man at once, and then he could not follow us or tell the news; but the result was we did not kill him or take them either. We were a long way from home even if we had wanted to take them. She was a slave and her four girls were born slaves, and we could have killed him and taken the family and made slaves of them, provided no one else could have proved a better right to them. Well, we left them as we found them.

I told her when they got to the treaty to see Major Neighbors; it might be he could do something for her. She said she was taken by the Indians when a little child, and that her four children were all girls and she wanted to go back to the whites. She said she did not know her master's name, but the darkies called him Massa Bob. From her general conversation she must have been stolen from near Dardnell, Arkansas. She was not jet black, but lighter colored than the common negro; seemed to be about forty years old, and would weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds. The four girls showed the Indian blood as well as the negro.

That night we camped on Brady Creek, thirty miles from the treaty ground. The next day we reached Fort Mason, where we got a square meal for the first time in twelve days, rested up ourselves and horses, and the day following we reached a German settlement on the Llano river near where Llano town is now located. Our next day's travel brought us to the Fort Mason crossing on the Colorado river, within fourteen miles of home, and then we camped for the night, and the day following we landed at home, having been out twenty-three days in the mountains of the Colorado river and its numerous tributaries, such as the Llano, Wallis' creek, Richland, Brady and Cherokee creeks and others. It is strange to say we made it through without meeting up with more Indians than we did, as it was at that time dangerous to travel in squads, much less three of us, and poorly mounted and armed; but it is still stranger to say the word roast is a horror to me yet.

CHAPTER XXV

Trailing Indians With Dogs

IT WAS in the summer of 1854 that the Indians came into the settlement and stole about forty head of horses and were making their way out by way of San Fernando Mountains. A few citizens followed, and having dogs trained to follow Indians, they had no trouble in keeping the trail day or night. The trail was followed about ninety miles, and about thirty miles west of Valley Springs, on the head of a creek called Battle creek, at a spring, the rangers came up with the Indians, six in number; and finding five of them asleep and one on herd, the rangers crept up within fifty yards of them and opened fire on them, killing the five at the camp, and then chased the one on herd into the thicket, where he made good his escape under cover of the heavy brush on the branch. The men got everything the Indians had and all the horses; not one left for the guard to ride, as he was herding on foot.

In 1852 a company of surveyors went out to locate land. They hired me to go with them as a hunter to keep them in meat and to also look out for Indian signs. One day while out I had killed a deer and was skinning it, when I saw four Indians coming in the direction of where I was. I had my horse close by, and I mounted him and was soon out of sight of them. On getting into camp I made my report, and three of us went back to the deer, thinking we would bring it into camp. When we got there the Indians had taken it all but the head, horns, and legs, so we had to do without venison for supper and breakfast.

On the next day I went out in a different direction, and had killed a deer, put it on my horse, and started for camp, when some distance from me I saw three men riding at leisure. I took them for Indians. About this time they discovered me and took me for an Indian, and came toward me in a lope. I did not wait to see them good, but lit out. On my arrival at camp three of the surveyors went with me to where I had left the deer. We had not gone far before we saw the men coming toward the camp, and soon discovered that they were white men. We all returned to camp and had a good roast for dinner. They were out looking for stock. They had a good laugh at me, and said if they had been sooner they would have run me off and taken the deer from me, like the Indians did the day before.

After dinner the men left, and I went out on the head of a small creek, and had killed a small deer and was on my way to camp, when I came across a trail of Indians; there looked to be seven or eight of them, and they were on foot, but had one pony, which they used for a pack horse, as it was afterwards ascertained. When I got to camp, it being late, I told what I had seen, and the men laughed and said, "You are always finding Indians," and paid but little attention to my report.

Soon after dark I brought up my horse close to camp and tied him to a tree. By this time a stampede of the other horses took place and they ran, hobbled, to where I had tied my horse. I picked up the bucket of water and put out the small fire that was still burning. Every man to his gun, then to his horse; and it was not long before we had our horses all tied to a tree, and with gun in hand guarded them until daylight. On examination we found where the Indians had come to within sixty yards of our camp.

We got breakfast and decided to follow them, and taking the trail followed them to the river, and saw where they had crossed and gone in the direction of Long Mountain. We then went back to camp, and I was sent to warn the settlers of the approach of the Indians. This I did, and a party of nine men went in pursuit of them and I went back to camp, which was eight or nine miles. We finished the work the next day and went home.

On our arrival home we were informed that the Indians were in the neighborhood, and by the time we could get fresh horses and ready, it was reported that they had been seen with about twenty head of horses. We were soon on the trail, ten in number, and followed them to the head of Field's creek, where they had collected more horses. Here we found about twenty men ready to start on fresh horses, so we were glad to give them the trail, while we, with our tired horses, returned home. In a few days the horses were returned to the owners, except five killed on the trail; and no Indians killed.

IN THE WINTER following I moved to a new place, and was out getting board timber, and in the night, while camped out in the river bottom, my dog started from camp. I had one boy helping me to saw the timber. In a few moments I heard the dog baying out something, and when I arrived at the place I found him barking under the root of a large cottonwood that had fallen down on the bank of the river, where there was a large hole dug out under the bank. I stooped down to see what I could see, and could only see a black bulk. It was dark, and I thought I would shoot in where I could see the bulk, not knowing what it was. At the fire of my gun, out came a large bear. The dog was between me and the bear, and as he came he caught the dog in place of me. The dog only whined one time, and everything was silent. I went back to camp, and my dog failing to come I called him, but could not hear hear anything of him. The next morning I and the boy went down to the place, and found my dog dead, bitten through the head. Had he not been there I would have been the victim, as the dog was within two feet of me when the bear caught him, and between me and the bear. On looking around I found on the trail plenty of blood, and after following the trail about forty yards found the bear dead, shot through the heart. We managed to skin him, and loading him into the wagon took it home. But the loss of my faithful dog grieved me; and this learned me not to be so hasty in shooting without knowing what I was shooting at.

In the year 1857, in Burnet county, a man was supposed to have been killed by the Indians. His horse came home with the saddle and bridle on, and the saddle covered with blood. It was supposed that he had been killed by the Indians. A company of men from Burnet went out in search of the missing man. We went to his house to get the particulars, and found his distressed family almost crazy. After getting all the information we could, we started in search of the missing man. We put in three days hunting in the most likely places without effect, and then put in several days hunting in the unlikely places; in all we put in thirteen days, boarding ourselves, wearing out our clothes and horses, and finally gave up the hunt, calling this one a peculiar case and one wrapped in mystery. We all expressed our opinions freely, some thinking one thing and some another, no two of us agreeing as to the cause of the event.

Time rolled on, but no tidings, either good or bad, could be had. A year passed, but no news of the mysteriously missing man. Finally one day he rode up to his house, got down and walked in. Finally it leaked out that the county docket was the cause of his return. While his name appeared on the docket he remained absent, and as soon as his name was erased from the docket he returned. This was the only false alarm I ever witnessed on the frontier, and in this case if he had been killed afterwards he would not have been hunted for by any of the party that spent so much time in searching for him; they would not have helped to carry him, even if he had been dead. Such men were calculated to do a great injury to any frontier settlement, by hiding out and playing dead to get rid of court. When men were missing after this it was a hard matter to get men to turn out, thinking it might be a waterhaul like the other.

IN THE SUMMER of 1852 five Indians, supposed to be friendly, brought a squaw to E. P. Hairston's that had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and was almost dead. They went off and were gone two weeks; finally they came for her, bringing three cured deer skins full of honey and about 100 pounds of bear meat and five or six pairs of venison hams as a present. To their joy they found the squaw able to travel.

About the same time the next year they visited him again with presents of honey, meat, and fine cane baskets. They seemed to think "white man good doctor." This was the last time they visited him. I have often thought that was why he never lost anything by the Indians, and he lived there twenty years during the Indian trouble.

In the year 1842 my grandfather, Major Wm. Barker, my father, and others, left the fort on Bois d'Arc known as English's Fort, for the purpose of locating land. There being no settlements south and west, the object was to find the most suitable section for locating lands.

Seeing the rich soil and beautiful scenery and the beautiful Trinity River, with its numerous tributaries, they selected Cedar Springs, where Dallas now stands, for future location. They started home, which was northeast, with nothing like roads to guide them.

On their way home they discovered

Apaches under sentence of death for murder in the 1880s.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

smoke rising out of a thicket. It was supposed to be Indians. The two old men, Major Barker and Judge English, were left to take charge of the horses, and the rest silently and cautiously advanced on the camp, and as soon as they got within range they opened fire on the Indians, which was soon returned by the Indians. There being such a large number of the Indians, it was decided to get away as soon as possible.

As they started they heard one of their comrades say, "Boys, don't leave me here to be scalped by the Indians."

They picked him up and carried him to where the horses had been left, but he died in a few moments. It was thought that he was killed by a shot from his comrade's gun; but this was a mistake, as my father says he could not have been shot in the breast by those behind him, and it is almost certain that he was shot by the Indians. They lashed him on his horse and carried him until night, and then buried him, digging the grave with their knives and hatchets, in a thicket on the open prairie, with nothing to mark his last resting place; and with sad hearts they returned home, one less in number than they started out.

CHAPTER XXVI
Indian Fight in Burnet County

IT WAS AUGUST 17th, 1858, while living in Burnet County, I had an engagement with seven Indians. A party of men were on the trail of seven Indians who had stolen some horses near the salt works; they were traveling east, and the trail was passing Burnet town three miles north. There was a scout of ten men from Llano in pursuit. Sending word to us at Burnet the route taken by the Indians, it was an easy matter for us to get in ahead of them. I was living on Hairston's creek, five miles southeast of Burnet town, and with eight men succeeded in getting in ahead of them on the east and the Burnet boys, eight or ten in number, on the northeast, while the Llano men were on the trail behind them.

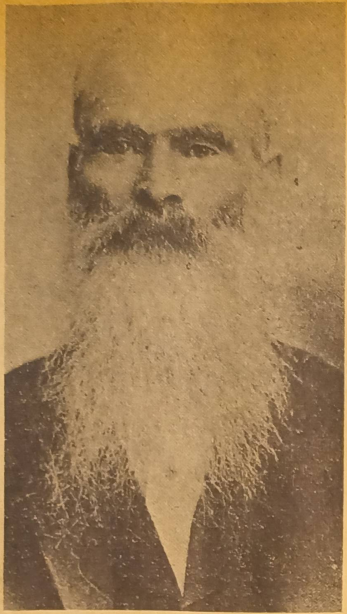
About 3 o'clock we came in contact with them, and a running fight ensued, lasting about two hours. We had them in a close place, and they fought desperately. There was one squaw in the number, but from dress one could not tell the difference between her and the men. She was armed the same as the men, and fought as desperately as the rest. In the chase, however, one man ran up by the side of her and raised his gun to shoot, when she halloaed out, "Squaw!" The man did not shoot, but passed on in pursuit of the rest.

By this time a boy about 16 years old came up by the side of her and raised his pistol to shoot, and she said "Squaw!" But it did no good; he fired and she fell from her horse. Indians and whites were now scattered in every direction. When the fight was over it was learned that six out of seven Indians were killed, and that the seventh had been shot at several times and once by a man who fired both barrels of a shotgun not more than fifty yards distant, and it was supposed that the Indian was badly wounded.

On examination it was ascertained that one white man was slightly wounded in the face, and one shot through the necktie. It being about night we disbanded, with the understanding that we would meet on the battleground the next morning to search for the other Indian.

At 9 o'clock we met, and went to the place where the Indian stood when last shot at. We found blood, but had some trouble in trailing him, as the ground was rocky, but succeeded in trailing him to a spring, where we found he had knelt down and got water. Close by the spring was a dense thicket, into which he had crawled.

We surrounded the thicket, and some crawled into the thicket while the others stood with guns ready. It was not long before he was discovered, lying down with his hips covered up in sand. As soon as we saw him he arose to his feet, yelling and making the arrows fly in every direction. The firing of pistols and guns made the woods ring. It did not last long until it was ascertained that he was down. We then went in and pulled him out of the brush and staid by him until he breathed his last. He died as brave as a lion, gazing into our faces until the last breath. He had been shot the day before in the hip with three buckshot, and was literally riddled with bullets at his death. This fight is the only one I ever witnessed in which all the Indians were killed.



William Banta late in life.

THE NEXT FIGHT of importance occurred five miles north of Burnet in 1857. There were fifteen Indians in this raid. Our settlement had collected all our horses together and put on them several large bells and had them in a small valley near the house. The night was bright, the moon on the full, and not a cloud to be seen. About 8 o'clock the Indians, fifteen in number, stampeded the herd, and five of us, all told, followed them with about ten dogs. They were delayed in crossing the creek until it was no trouble for us to overtake them in a three mile run, the dogs and us making so much noise that the Indians left the herd and took to the mountains. As soon as we could get around the herd we rounded them up, brought them back and corraled them.

The next morning ten of us, all told, followed the trail, and sent eight men in the night to the head of Morgan to waylay a certain pass where it was thought they would pass, and those of us on the trail followed them. Some five miles distant, on overtaking them, we found they had collected about fifty head of horses. We had a run of about two miles and captured the entire herd except what they were riding. We sent the horses by two men, and eight of us pushed on the trail, and were close on their heels when we heard firing ahead of us by the boys who had gone in the night to waylay them. On we sped, and were soon on the ground where the battle was raging. The chief beckoned to his men to follow him, and here he came, shooting as he came. Two others following him were soon shot down, but the brave chief still advanced, firing as he came. Finally he fell, having gained at least twenty feet advantage of our ground.

In the fight several of our horses with saddles on had gotten loose, and those of the Indians who were not killed caught our horses, four in number, and tried to make their escape by riding two to the horse; but we were too fast for them, and in a chase of five miles we came up with them, firing as we ran, and they left the horses and took to the cedar brakes. Thus ended one of the most successful routs, and with greater loss to them than any other, except where every one of the seven was killed.

THE NEXT SCOUT of note was made on the Brady. The Indians, eleven in number, came in on Deer creek, and collected about forty head of horses, making their way out, crossing the Colorado River near the mouth of Fall creek. The trail was followed by fifteen of us to the head of the Brady. At the upper spring on that stream, they had camped for the night. It being the only water near, it was our dependence for camp water. It being late in the night when we arrived at the water, and the Indians not having any idea how many there were of us, on our arrival we found the camp fire, but no Indians.

We were in a critical condition, not knowing when we would be attacked by them, as they had run off into the brush, so it was decided to water our stock and fill our canteens, round up their horses and leave. We were but a few moments in getting ready, and were soon off, not waiting to get supper.

We traveled about ten miles, and then camped, putting out strong guards for fear of a surprise; and just at daylight they stampeded our entire herd except our saddle horses, but before they could get them under headway we were in the saddle and rounded them up in time to save them, without seeing an Indian. We drove hard all day, and then camped only long enough to eat a snack and graze a few minutes; then drove until midnight before stopping to camp, for fear we would be followed, and made it into the settlements without a fight.

The next raid was made on Morgan's creek, in which eight Indians overtook and killed a man by the name of Adams, who was out stock hunting. They were discovered by one of the Cowans, living at the salt works. They were crossing the river when Cowan first saw them. He hastened home and got his brother and nephew and one other man, and followed and soon came up with them, and a running fight followed, each man after his Indian. Cowan shot the horse from under one Indian and at the same time Cowan's horse fell and caught Cowan under him. The Indian seeing this, ran on him with the expectation of killing him, but the horse by this time gave a struggle, freeing Cowan, and a fierce hand to hand fight was the result.

Cowan being shot in the shoulder, and his pistol failing to fire, drew his knife and stabbed the Indian seven times in the breast. By this time one of the young Cowans arrived and shot the Indian as he was falling from the knife wounds. Both Cowan and the Indian fell together, and the Indian gasped his last. Cowan recovered from his wound and was made many presents for his bravery. Three Indians were killed on the spot. One of them had old man Adam's pocket knife, which proved they were the murderers of Adams. However, they paid dearly for the whistle at last.

CHAPTER XXVII
Indian Fight on the Hondo

IT WAS IN the month of May, 1860, while in command of a company of minute men, that the Indians, eight in number, made a raid on the head of the Pedernales, collecting about forty head of horses, and making their way toward the mouth of the Pecos river, a tributary of the Rio Grande. With only nine men in all, I struck the trail on the Johnston Fork of the Guadalupe river. Finding the trail fresh, we followed without any trouble until nightfall, and camped on the head of Verde creek. Early the next morning we pursued the trail, and about 10 o'clock we discovered one of their spies on the top of a mountain. He had not discovered us, as we were in a deep canyon. We halted behind a mott of timber, and soon discovered the Indian had left. Myself and one man left the squad and on foot ascended a high mountain to see what had become of the spy. On reaching the summit we soon learned that the Indians were camped in a thicket, and their horses were grazing in a small valley below the camp, being only about 200 yards from where the smoke was coming out of the thicket, where the Indians were busy broiling meat. Coming down from the mountain to the rest of the party, it was decided to get in between them and their horses. Leaving two men with our horses, seven of us succeeded in getting between them and their horses. Crawling through the thick brush to get a shot at them, we soon found that we could not get a shot without shooting through some thick brush. This being the only chance, I sent two men back to their horses, and as soon as we fired they were to make a dash on the Indians' horses and stampede them.

Everything was ready, and we fired on them while they were eating their roasted beef. A pellmell rout was the result. A few jumps and they were in a dense thicket. At the same time a stampede was made on the herd, and it was soon in our possession, with four of our men to guard them, while the rest of us, five in number, rushed into their camp and took possession of their bows, arrows, ropes, and some old blankets, which we threw away on account of them being covered with lice.

As to what effect our shots had on them, we could not tell; but we succeeded in getting all their horses and three bows and arrows and four ropes and plenty of good beef. We started the herd and traveled all night for fear the Indians would follow us and try to retake the horses.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

San Juan, a Mescalero Apache chief.

We had not more than turned over the horses to their owners until news reached us that Indians were in on the head of Grape creek. As soon as we could get fresh horses we were again in the saddle, ten in number. We heard the Indians were going in the direction of Cassin's creek, above Boerne, on the Guadalupe river. In less than twenty-four hours we were on their trail. From the signs there were about five of them. They had collected about twenty head of horses and killed a beef, and were making their way out of the settlements in the direction of the head of the Medina river. The trail was so plain we could follow it in a gallop. We camped on the trail that night, and early the next morning we took the trail again, and finding they had camped about six miles from where we had camped, and the trail fresh, we increased our speed to a lively lope, and about 5 o'clock we overtook them in a cedar brake on the waters of the Nueces river. We gave chase and fired at them on the run, without effect, only they had to cut loose their beef on the trail and leaving the herd made good their escape with only the horses they were riding. If any were killed or wounded, it was more than we could tell. We then returned home with fourteen head of horses taken from them.

AFTER THIS our settlement had rest for about five weeks, after which they paid us another visit, killing and scalping a German by the name of Fritz Tabor on the head of Bear creek, a tributary of the Guadalupe river. This party was followed by H. Stockman and four other men, who on the second day overtook them, and a running fight ensued, in which one of the Indians was killed and nine head of horses retaken.

The Indians kept us busy during the spring and summer of 1860. Stockman and his party belonged to my company of Kimble county minute men. In this year we killed only two Indians and captured about five hundred head of horses, the report being made to Clark, who succeeded Houston as Governor of Texas.

News had reached Austin that a party of Indians had been seen on the Blanco river, twelve miles above Mountain City. Governor Clark sent orders to me to follow them at once, and as soon as I could get my men together and make preparation for a scout we were on the move, leaving Kerrville eighteen in number. We started for what is called the Dead Man's Hôle, on the Pedernales river, and there struck the trail of a large herd of horses being driven by Indians; how many it was impossible to tell. We followed them to the Hudson Mound, thence to Crabapple creek, thence to Leagon [Legion] valley; they crossed James river about half a mile from its mouth.

By this time our horses had become tired and some of them had lost their shoes and were tender footed. However, we made a dash on them, yelling and firing at the same time, and by the time we reached the herd there was not an Indian to be seen; so we rounded up the horses, put them under guard, caught up fresh horses, and followed them, leaving six men in charge of the horses.

The Indians separated, and it soon became impossible for us to follow the trail, so we returned to camp, and on the next day started for the settlements. The principal part of the horses belonged to the Moss stock and Crownover brand, some few belonging to the Doss brand. If any of the Indians were killed or wounded we did not find them.

WE CAMPED on the Hondo for several days, and while resting our horses, killing some deer, and hunting bees, there was a party of twelve Indians came into the settlement and before they had collected any horses we came on them in a deep cedar canyon. They had the cliffs of the mountain side for shelter, and we were almost entirely exposed to them, having no shelter except a few small trees. We opened fire thinking we could drive them from their position, but in this we failed.

They poured a shower of arrows in among us with such accuracy that we found it necessary to change our base, which we did by moving to the top of the mountain, shooting down at them. The fight was hot for a few minutes. One of our men was wounded in the shoulder and another slightly in the arm, so we put them in charge of the horses and called out those who were in charge of them. Seeing we were doing good work, we continued to pour on them a continuous fire, but they returned the shots with such force and determination that it was hard to tell how things would go.

Finally they found it necessary to change their position, and in so doing our horses and wounded men became exposed, so we had to divide our force and send relief to the guards who were with the horses. as some of the Indians were firing on them. As soon as we got our men in position to protect the horses, we had the Indians between two fires. Being about equal in number, we kept up a continuous fire for some time. There was a deep ravine between the two mountains, that the Indians were in, and we on either side, firing whenever we could see one of them expose himself, which was only when he wanted to shoot at us. The fight lasted for at least two hours.

Finally they ceased firing, and on examination we found they had passed out down the channel of the ravine, one at a time, unobserved, until the last one of them was gone. On examination we found that we had only killed one of them, and he had been covered up between two big rocks. More may have been killed and carried off or hidden, but we failed to find more than one. How many were wounded we could not tell. Our loss was two wounded, but none killed.

This was the hardest fight with the least done I ever was in. I suppose the location had something to do with it, as it was the roughest place I ever fought Indians in. These Indians left the Hondo Mountains and went in the direction of the head of the Nueces. We laid over with our wounded men for several days, and then took them home. It was a long time before Johnston was able to get about, as he was shot in the front of the left shoulder. Brown, who was shot in the arm, soon got well. Neither of them was shot with poisoned arrows, if they had been, they would likely have never gotten over it. In nearly every case where men were shot with poisoned arrows they would die or never entirely got over it.

The Indians that made their raids on the frontier west of the Colorado river would leave in the direction of the upper Rio Grande, often crossing into Mexico, which led us to believe many of them were Mexicans under disguise. East of the Colorado was ravaged by the Indians belonging to the different Reserve tribes, thought to be friendly. It was a great mistake of the United States when it boasted of the success in treating with the wild tribes, thus restoring peace. This great mistake was the cause of hundreds of people being murdered by the so-called friendly Indians. My experience is, any Indian is good if dead.

CHAPTER XXVIII
A Daring Deed

IT was in the month of June, 1861, while I was on the head of the Saco with nineteen men, following an Indian trail that was coming into the settlement. After following the trail from the head of Llano river to the Saco, south of the Medina, our attention was called to the sound of a woman's voice, seeming to be in distress. We started in a gallop in the direction of the halloaing, and in less than one mile we came in sight of a house surrounded by a party of Indians.

The inmates of the house consisted of a woman and three small children. Her husband had gone out to look for his horses, and had taken his six-shooter with him. Hearing his wife halloa, he started for the house, and on arriving in sight saw his house attacked by Indians. He began to fire at them with his pistol, which was soon emptied, and he being without ammunition, called to his wife to fire on them with a shotgun she had in her hand, but instead of firing at them, under a shower of arrows, she succeeded in making her way to her husband with ammunition for his pistol and a well loaded double-barreled shotgun.

By this time we were in full speed, coming down an open glade, and were on to the Indians before they had time to get into the cedar brake, which was close by. We dashed on to them with a yell, firing at the same time at the Indians, scattering them in every direction, and they soon reached the cedar.

When the excitement was over, we found Mrs. Ragle, as that was her name, with five wounds, all flesh wounds. The most serious of the five was one in her left breast, passing through her breast, but not entering her body; one in the muscle of the arm; one in the hip, but slight; the other two in the leg. Mr. Ragle was unhurt. One of our horses was shot in the neck, and one arrow sticking in a saddle. On examination we found one Indian killed, and following them into the cedar brake we found plenty of blood, showing that some of them were wounded. There were only seven of the Indians, six making their escape.

After scalping the Indian we turned our attention to following the trail, which left in a westerly direction. As soon as they found out we were on their trail they separated, and it was impossible for us to follow the trail. We then started to the Medina to camp and rest up.

On arriving at our destination we discovered four head of horses staked near the spring, but did not see anybody; so we dismounted, unsaddled our horses, put them under guard in a small valley, and after taking our lunch, it was decided to see what we could find out about the horses that were staked. In less than half an hour we found a camp fire in some brush, and two saddles. On looking around we found that only two men had camped with four horses, so we decided to capture them if possible. After some time it was decided to saddle up and leave, which we did, leaving the four horses staked where we found them, and their saddles in the camp. We went about two miles, leaving six men in ambush to watch the horses that were staked.

About 8 o'clock in the night the two men came back to camp to get their horses, and one of them said, "Jack, everything is here just as we left them; now what do you think is best to do?"

"Well, I think we had better get from here as quick as possible, for the next crowd may not be such fools as those were, and leave without finding out who we are. I'll bet they thought we were hunters, and all out hunting."

"I guess so."

About this time the six men, who had heard everything that had passed, closed in on them, and said, "Hold up, boys." They did hold up both hands, were arrested and brought to our camp and put under guard. They were the next day taken to Uvalde and turned over to the civil authority, and before we left town the horses were claimed by some stockmen and the men taken to San Antonio and put in jail for horse stealing.

WE then started for Camp Davis, and on the headwaters of Verde creek we decided to camp and rest ourselves and horses a few days, as we had been on the march for eighteen days, and while resting hunt some. Joe Freece and I went out together. Freece was a German, and belonged to my company. We traveled until about 4 o'clock in the evening, and then agreed to separate and meet at a certain place and return to camp. In a short time I heard Joe shoot, and soon after the shot I heard him halloa, and as was our custom I started to where I thought he was, but did not find him. I halloaed, but could not get any answer from him, so I began to think he was killed by the Indians; so I felt like I might as well look out for myself, so my business lay rolling, and the further the faster, expecting to be shot at any time from ambush.

It being late, I failed to find camp, and had to lay out by myself, so I crawled into a small thicket and tried to sleep, but the thoughts of Joe being killed by Indians kept me awake the most of the night; but before day I heard some shots which I supposed were fired by some of my party hunting for us. I decided to answer by firing off my rifle, but reloaded it as soon as possible, and the report was answered again, so I left my hiding place and started in the direction of the sound, and in a short time I was at camp just as day dawned, but no Joe.

After breakfast it was decided to search for him, as it was decided that he had been killed by the Indians. By 8 o'clock we were in our saddles, leaving men enough at camp to protect it. We went as near as possible to where I heard him shoot and halloa. After hunting until night it was decided to return to camp, with the hope that he had gotten in, but on our arrival we found that he had not come in; so the next morning we renewed our search. During the day four men on horseback came to us, and to our joy and surprise Joe Freece was one of them. He had gotten lost and found a ranch some fifteen miles from camp, and got a horse and three men to take him to camp.

"Well, Joe, where have you been?"

"Can't tell, as I have been so many places."

"What did you shoot at, Joe?"

"A panther."

"How big was it, Joe?"

"Oh, it was as big as a calf."

"Did you kill it?"

"Don't know."

"Why did you halloa?"

"Because I was scared."

"What did it do when you shot?"

"It growled at me so ugly."

"Why did you not shoot it again?"

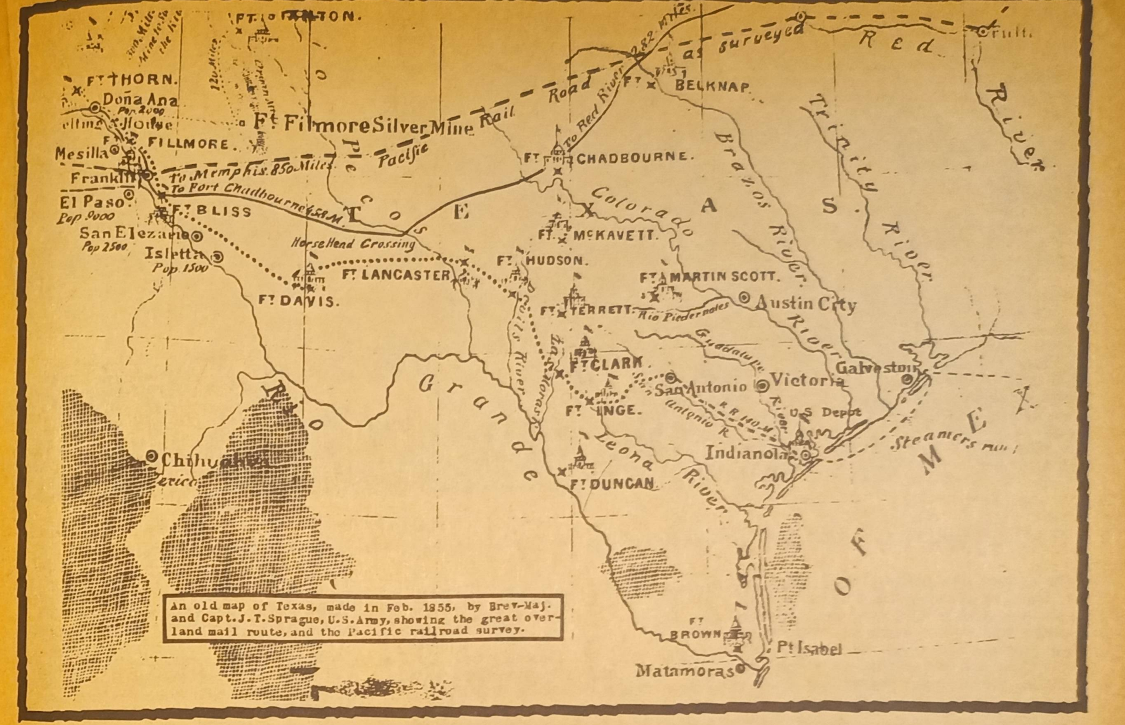
"Because I forgot I had a sixshooter, and my gun was empty."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Of course I ran."

Well, as it was almost on our way we thought we would go by and see if we could find Joe's panther, as there were some of the crowd that had never seen one. So when we got where Joe shot, we all separated to look for the panther. In about half an hour we came to a small patch of brush, where we found the animal dead, and it was a large panther, sure enough. We waited until Joe and one of the boys skinned it. Joe thought so much of the hide he would not sell it; saying he would take it with him to Germany when he went home.

But poor Joe did not go to Germany. The next year he was on the detail, and one of sixteen men sent out on a scout after some bushwhackers. The scout came up where they were camped as day was breaking, and the bushwhackers made their way into a thicket and the scout surrounded them, and at daylight the bushwhackers fired from the brush, killing two men and wounding two others. Poor Joe Freece was one of the killed. But the bushwhackers paid dearly for it, as there was not one of them left to tell the tale. Joe Freece belonged to my company for two years, and made a good soldier. He was buried by his comrades on the Pedernales river in Gillespie County, Texas; and by his side was laid at the same time Zack Whitington, killed in the same fight, and belonging to the same company.



An old map of Texas, made in Feb. 1855, by Brev-Maj. and Capt. J. T. Sprague, U.S. Army, showing the great overland mail route, and the Pacific railroad survey.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

CHAPTER XXIX
Indian Fight

IT WAS IN the fall of 1862, while stationed at Camp Davis in Gillespie County, that a scout of eleven men was sent out to hunt Indians, the rangers being commanded by S. Reese. While on the head of the Llano they struck a trail coming down into the settlements. They followed it to the head of the Pedernales river, and overtook them in an open glade with but little timber, and it was misting rain. There were eleven Indians, armed with bows and arrows and one sixshooter. As soon as the Indians saw the rangers they formed for a fight, which opened furiously. The Indians had a few small live oak trees for shelter. The rain was a disadvantage to both the rangers and the Indians, as the bowstrings would stretch. and the inferior gun caps would fail to fire, making it about equal in the fight, which lasted two hours.

In the fight one of the Indians had a sixshooter, and would deliberately fire, seeming to take pains to get in good shots. While one man by the name of Benson was loading his rifle two Indians were crossfiring at him. Finally one of them, with a well directed shot, succeeded in hitting Benson in the hip with an arrow, which passed through his shot pouch and then entered his hip about four inches deep. His comrades wanted to extract the arrow, but Benson said, "Let it alone until I shoot." After he did shoot he pulled it out himself.

The fight was fierce, the Indians making charges at intervals, and the rangers standing their ground. Five of the eleven Indians fell on the rifle, and those remaining, except one, ran. The Indian with the pistol, being wounded, started toward our line. Orders were issued to not shoot without the Indian attempting to shoot, which he did not do. On coming up he said, "Me good friend soldier."

"Well, if you are a good friend throw down that pistol."

The Indian threw it down and said, "Me good friend."

"Well, throw down your bow."

He threw down the bow. By this time Lane, a boy, shot him in the neck, killing him instantly. On examination we found he had been wounded ten times, five balls entering his chest; either of the wounds would have proved fatal. Thus six out of the eleven were killed on the ground, and one ranger wounded and three horses killed. The wounded man is a cripple for life. He served in nearly all of the Indian wars, belonging to my company for five years, and without pay or thanks, which is a disgrace to the State. Benson deserves a lifetime support from the State.

The next fight of any note was on Saline creek, south of Mason. Six of us were out on a deer hunt, and while in camp we saw eight Indians crossing the point of a mountain about half a mile east of our camp. They had not discovered us. We slipped in ahead of them, secreted ourselves in some brush, and as soon as they got in gunshot range we fired on them, killing two and wounding two. They were on their way down to the settlement to steal horses.

While out on this trip we found one old Indian whom we had wounded, trying to travel, and almost starved to death, being without bow or gun. We rode up to him and found him shot through both hips, but able to walk with the help of two sticks. We put him on one of our horses and carried him to a spring, and gave him half of a deer and a butcher knife broken in the middle, and with fire and some matches left him to his fate. We passed the spring sometime afterward, but found no sign of him, supposing he had made his way back to his tribe or died on the way. We were blamed by some parties for not killing him, but this we could not do, seeing he was almost dead, very old, and without weapons. It would have been worse than murder to have killed him in cold blood in his condition.

IT WAS NOT long after this that a few of us were out cow hunting and discovered four Indians driving eighteen head of horses. We made a charge on them and fired several shots as they ran, but did not kill any that we knew of, but ran them off from the herd and captured the horses, returning them to their owners who lived in the Doss valley on Threadgill creek.

The next was when twenty or more Indians attacked the house of M. M. Taylor, living half a mile from my ranch, in open daylight, killing Mrs. Gill Taylor at the spring. They surrounded the house and killed Ely McDonald, the only man on the place, capturing the wife of Mc-

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Mason, Texas in 1890 showing H. Zork & Co., Ranck building (right), and Doole store (center background).

Donald and five children and also the old lady Taylor, who succeeded in hiding in a cave and making her escape. The Indians robbed the house of everything they wanted and tied the women and children on horses and left. It being impossible for the citizens to get horses in time to overtake them, they made good their escape.

In the course of several days a scout followed, but to no purpose. The old lady Taylor wandered in the mountains all night, finally finding her way to the Doss ranch, and was then taken to her son's on Spring creek. The old lady lost her mind almost entirely.

The next raid was made in a half mile of where the Taylor family lived, and in 200 yards of the author's cow pen. As Mrs. Joy and her daughter were returning home from a visit to friends, and on a small spring branch near my house, the Indians, ten in number, had hidden in some brush beside the road, and fired on them, killing them both instantly; but for some reason did not take time to scalp them. It might have been they were too close to the house. Thus you can see they kept us busy in trying to keep our own scalps on and burying the dead.

It seems like the reader would soon get tired of reading so much murder and bloodshed; but if you, reader, had lived in Texas and on the frontier at the time of these troubles you would not wonder at the unreasonable reports given by this book.

THE NEXT was the raid of six Indians in Gillespie county, where they killed a German and captured a small German girl who was out after the calves in the morning. The little girl was eight years old, barefooted and bareheaded. They captured her in sight of her screaming mother. A scout was on the trail by 12 o'clock. In crossing the John Fork of Llano river, some cow hunters charged the Indians, and in the chase the little girl was abandoned and left on the trail and picked up by the cow hunters and turned over to the scout who were in close pursuit. The Indians made their escape, but the child was restored to her parents. It was a wonder they did not kill her when they had to drop her.

In the spring following, the Indians made a raid into Mason county, killing a German who was out hunting stock. They were followed by a party of citizens to the head of the San Saba river, where they were overtaken and one of them killed and one wounded. In this raid the rangers recaptured about thirty head of horses, and on their way home camped on the head of Cherokee creek, and that night the Indians followed them and stampeded the horses and succeeded in making good their escape; the men followed, but did not overtake them any more. It is hard to overtake Indians when in possession of horses, as they travel all night, while the rangers only travel during the day, on account of having to follow the trail.

One day while out on a scout on the head of the Saco south of Guadalupe, thirteen in number, we struck a fresh trail leading in the direction of Fort Clark, and followed it all day, camping on the Nueces river. We hobbled out our horses, put out our guard and laid down to sleep. About midnight we were awakened by the report of a gun from one of our sentinels, and in an instant all were ready, with gun in hand, for any emergency that might arise. We soon found that one of the guards had shot at what he supposed to be an Indian.

The moon was shining bright, and a low valley lay west of the guard some thirty yards, and as the rising moon cast a shadow of the sentinel on the low ground of the valley, resembling a man, and the guard supposed his shadow to be an Indian and fired. Seeing no one fall or run he stood amazed, and reloaded his rifle. By close examination it was ascertained that the guard had shot at his own shadow, as no sign could be found of any person. He was carried high for shooting his own shadow.

So on we went, following the Indian trail to San Felipe spring, on the waters of the Rio Grande, and when we reached the river the Indians had crossed over into Mexico by swimming their stock. As soon as we saw them they halloaed, "Come over." It was too far for us to shoot with our short range guns, and we did not go over. They called us cowards, so we determined to try our luck. We elevated our guns and fired, but to no purpose, and this only made them laugh.

We dismounted and camped in their sight, and after some ugly language in broken English and Spanish, they left for the mountains of Mexico, halloaing back at us as far as we could hear. I have been on many scouts, but this was the most aggravating instance I ever experienced; after a long, hard march of several days, and getting in speaking distance, and then only to be called coward and all other hard names. It was too much to stand, but we could not help ourselves; all we could do was to stand and see them march off before our eyes without being able to help ourselves.

CHAPTER XXX

Short Notes From 1850 to 1873

I PROPOSE in this chapter to give a short sketch of the numerous Indian troubles in Burnet, Llano, San Saba, Mason, Blanco and Lampasas counties that I was well acquainted with, and with many of which I was directly or indirectly connected.

The first to mention will be Robert Adams who was a neighbor of mine, living only three miles from me. In 1859, while out hunting stock and unarmed, he was attacked by seven Indians and killed and his body horribly mutilated. He laid in the woods three days before we found him; it was almost impossible for us to bury his body. It seemed from the signs that he had been coming home, and on being discovered the Indians had run him several miles before killing him. He had been shot seven or eight times, mostly with arrows, three of the shots seeming to pass through or near the heart. The place where he fell from his horse was in a ravine in a small patch of brush. They stripped him and took his horse and pocket knife.

In the spring of 1861 James Gracy, of Lampasas, about fourteen years old, while out alone hunting some horses west of Lampasas, was discovered by a party of Indians who were driving a bunch of horses. On seeing young Gracy they dismounted, caught him, stripped and scalped him alive, and told him to go. He started, but the Indians followed him and shot him to death with arrows. Poor boy, he fell without a comrade to close his eyes. The boy that had been with him was off some distance, looking on, but could render no assistance to the murdered boy. His parents live in Lampasas yet; his mother at least. I think his father is dead.

Just as the Indians were having their sport in killing him a party traveling came in sight—Mr. Baker and Mr. Austin and family. The Indians at once attacked the party, one on horseback and the others in a buggy. Baker was wounded, and his wife kept them at bay by shooting at them until help came in time to save them.

In the year 1862, in Burnet county, a man by the name of John Magill and his brother Sam were out looking for stock. About five miles west of Burnet a party of Indians came on them; the boys started in the direction of the nearest house they knew of, the Indians in hot pursuit, and soon overtook John, shooting and yelling. He fell from his horse, but the other boy made his escape. John was found that night, but died soon after his friends got to him. He was taken to the house of a man by the name of Shepard, and thence to his home and buried.

During the spring of the same year a man by the name of Skags was killed on San Gabriel by Indians; as to how, it is impossible to tell the particulars, as he was out alone and not coming home search was made and he was found dead, having been scalped.

In the same spring, only a few days later, a man by the name of Vanhook, a stockman, was missing, and on search was found dead and scalped. Vanhook lived in Burnet and Skags in Lampasas county.

IN THE year 1863 Royal, Jackson and two of the Hollins boys had gone to a mill and on their way home were attacked by a party of Indians. Royal was killed at the start, Jackson fell soon afterward, and the Hollins left the wagon and succeeded in getting into the brush, where they defended themselves with a sixshooter as best they could. Finally one of them was fatally shot. They remained until night, when the youngest left his wounded brother in the thicket and went for help. On their arrival they found young Hollins still alive, but his wound proved fatal and he died about a week afterwards. Those wild Indians often used poisoned arrows, which always proved fatal. The spikes of the arrows were coated with the poison of a rattlesnake, extracted from the snake and kept for the purpose.

In the year of 1868 Benson, of Burnet county, was out in the woods with his little boy, and they were attacked by a party of Indians. Benson tried to defend himself with an axe, but at last he was killed and scalped, and his boy taken prisoner and carried off. About three years afterwards he was bought by an agent at Fort Sill and returned to his mother.

A man named Gooch lived in San Saba county, and while out in the woods for timber the Indians came on him, while driving an ox team, and killed him; his body was so mutilated it was almost beyond recognition; he was found by his little boy.

In 1862 a man by the name of Linn was killed in a running fight in which he was engaged. He was in close chase and was shot and killed; he had been a ranger and had been in many fights.

During the same year the Indians killed Cabness on Cherokee creek. Cabness knew nothing of their approach until they were firing on him. He fell in the first firing.

The next were King and Williams. They were with a drove of cattle, King riding a mule. The Indians charged the cow boys, four in number, two of whom made good their escape, but King who was riding a mule, was the first to fall; the next was Williams, who had left the herd to get some water; he was also slain. We have no particulars in either of the two cases to give you, reader, as the only two that made their escape were not in sight when either of their comrades fell. Williams was found full of arrows and his head mashed with a stone.

The same year the Indians murdered two men named Hall and Woods. These men were killed in the extreme western part of San Saba county. The particulars can not be given of their death. These two men of ten men were out and missing, and on searching were found murdered by Indians and the particulars were never known.

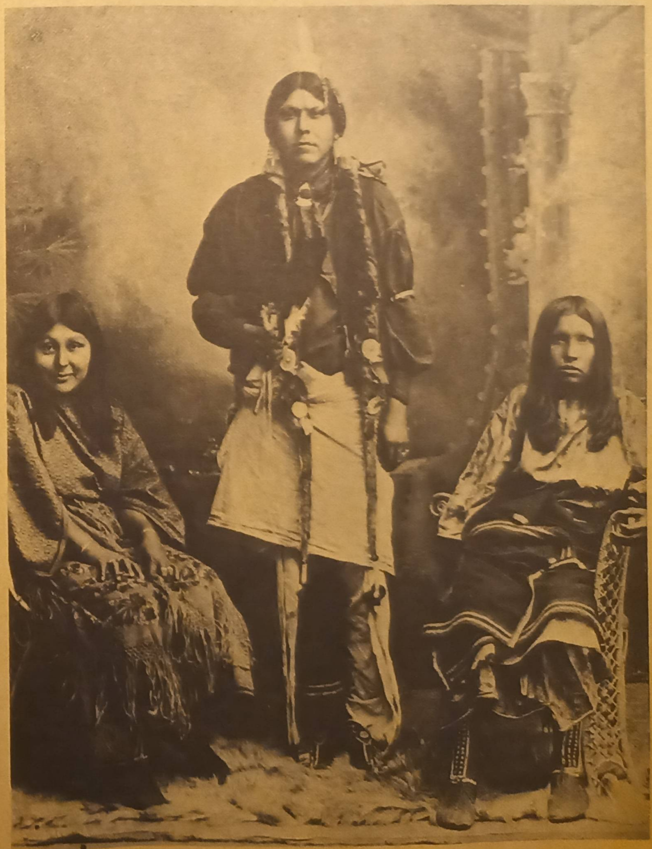
Shortly after this a man by the name of Merriman was killed within two miles of San Saba town; the particulars not known.

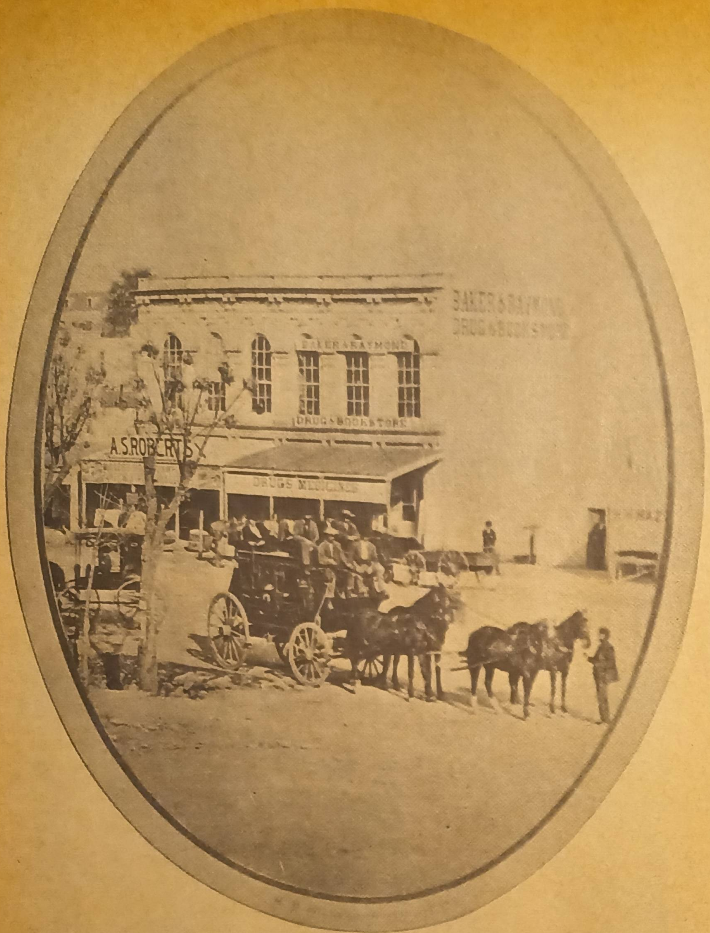
About this time a man named Carter, who lived on the head of the Lampasas river, was killed on the road to one of his children. He was ambushed and shot, but put spurs to his horse and kept the saddle until he reached the gate of his daughter's home, at which he fell from his horse dead. His daughter ran to assist him, but too late.

IN 1867 Miller and a man by the name of Morril were on their way home, and while crossing a branch were set upon by a party of Indians, and with only one sixshooter defended themselves until they could get into the brush, losing one sixshooter in the run, which was picked up by the Indians and used against them. They lost their team and received each many wounds. It seems strange men could be shot so often without some of the wounds proving fatal. As well as I can recollect, each of them received at least twenty wounds. The Indians robbed the wagon and left. As soon as they thought the Indians were gone,

Comanche Indians at Wichita Falls, Texas in 1900.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library





Courtesy Austin-Travis County Collection, Austin Public Library

Stagecoach "Sam Houston" on Congress Avenue between Hickory (Eighth) and Ash (Ninth) Streets in Austin, Texas about 1872.

one of the men crawled to the creek and got himself a drink and carried his wounded companion water in his boot. Neither of them was able to travel; and not reaching home that night, a party went in search of them, and when found they were in a terrible condition. They were taken home, and after a long time they recovered.

In the spring of 1859 a man by the name of Dancer, living on Honey creek, while cutting out a new road, was attacked by a party of Indians. Dancer being unarmed, ran into a ravine for protection. The Indians followed and came upon him, filling his body with arrows. After killing and scalping him the Indians left. He was not found until the next day. Dancer's death was a great drawback to this newly settled part of the country, as he was a Methodist preacher, and had built up a neat little church of about forty members.

In the spring of 1862 a man by the name of Denyer went out unarmed to look for stock. He came upon a party of Indians and ran for home, the Indians shooting at him as he ran. As soon as he got close to the house, his wife seeing the situation, ran to meet him with his gun. The Indians seeing him get his gun left off the chase, but poor Denyer was mortally wounded and lived but a short time, probably until the next day.

It was in 1843, while Mr. Paine was out hunting some missing sheep, that a party of Indians came on him, and after firing several times the old man fell dead, having several shots through his body. After his death they were followed by a party of men, who killed one of them and wounded two more.

In 1865 Mrs. Youngblood, a widow living in Llano county, was alone, some of her children being out playing not far from the house. A party of Indians came on them and killed her little boy; the little girl made her escape to the house. The mother succeeded in keeping them from entering the house by keeping a shotgun presented toward them.

I will here close this chapter, as those mentioned are the only ones that came directly under my observation. Many others were murdered and captured, but I only gave such as I am personally acquainted with. Many others I could record that occurred in the same section of the country, but in the absence of the particulars I will leave them for others to chronicle.

Reader, I will close this bloody chapter by saying that I have lived for twenty-seven years amid the hardships and bloodshed on the frontier. I have kept a memorandum of dates as best I could, and in as short a manner as possible kept noted down some of the most important occurrances of the troubles of frontier life. I have lived as well as thousands of others that suffered death at the hands of the hostile foe, and unless you were present on some of those occasions you can only have a faint idea of the horrors and suffering of thousands of our early pioneers. Reader, think of your father murdered, your mother killed or captured, your daughters and sons carried off and subjected to the most cruel treatment at their hands, and then often put to death by those heartless fiends.

CHAPTER XXXI

Life of Alex Brown

THIS CHAPTER I will devote to the memory of my well tried friend, Alexander Brown, being the first man I became acquainted with in the west, first meeting him at Austin in 1849. He was then a wagon master for the government, having in charge thirty wagons and teams. The confidence placed in him by the United States was never betrayed. His teamsters loved him. He was one of the most efficient officers I ever met. In 1852 we were thrown together and participated in some of the many Indian troubles in Burnet and surrounding counties. He was a bachelor, and with seven other bachelors took dinner on a lone mountain in Lampasas county, and it has ever since been called Bachelor's Peak. At his death I was one of the jury of inquest. His death is still wrapped in mystery. I first met Alex Brown at Austin in 1849. He was a man of unyielding firmness and sterling integrity, qualities which stood him well in hand, entrusted as he was during his three or four years of service with millions of dollars worth of property, and through a country thronged with roving bands of that untamable, warlike, oftimes murderous tribe, the Comanches. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the military at the different posts, Alex had several brushes with the Indians, three or four of which assumed serious proportions, especially at Howard Spring canyon, where a gang of over 200 Comanches swooped down on the wagon train to capture it; but Alex had formed the wagons securely into a "corral." The boys had practiced so long, until they knew just how to form a corral with neatness and dispatch, and there thirty of them stood off the Comanches until aid came from the post. At one time almost the entire train load consisted of bullion (silver bricks), but a special guard accompanied this part of the journey.

Alex was in most of the Indian fights in Burnet, Lampasas, and San Saba counties as a volunteer, and rendered good service in a fight on Buffalo Prairie, where we put them to flight and recaptured about, 200 or 300 head of stolen horses.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Deer hunters and their kill in the Llano River country of Texas, early 1890s.

Alex always seemed to want to avoid bloodshed if possible. I remember of one little incident where he walked up and cut the bowstring of a belligerent young Indian, and without doing anything else but to quietly wait for some further demonstration. Thus probably keeping a row from being started that might have been indefinitely prolonged and many lives lost. There are many other incidents we might relate, but refrain.

Alex had a noble horse he called Shanghi. Shanghi loved his master, and saved his life once in the Colorado river by swimming back at his master's call to where he had floated and lodged on a rock, and swam out again in safety with him. If there was anything that equaled Shanghi's love for his master, it was his hatred and fear of Indians. They had tried to catch him so often that Alex could always guess pretty well when Indians were about by Shanghi galloping up to the door and neighing. One morning Shanghi galloped up near Mrs. McCrea's, five miles south, with a lariat and an Indian chief's full rig on, including a beautiful shield, which was afterwards sold to a relic hunter for $20.

Alex bought a good farm on Lynch's creek, Lampasas county. He remained a bachelor, he was one of a party of bachelors who ate their dinner (a Christmas dinner, I believe) on Bachelor's Peak on the line of Burnet and Lampasas counties, a few miles from Lampasas; hence the name Bachelor's Peak.

THE ACTIONS of some of these old bachelors were in marked contrast to some of the old Texans, many of whom married three or four times, and often young wives at that. We don't know how many reasons outside of pure neglect these "Baches" could have had for unwisely remaining free and not becoming the slave of some good woman, and bringing some sunshine and sweetness into their old lives. Some of them were pure and noble men, and had unselfishly done much for the country. Many are the tales of the kindness and benevolence of Alex Brown, such as refusing to sell corn for the money to big cattlemen, saving it so his less fortunate neighbors could get bread, and many small kindnesses too numerous to mention; and he never failed to quietly and freely give good and wholesome advice. Some of his admonitions were what many might term old fogy, but we've to hear of the first one that hasn't proved true in the light of subsequent events.

At an early day, when many even of the first or best citizens gave themselves the benefit of a doubt when they came across an unbranded animal, and others resorted to downright stealing, Alex simply kept himself unspotted from such mix-ups and quietly and simply observed that stealing added nothing to the wealth of the country, and that they ought to quit it; and he emphasized this just opinion on a few occasions we might mention, but refrain.

While he always found himself on the side of law and order, yet when the difficulties and wrongs assumed the shape of feud or war, he preferred to wait until he knew for certain that it was fully his time to take a full hand. One time, when called upon by an armed posse of determined citizens and asked to go with them and help us hunt the — — — — — — (he was really unwell at the time), and after a moment's thought, he replied, "I haven't lost any — — — — — —." That was enough; he was a man of few words. Whether Uncle Alex (as he was familiarly called) acted unwisely in this we can't say, but that quaint expression has traveled the rounds in more counties than this.

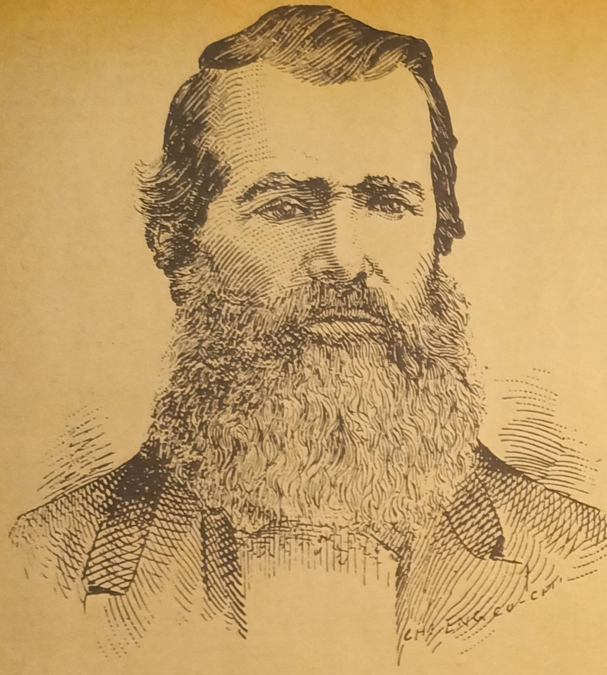
A company of rangers and a company of United States troops were brought in during this feud and then it was not settled until many lives were lost.

But we are digressing. We really know but little about these things anyway; we should not look altogether on the sombre side of life anyway. The shifting sands of time cause many changes, of course. The quiet victories of peace really have more place in history than its quarrels and strifes.

LIVING as Alex did by himself, he naturally became eccentric, like all bachelors to some extent, with no one to comfort them in their seasons of physical or mental worry. At one of these times he conceived the idea that one of his buildings and a few of his personal effects didn't suit him exactly, and that the best way was to burn them up and commence again. When remonstrated with, he replied that that was the best way to get rid of anything that didn't suit at all; and also that the Lord would be pleased if many things in our lives could be done the same way, *i. e.* wiped out and begun anew. While this was perfectly plausible, yet it was thought best to put him under the care of friends a few weeks until Alex was his same old cheery hospitable self again. But the religious impressions which seemed to have been made before or about this time were deep and lasting, and outside of uncouth and impatient remarks at times, his life was one of purity, honesty, charity, and kindness, though exceedingly firm and unyielding in his ideas of right and best; which by the way were nearly always proved correct.

His tomb, a beautiful shaft of Burnet granite, bears this inscription, taken from one of his letters written about this time we learn: "My heart was well cleansed. God was the potter; I was the clay; Lord, thy will, not mine, be done."

Alex was brutally murdered on the last night of the year 188—, and from the indications of fierce struggle and the absence of $32 he was known to have had, and also evidences of torture, it was thought he was murdered for his money. Sufficient evidence to convict his murderers has not yet been obtained, and a



J. W. CADWELL

portion of it is yet to some extent an unsolved mystery.

Alex Brown was born in Alabama and came to Texas when a young man, as did two of his brothers, John and Oliver. John was killed and scalped by the Indians; and Oliver, the oldest, who was a newspaper man in North Alabama, came to Texas to help the patriots in their unequal struggle for independence, and was slain at Goliad.

Alex once remarked when we were surrounded by Indians, that we knew as a general rule they were our enemies, and governed ourselves accordingly; but now in these times of peace we don't know exactly who our friends and enemies are; words true in his case, for the indications were that the men who murdered him first entered his house as friends. Alex Brown was one among the noblest men I ever met and I wished to embalm his name in my book.

[Explanatory note from Western Publications: In the remainder of this book the name of J. W. CALDWELL is consistently misspelled CADWELL. Since we are reprinting the text exactly as it appeared originally, we have not corrected this error, but do want to bring it to the reader's attention.]

PREFACE TO PART II

READER! Thousands of books have been written of Texas; of her brave men and their deeds of daring on the battlefield and the frontier; some historical, others biographical, but most of them works of fiction—blood and thunder novels, without a particle of truth, calculated to teach a false idea of Texas and Texans. In many of these works the average Texas ranger is pictured as a demon, loving bloodshed, delighting in murder and rapine; holding high carnival like demons of destruction over the defenseless bodies of their victims. Such is the ideal ranger of the average ten-cent novel, but not the ranger in reality. They were not men having no regard for the laws of God or man, seeking to inflict wrongs on the helpless; but they were men who loved their State, loved their families, suffering untold dangers and hardships from the lawless men and savage enemy; exposed to the inclemency of the weather, often suffering the pangs of starvation without sleep or rest. They were ever ready to answer to the cry of distress, to ride day and night in protection of their loved State and the dear ones at home. They were not violators of the laws, but defenders of the laws. They wreaked vengeance only on the invader and the outlaw, never on the law-abiding citizen.

Reader, I do not write these few pages of my father's life with any spirit of animosity or desire of notoriety. This short sketch of my father's life (it is only a portion of his life) will not contain anything personal. I do not wish to tear open the old sores that have been healed by time. My desire is to give a true history of the dangers and hardships that were the fate of my parents on the frontier of western Texas; and what is contained in this volume is the truth, and nothing but the truth, as living witnesses will to-day testify. Being the youngest child of six children (five living and one dead), I remember nothing that occurred on the frontier, but by the assistance of rangers who were companions and eyewitnesses of my father, I have been able to give a true but short history of my father's life. To these persons I return my heartfelt thanks. I will ever remember them kindly, and hope that they may be able to procure in the future what many of them have failed to do in the past, and that is a home in the State they had protected by their bravery.

One more thing, reader, and I will close this preface: I am proud that I am a Texan; I am proud that I was born in a State where heroes laid down their lives that their children might be free. Brave heroes of Goliad and the Alamo, by your blood you bought our liberty. I am proud that my father was one of a few who helped to protect what others had gained—the liberty and laws of Texas, and died as he lived, an honest man, a Christian, and a gentleman. Yes, reader, although not seeking notoriety, I am proud to state that my father helped to make Texas what it is to-day, the greatest State of a great nation.

LIFE OF J. W. CADWELL

CHAPTER I

His Parentage

John Wesley Cadwell [Caldwell] was born in western Tennessee, on the twenty-fifth of December (Christmas Day), 1824. He was the oldest son of Daniel and Matilda Cadwell; their ancestors came to America prior to the Revolutionary war, taking a prominent part in that struggle, his grandfather being a member of Francis Marion's command and twice wounded at the battle of the Cowpens. When six years old his father emigrated to Illinois. During his early life he encountered great hardships and privations. When 8 years old his mother died. His father was then an invalid. When 11 years old his father married the second time. When about 12 years old his father had a mill built, of which he had charge, his father being unable to work. On his young shoulders fell the burdens and hardships of the family. He did not have an opportunity to acquire an education, going to school only a few days, but by close application to his books by night study he received a limited education.

In 1844, accompanied by his uncle, John Cadwell, he started to Texas to look at the country. They came down the Mississippi river by steamboat to Memphis; there they left the river and started walking to Texas. They walked across Arkansas into Texas, and turned south. They struck the Trinity river near where Dallas now stands. They went down the river and found a location to suit them near the river in what is now Navarro county. They returned to Illinois and the next year moved to Texas.

On the twenty-fourth of February, 1848, he married Miss A. A. Jeffers who lived near his father (his license was the first issued in Navarro county), her father having emigrated to Texas at the same time.

In 1851 J. W. Cadwell and wife moved to Fayette county, but being troubled by sickness, he moved in 1855 to Gillespie county. He lived in Gillespie county twelve years. In 1867 he moved to Bell county, where he resided until his death, which occurred on the twenty-sixth of October, 1888, being killed while at work digging underground. His wife survives him.

He was the father of six children, five living, Their names are Sarah Barnes, age 44; Rachel Cadwell, deceased; D. C. Cadwell, age 38; Mary Harrel, age 34; G. J. Cadwell, age 27; and the author, J. W. Cadwell, Jr., age 21; all married.

From his early boyhood until his death his life was full of adventures and hardships. When he first settled in Texas it was a wilderness, thirty miles to a postoffice and two hundred miles to a market. There were not any mills or doctors, schools or churches. The people of that vicinity went to Shreveport, Louisiana, for their goods. It is impossible for the author to give in this volume a complete history of the adventures, hardships and perils which J. W. Cadwell encountered, but will give sketches of a few adventures in which he played a prominent part.

CHAPTER II

The Bear Fight

CAPTAIN CADWELL was living in Navarro county in the year 1849. At that time he was supplying all the adjoining settlements with game. He lived near Porter's Bluff on the Trinity river. He was the hunter for that part of the country. One day, just after he had recovered from a severe sickness, he took his gun and dogs and went hunting down in the Trinity bottom. He had not been hunting long before he found a bear; he aimed at it, but his gun had gotten wet and would not fire. The dogs ran to the bear and commenced fighting. Seeing his dogs were going to get killed, he threw his gun down and drawing his hunting knife from his belt rushed on to the bear, which met him in deadly combat. He cut the bear in several places, but could not get a good stroke on account of the dogs. The bear finally got him in an embrace and started to hug him. The fight was getting serious; something had to be done. He was weak from his sickness, and his strength was fast leaving him; he was almost at the mercy of the infuriated animal; the dogs closed in on the bear and it turned its attenion to the dogs, giving him a chance to strike a blow, which he did with all of his strength, sending the knife to its hilt in the bear's heart, killing it. That ended the fight. He was bruised some, but escaped very lucky. He had killed a large and unhurt bear with a hunting knife; but if it had not been for the dogs snapping at it the bear would have killed him.

CHAPTER III

Trouble With Union Germans in Gillespie County

Gillespie county was inhabited almost exclusively by Germans. In 1860 they composed 90 percent of its population. A year prior to the beginning of the war between the States there was great excitement among all classes; many preparing to leave home and loved ones to go east and fight the invader of their loved South. It was during these troublous times that the American residents became aware of the fact that fully 90 per cent of the Germans of Gillespie county were strong Union sympathizers. As above narrated 90 per cent of the inhabitants of Gillespie county were Germans, leaving only 10 per cent of Americans. Ninety per cent of these Germans being Union men, you will see, reader, that true Southern men composed only one-fifth of the inhabitants of Gillespie county by the assistance of the few Southern Germans.

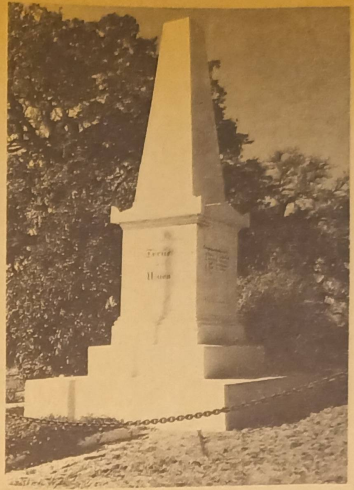


Photo by Reed Harp, Courtesy The Comfort News

Monument at Comfort, Texas erected in 1866 in memory of German Unionists killed August 10, 1862 on the Nueces River by Col. James E. Duff's Confederates.

At the beginning of the war the Union Germans met and went into a secret oath-bound organization, the object of the organization being to keep from taking active part on either side in the conflict; and not to remain peaceful and law-abiding citizens, but to murder and pillage. As I will show you further on it was a snare set to catch Southern men; their pretended desire for peace meant death and loss of property to many men. So many men leaving that country to join the great armies in the east left the country virtually without protection, with the exception of the few rangers stationed around in various places. Captain Banta had a command of seventy men, which he operated from the Colorado to the Nueces river. Captain Cadwell also had a few men, about twenty in number, which he operated in connection with Captain Banta. This was the protection of Gillespie and adjacent counties in 1860.

On the 4th of March, 1961, Captain Banta disbanded his command and mustered into the State service. In the early spring of 1861 the Union Germans formed a permanent organization, with a man by the name of Keithler as captain. A few days later an Englishman by the name of Stewart was waylaid and killed by Keithler's men. He had been present at one of their meetings and afterwards refused to join. They murdered him to keep from being exposed. But they were too late; he had already told all he knew. About the time of Stewart's death they made a raid, and stole about seventy head of horses and robbed several houses. They started to Mexico, but were overtaken on the Nueces river. They were attacked by the rangers at daybreak one morning, and a terrible battle was fought. Fifty-two Germans were killed and sixteen rangers. The rangers were composed of Captains Banta's and Cadwell's commands, with a few other volunteers, sixty-eight in all; the Germans were seventy-five or one hundred in number.

With this opened the bushwhacker war. The sheriff of Gillespie county at that time was a German by the name of Spitgarber, a true Southern man, and a good man. Many Southern men, both Germans and Americans, were waylaid and murdered, and a great deal of property was stolen. A requisition being made by Southern Germans to the State government for protection, Colonel Duff, of San Antonio, was ordered with his command to establish his headquarters in Gillespie county for protection. On his arrival he hunted down, captured, killed, and hung about fifty men, with the assistance of the civil authority and military organizations before mentioned.

Col. Duff returned to San Antonio, and after his departure a few men arrived from Missouri, from Quantrell's command, commanded by Bill Paul. They, with militia and others, made a raid on Grape creek and left a black mark behind them. Next in order after the Grape creek raid was the capture and hanging of a Union German by the name of Shitz. Next in rotation was the capture and hanging of a noted outlaw named Cass, of which I will tell in the next chapter. But before I close this chapter, allow me to state that during these battles, raids and hangings I have briefly narrated the country was in a deplorable condition; houses were robbed and burnt to the ground; horses and cattle stolen; men were murdered everywhere by these bloodthirsty bushwhackers and villains disgracing the North and the Union flag by calling themselves Union men. Quiet and peaceable citizens were murdered on the roadside, on the way to mill or church, by their hearthsides, or any place they could waylay them; women were insulted and little children threatened. Such was the condition of affairs in 1861. The object of these outlaw gangs was not to assist the North; their object was to murder and rob the almost unprotected citizens of that vicinity; and many a poor woman had to stand out in the chilly night and watch the little house, a few moments before they had called home, burn to the ground, while her husband was in the army or ranger camp, or lay stiff and fast growing cold at the feet of his murderers. Reader, this is no idle dream, but a terrible reality. Such was the work of the German and American bushwhackers.

CHAPTER IV

Capture and Hanging of Cass

CASS was a notorious outlaw, and there were papers by both civil and military authority for his arrest. He was arrested at his home in Gillespie county in 1862. Orders were issued if arrested to deliver to the nearest Confederate authority, Captain Banta being the nearest Confederate officer, being then stationed at Camp Davis, about twelve miles away. Captain Banta and six men, in company with twenty militia, started with him to Camp Davis. After traveling about three miles they were surrounded by about 100 men, who presented arms and demanded the prisoner. Being overpowered in number, they complied with their request. They were guarded by a portion of the men while the remainder took the prisoner off about sixty yards and hung him. Cass was an American and a leader among the bushwhackers.

Several were arrested by the Union element, charged with the hanging of Cass and other charges. Among those arrested was J. W. Cadwell. They were taken to Fredericksburg by a guard and put in the county jail. They were arrested in the name of the civil authority, but never allowed a trial. The arrest was a farce; it was the work of Union men in the name of the law, when there was no law: done by cowards who were afraid to meet them as open enemies, swearing lies to get them in their power, that they might disarm them and put them in jail to be butchered like dogs by cowardly dogs, who had not one redeeming principle by which they might be called men. They were never tried; they were not arrested to be tried, but to be murdered.

CHAPTER V
Fredericksburg Jail Massacre

J. W. CADWELL was arrested at home, while working in his field; Twenty men came after him; they were all men who called themselves citizens, and claimed to be persons not taking sides in the issue; they were Union in principle, they claimed, but proved to be men without any principle before the close of the war. They were quiet enough when Banta's or Cadwell's rangers were near, but always ready to do mischief when they had an opportunity. Cadwell and his men had proven to be a thorn in their side, and therefore they wanted to get them out of their way. They swore lies to be able to get a warrant and get them in jail, well knowing that a prisoner could not defend himself. It was a deep-laid plot, but unfortunately for them they could not make it work just to suit them.

Cadwell surrendered willingly, knowing they could not sustain their charges. They tied him on a horse like he was some wild beast, although there were twenty of them well armed, and him without even a pocket knife. They carried him to jail, and there he found six others imprisoned on the same charges, three of them officers and the others Southern men, brave, true, and tried; they were all men who had only been terrors to the outlaw and the Indian. The names of the prisoners were: Captain Wm. Banta, Captain J. W. Cadwell, Wm. Dixon, Hense Roberts, Dick Mabus, Wash Isbell, and a man named Hams. The jail was built of stone, one story high, consisting of two rooms with a hall between.

They had been in jail six days when the mob came, which was the 25th of May, 1862. There was a guard of twelve men around the jail, placed there to guard the prisoners that they might not escape. Banta, Cadwell, and Mabus were in the east room of the jail, Dixon, Roberts, Isbell, and Hams being in the west room. At 10 o'clock at night on the 25th day of May they attacked the jail. They came about 200 strong, overpowering the guards, which was not a hard thing to do. They bursted down the hall door, and soon the hall was full of men. They commenced firing into both rooms. Banta stepped to one side of the door and Cadwell to the other side; they stood there knocking off guns. The mob would put their guns around the sides of the door and shoot. Several times guns were put against them and they would knock them off before they shot. The fight raged with great fury at the doors of both rooms; the cowardly dogs were afraid to rush in on them, and they unarmed—200 against 7 unarmed men, and afraid to charge in the rooms. During the fight Hense Roberts, thinking it was death anyhow, tried to cut his way through the mob with a small knife. He was killed in the outside door, having fought his way out of the room and through the hall. While the fight was raging Cadwell grabbed a gun that was pointed through the door at him. He jerked, trying to get it away from the owner. The man holding to the gun was pulled into the room, and being unable to get the gun away from him, Cadwell drew back his fist and struck him, promptly knocking him back in the hall on his back. Another putting his face around the door to see where to shoot, got his nose bloodied by Cadwell's fist.

A German got a lamp and brought it to the door. Banta had hold of a gun, trying to take it away from one of the mob. The German stepped to the door with the lamp to see how to shoot, and Banta struck him on the head with a canteen of water, knocking him senseless. In falling he dropped the lamp; Banta picked it up, and that broke up the fight. They had just left when Sheriff Spitgarber arrived with a posse of men. He immediately took them from the jail and turned them loose.

The result of the fight was, Hense Roberts killed instantly; four wounded, two of them dying next day. Roberts killed one of the mob with his little knife before he died. Out of the seven only Cadwell and Hams being unhurt. The killed were Roberts, Dixon and Isbell; the wounded were Banta, shot through both thighs, and Mabus, shot through the arm. Cadwell and Hams were as black as negroes in the face from powder burns, and their clothes shot full of holes; they owe their escape to Providence, the darkness and the powder smoke. At the coroner's inquest next day the sheriff swore that he picked up next morning in the two rooms of the jail a pint cup full of bullets. The survivors were all turned loose on bond, and as before mentioned were never tried. The Scripture says the way of the transgressor is hard and the wages of sin is death. It has proved to be the case with many of the mob that attacked the jail; they had miserable bad health after the affair and it proved fatal nearly every time.

CHAPTER VI
Palo Alto Indian Fight

IN the year 1861 the Indians made frequent raids in Gillespie and surrounding counties. So many men leaving to join the great armies in the east left the west almost at the mercy of the Indians. In February of 1861 the Comanches made a raid in Gillespie county killing beeves, and loading their pack horses with the beef they started west. Cadwell collected five men and started in pursuit; their names were, J. W. Cadwell (acting as captain and scout), James Cadwell, Will Cadwell, Andrew Biship, James Wilcox, and Tom Hurt. They started on the trail, J. W. Cadwell (or Wes, as the boys called him) in the lead, a considerable distance ahead. The trail got fresher the further they went. At last Wes (as I will call him to distinguish him from his brothers) saw that the men had stopped; riding back to see what was the matter, he was told that Tom Hurt wanted to take a near cut around the mountain, thinking he would strike the trail on the other side. The other boys wanted him to stay with them.

"Why do you want to go around that way?" Wes inquired. Tom Hurt replied that he was thirsty, and that there was a spring around that way.

Wes was suspicious, and said: "Tom, if you leave us, you will not come back."

"Yes, I will," he replied.

"Well, if you intend good faith," Wes said, "leave your guns and pistols with us until you return."

"Oh, captain, that would not be right; I might be attacked by Indians at the spring," said Tom.

Wes said, "Well, you are a coward; you have no intention of going to the spring; you want to go home; you can go on, but I do not expect to see you any more while we are pursuing these Indians."

Tom declared he had no intention of going home, and that he would return in a few minutes, but he did not. He had bragged about Fredericksburg, how he could and would slay Indians, but he did not have the grit to meet them; his Indian killing was the work of a disordered imagination, and could not stand the test in reality.

After Tom left them they continued on the trail, Wes in the lead. They had not gone far before they came to where the trail separated into two trails; the trail separated at the base of the Palo Alto mountain, one trail leading over the mountain and the other leading around on the side of the mountain. Waiting until the men came up, Wes said: "Boys, our trail separates here; I think they will come together on the other side of the mountain. I will take one trail and you boys take the other. Be silent and cautious, for I think we are near them."

WES followed the trail leading over the mountain. The east side of the mountain was brushy and rough, also the top. Ascending the mountain cautiously he reached the top and started descending the other side. He had not gone far down the mountain until he rode out of the brush and at the base of the mountain, in a little grove he discovered twelve Comanche Indians sitting around in a circle, making arrows. Knowing that they would soon see him, and thinking that the men were near, he charged down on them shooting and yelling. He was greeted by a perfect shower of arrows. Springing from his horse, he used the horse as a breastwork to defend himself until the men could come. The men were further off than he thought they were; they heard him shooting and the Indians yelling, but the ground was so rough and brushy that it was impossible for them to arrive until he fought them alone and not assisted over fifteen minutes. It was one man against twelve; they would charge and he would stand his ground, firing under his horse's neck, until the men arrived; yelling like demons, jumping their horses over rocks and running through the brush at breakneck speed they rushed into the opening where the battle was raging. They came not a moment too early, for Wes was almost lost. When the Comanches discovered the approach of the four men they retreated into the thicket, giving Wes an opportunity to reload. The men fired rapidly into the Comanches, not thinking to hold any loads for a charge. The approach of the men frightened Wes' horse, which walked off a few steps, leaving him without protection.

One of the men cried out: "Wes, I am without loads; order a retreat, so that we will have a chance to reload." The Comanches understood what the man said, and with loud yells they charged on the men; they could not stand the charge without any loaded weapons, and were driven back. Wes ordered them to retreat to the brush and reload. While they were retreating he, having loaded his pistols, attempted to hold the Indians back while the men reloaded.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

A group of Comanches, possibly a family, in 1888.

The Indians having shields, it was hard to hit them; while they were fighting they were dancing and chanting like demons. The chief was a big Indian who stayed in the lead of the other Indians. Taking a good aim Wes fired at the strap holding the shield on the chief. He cut it in two and it fell on the ground. About the time he fired the chief shot him in the left cheek. He staggered back and shot at the chief as he stooped over to pick up his shield; he killed the chief. A young Indian rushed forward to take the chief's place; he was supposed to be the chief's son. Wes killed him. The men were then firing, having reloaded. As the young chief fell, the Indians retreated and prepared for another charge. The young chief was not quite dead, and he lay there trying to shoot by placing his foot on the bow.

Before they charged Wes gave orders for the men not to fire until they could see the whites of their eyes, and for them to aim low. The Indians charged to get possession of their dead chiefs; the men waited until they were near, and then fired; three Indians fell dead and some were wounded, but they charged on until they reached their dead, and picking them up they retreated, pursued by the rangers. They scattered in every direction, and all the rangers being wounded, they did not follow them far.

Wes did not realize that he was badly wounded until the battle was over. Calling Wilcox, he told him to pull the arrow out. Wilcox tried to pull the arrow out and failed to move it. He told him to pull it out, it was hurting him. Wilcox said, "Cadwell, if I pull it out it will kill you." He replied, "Pull it out anyhow, Wilcox; it will kill me if it is not." Laying on his side, he said, "Brace your foot against my shoulder, take both hands and pull." Wilcox did as he was told. The arrow ranged down into his neck. When Wilcox pulled it out a leader had hung on the spike, and he pulled it out with the arrow. Slowly and painfully they returned to their homes. As badly as Wesley Cadwell was wounded he rode home, riding between two of the rangers. The doctors said he would die, but they proved to be mistaken, for two months later he was riding at the head of his command after Indians. None of the other rangers were badly wounded as Cadwell. The Indians' loss was five killed and five wounded, only two escaping uninjured. They captured several articles from the Indians, among them some red Mexican blankets and a bottle containing an orange peeling.

Wesley Cadwell had two trained dogs. He permitted them to go with him on the pursuit of the Indians, and during the fight they stayed by his side, one on each side, barking fiercely at the Indians all the time. The arrow he was shot with is now in possession of the author. The pony he used for a breastwork lived to be very old; the author often rode him when a child. Although Cadwell was in the bed only two months from his wound he never fully recovered, it paining him as long as he lived, when it was cold or during a sudden change of weather. The Indian fight was on the 22d of February, 1861.

CHAPTER VII
The Death of James Billins

THE Cadwell family lived at Cadwell's Hill postoffice, twelve miles northeast of Fredericksburg, during the war. The Billins family lived in 1862 three and a half miles north of Cadwell's Hill; his family consisted of a wife and eight children. He was a member of Cadwell's command, and his partner in the stock business. They were old friends, and loved each other as brothers. They had cattle, horses and hogs all over the surrounding country, and when they were not out ranging they gave their attention to stock. In January of 1862 he was ambushed by Comanche Indians and killed. A few days prior to his death he had a dream; his dream was that he was ambushed by Indians, who charged him from every side, and was killed and scalped. In his dream he saw a little creek and a spring. He told his wife of the dream. He did not say much about it, but seemed to be serious and in great thought. One Saturday Billins seemed greatly troubled; he called his oldest daughter, a young lady of seventeen, and said: "Rebecca, get the song book and we will sing some." They sang several songs; at last they sang his favorite, "Oh, sing to me of heaven." After they had finished the song he said, "When I am buried I want that song sung over my grave."

He was very affectionate to his family that morning, and did not seem to like to leave them. Finally he said he must go and look for his hogs. Taking his son John, a lad of thirteen years, with him, and his favorite dog, he rode slowly off, frequently looking back at the house until he was out of sight. He rode on looking for hogs. He was riding west from home, when about three miles northwest of Cadwell's Hill, near a spring on a creek, he rode into an ambush of Indians. They rose shooting and yelling; Billins turned to his son and said, "Johnny, my son, they will kill me—my gun won't shoot; escape while there is a chance for you." The heroic boy said, "No, pa, I will not leave you; I will die by your side."

They were both shot from their horses and John lay there bleeding and watched them scalp his father. One Indian approached John, knocking him in the head with a club and stabbing him several times with a lance. He was senseless some time. When he became conscious the Indians had not left; they were walking about and talking to each other. He lay perfectly still, pretending to be dead; he could hear the dog groaning in his misery. When Billins was shot off of his horse the dog stationed himself by his side and fought the Indians until they shot him full of arrows. John heard the Indians approaching him and lay per-

Courtesy Mrs. W. C. Westerfeldt and Kilman Studio, Fredericksburg

Early day Fredericksburg, Texas, site of the "jail massacre."

fectly still, not daring to breath. One stepped over him and catching him by the belt he wore around him he jerked him up and down. Concluding he was dead they rolled a rock up against his head and left him. He lay there perfectly still for some time, until he knew they were gone, then he crawled up to his father, and taking hold of his hand, called him several times. The poor boy knelt over his father, calling him and begging him to answer, while the faithful dog lay by the side of the murdered man whining pitifully and licking him. The boy's tears falling on his face or the dog's mute appeal could not bring back the spirit from God who gave it.

Finding his father dead, and suffering from thirst, he managed to get to the spring; then kneeling he drank all the water he wanted, and after resting he started, as he thought, home, taking a cow trail. It lead, however, to Cadwell's cattle pens. He staggered along the trail, holding his hands over his worst wounds to keep from bleeding to death.

THAT evening Cadwell was killing hogs, and his daughter Sarah was out in the yard. She saw something approaching, and calling his attention to it, said: "Father, what is that coming? It looks like an Indian." Stopping his work, he looked a moment, and said, "It is not an Indian; it is some one badly hurt." He walked into the house, got his pistol and started to meet it. He had not gone far until he said: "Why it is Johnny Billins." He hurried on, and picking him up started to the house. John was cut in the mouth and it had swollen until he could scarcely talk. By signs and a few words he gave Cadwell to understand that his father was killed. As he brought him in he said: "John is badly hurt, and Jimmy, poor fellow, is killed."

They dressed his wounds as well as possible, finding nine on his person, some arrow and other lance wounds. By the time they got him dressed and comfortable it was night. Saddling his ranging horse, Jack, he started to Billins' house. He knew the country was full of Indians that night, and that the chances were that he would meet Billins' fate.

He rode on to the house. Mrs. Billins knew him, and meeting him at the gate, said: "Mr. Cadwell, there is something the matter with you; what is it? Is Jimmy hurt?"

After remaining silent some time, he said: "Yes, Mrs. Billins, I have bad news for you."

"Has Jimmy been killed by the Indians?" she inquired.

"He is dead," was the sad reply. The grief stricken woman was terrible; with screams of anguish she tottered to the house. After waiting some time for her to compose herself, he told them to get ready to go to his house, and they commenced their preparations. Cadwell often told the author that it was the most trying ordeal he ever passed, having to tell that woman she was a widow and her children orphans. Having made preparations for the journey, they started, Mrs. Billins and the smaller children riding, the others walking; Cadwell walking in front, leading the horse. It was a very dark night, three and one-half miles to go, and the country infested by Indians. It was a dangerous undertaking, but they got to his house all right.

It was impossible to find Billins that night, but the next morning early, he went in search of him, finding his body where John told them. The dog was lying by his side and growled fiercely at them as they came up, not knowing them. He had suffered from his wounds until he was crazy. Poor dog, even after being wounded until he was slowly dying, he never ceased to guard his master. By his growling and barking he kept the wolves away from the body that night. Cadwell, thinking the dog might live, attempted to pull the arrows out, but the dog fought him savagely. Seeing it was impossible for the dog to live, Cadwell said: "Boys, the dog will have to be shot and put out of his misery." One of the men named Allhouse, said: "Cadwell, can't you kill him?" Cadwell replied, "I can't kill that faithful dog; it is like killing a human." Allhouse said: "Cadwell, God knows I hate to, but it must be done," and drawing his pistol he looked down the barrel a moment, turned his head around and fired, killing him instantly. He could not look the dog in the eyes and shoot him. They were rangers. and brave men, but tender-hearted as children.

They placed Billins on Cadwell's horse in front of him and carried him to Cadwell's house. Next morning, about one-quarter of a mile from the house, they buried him. It was a sad little crowd that gathered around the grave. Everything being ready, Cadwell said: "Boys, help me sing his favorite song." They all tried, but broke down, sobbing like children. Only two voices sang the words:

O, sing to me of heaven,
  When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstacy
  To waft my soul on high.
  There'll be no sorrow there,
  There'll be no sorrow there;
  In Heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there.

Sadly sang the two voices, and as they came to the last they sang between their sobs the last words:

Then 'round my senseless clay
  Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
  My glorious home above.
  There'll be no sorrow there,
  There'll be no sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
  There'll be no sorrow there.

"Let us pray," said Cadwell; and they knelt around the grave of their dead comrade. He prayed for God to receive the soul of poor Billins in the land where there was no sorrow. He prayed for God to bless and protect the widowed wife and fatherless children. With a broken voice and his eyes wet with tears, he concluded the prayer. They filled the grave, and placing a board at the head of the grave, with his name inscribed on it, they slowly dispersed to their homes, leaving Billins in his last resting place until the resurrection morn. Buried alone in Western Texas, far from his boyhood's happy home, without monument or marble slab to mark his resting place, lies the body of James Billins, a brave ranger, affectionate husband and father, and a Christian gentleman.

CHAPTER VIII
Seining for Bushwhackers

IN the fall of 1863 J. W. Cadwell was given a command of twenty-two men by Captain Wm. Banta, commander at Camp Davis. His soldiers were to hunt down and capture if possible any enemy, whether bushwhackers or Indians, they might find. The second day, in the evening, they came to the headwaters of Devil's river (about forty miles from camp) where they struck a trail of seven horses leading west. It was not known who they were, but Cadwell believed they were bushwhackers, and ordered his men to take the trail and follow it. They camped on the trail that night, and next morning they continued on the trail. About 1 o'clock in the evening (on the waters of the Llano, in Kimble county, near where Junction City now stands), they discovered a smoke arising. Ordering the men to dismount, Cadwell accompanied by one man, started off afoot to investigate. Walking and crawling cautiously through the low underbrush, they approached the camp and discovered five bushwhackers; they had killed a beef and were roasting it on sticks for their dinner. Returning to his command, he ordered them to mount and approach cautiously; they approached within one hundred yards, when he ordered them to dismount, and leaving two men to hold the horses, they took advantage of a ravine and got within sixty yards of the camp. They were then discovered by the bushwhackers, who ran into a dense thicket of low underbrush. Hastily surrounding them, they were ordered to come out and surrender, to which they made no reply.

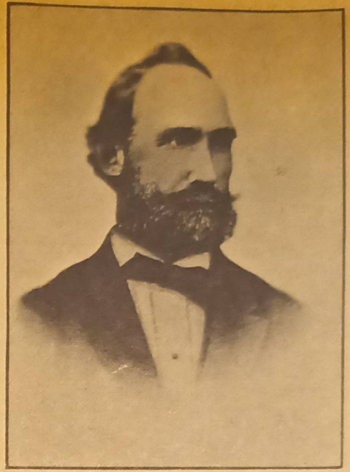
Being unable to get them to come out and surrender, Cadwell said: "Boys, we will have to seine for them; fall into line, keep eight feet apart and go through the thicket." The first haul they got three; the second they got the other two. While going through the first time Cadwell stepped on one's arm who had concealed himself beneath the leaves. He had a bowie knife in his hand, but said afterwards that he was afraid to strike him with it.

After they were captured one of the outlaws said: "Don't carry us off until we finish our dinners. You broke into our dinner; now allow us to finish." Their request was granted, and the rangers took their knives, cut pieces from the beef, and roasting it on sticks, joined the prisoners at dinner. After their dinner was finished and they had supplied themserves with rations, they started for Camp Davis.

The next day about 11 a.m. they reached the house of one of the prisoners. It was built of pickets, with only one door and no windows. The prisoner asked permission to change clothes. While he was changing clothes the rangers stood around the door. Cadwell not taking the precaution to place a guard around the house, knowing there was only one door. While they were waiting the prisoner's wife brought them some nice watermelons, which they enjoyed. At last, getting suspicious, Cadwell went in the house. The bird had flown; his wife had loosened a picket so that he could escape. It is unnecessary to state that they were mad.

Dividing the men, sending some to Camp Davis with the prisoners, and taking the others with him, he took the prisoner's dogs and put them on his trail, and they started in pursuit. They had a hard chase, but never captured him that time, but got him afterwards.

Through respect for the families of the prisoners their names are omitted. One of them is now a respected citizen of Bell county, and of the others some have reformed and the others were killed. That was Cadwell's first man to escape; and although before and afterwards he captured many men as a ranger captain and peace officer, it was the only man that ever escaped from him. But he was outgeneraled that time, and that by a woman; but he played even, for he run him with his own dogs. In a conversation with him just before his death, he said to the author, that he would not have cared so much about it if the woman had not said as they rode off in pursuit, "Mr. Cadwell, when you catch him come back here; I will have a plenty of nice ripe watermelons."



Courtesy Western History Collections,
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Edmund J. Davis, Texas' postbellum Republican governor. J. W. Caldwell Jr., author of "Part II" of Banta's book, apparently was confused at the beginning of Chapter XI regarding either his dates or officials, as Davis was governor from 1870 to 1874.

CHAPTER IX
The Death of Nixon

IN 1862 J. W. Cadwell had in his employ a man by the name of Nixon. He was a quiet inoffensive man, and it was not supposed that he had an enemy in the country. One day about noon, while at the house, the sound of horses' feet was heard approaching, and about forty men were seen coming in a run. Springing from the chair and starting for the back door, he said: "They have come to kill me." He ran down the hill towards a branch at the foot of the hill, the men firing at him as he ran. At the base of the hill he fell and the men rode around him, firing at his body until they knew he was dead. One man then rode up to the house and said they had killed a man and wanted a spade to bury him. After getting the spade they dug a shallow grave and threw him in it, scarcely covering him up with the dirt. After they had done their work, they rode off.

There were no reasons ever given for the murder of Nixon; it was a work of bushwhackers, and it was supposed that they murdered him because he was a strong Southern man in principle. A Nemesis seemed to follow them. Several of the bushwhackers died mysteriously. After that occurence, years passed, and people had almost forgotten the Nixon murder, when one day a young man rode into Fredericksburg, and after staying around town a while, he walked up to a man and asked him his name. The man told him. Drawing a pistol he shot him through the neck and rode off. It was said to be Nixon's son, but he could not be identified. The man he shot was said to be the leader of the men that killed Nixon.

CHAPTER X
The Robbers' Cave

THERE WERE a number of murders and robberies in Gillespie county in the year 1862 by bushwhackers and Indians. There was a cave in Gillespie county which was a retreat for bushwhackers. They had been followed there several times, and the men would leave the trail there, being afraid to go in the cave after them. In the above named year J. W. Cadwell was a member of Banta's rangers and second in command. He had orders from Banta to break up all gangs that were depredating, if possible. Some houses had been burned and people robbed. Taking fifteen or twenty men they followed the trail which led to the cave. On arriving at the cave Cadwell called for volunteers to go with him in the cave. It was not known how many men were in the cave; signs were seen where many men had gone in and out of it.

Cadwell said, "Boys, I want volunteers to go with me into the cave. I do not know how many men there are in there, but it is the only way to get them out." The men muttered among themselves, but none volunteered their services. Some said they were not going in there to be shot down like dogs.

Seeing none were going to volunteer, Cadwell said, "Well, boys, if none will go with me I will go in by myself." One man walked up and said, "Captain, I will go with you; where you lead I will follow." No others volunteering, they prepared to go. Getting a lamp and taking a pistol in the other hand Cadwell crawled in, followed by the other man, prepared in the same manner. It was a dangerous undertaking, but the only way to get them, as they had food and water stored in the cave, and Cadwell well knew it was impossible to starve them out successfully.

One word here, reader. Those men who would not volunteer were not cowards; they knew the danger and did not think it possible for a man to escape. They entered the cave and commenced hunting for them and soon found one, who promptly surrendered. After searching some time they found another. Being unable to find any more, they destroyed what they found and left the cave. There were three in the cave, but they found only two men, the other being securely hidden in a crevice between two rocks.

After binding the two men to their horses they started to return. They had not gone far before a proposition was made to hang the men. Cadwell reasoned with them; told them it was not right, and that he would not permit it. They finally concluded they would hang them anyhow, and one got a rope. Stepping between the prisoners and his men, he said, as he drew a pistol with each hand, "Boys, I like you all, and do not want to shed blood; but if you touch one of these men you will have to go over my dead body. They are bad men and deserve death, but I have orders to bring these men to the civil authorities and deliver them, and I will do it or die. I will have no mutiny or mob violence in my command."

The men submitted without further trouble, and the prisoners were delivered. The author has been informed that the name of the man that went in the cave with him was Ike Freeling. One man helped him to protect the prisoners from the men when they wanted to hang them.

CHAPTER XI
Dan Cadwell's Daring Feat

WESTERN TEXAS was in a deplorable condition in the years 1865 and 1866. The State was under martial rule and in the possession of the Union forces. Edmund J. Davis was governor of Texas under radical rule. The people were persecuted everywhere. There were orders for the arrest of all commissioned officers under the Confederate government in Texas. Several attempts were made to arrest Cadwell, but they proved unsuccessful. He had not forgotten the Fredericksburg massacre; he did not have any inclination to be placed at the mercy of cutthroats. One time they came twenty-two strong to take him in his field. He walked into a field of corn and they would not follow.

Another time he was over at Capt. Banta's ranch. Captain Banta was standing at the door when he saw sixteen men approaching. Turning to Cadwell, he said: "I see some men approaching; you step into the other room and guard that door and I will remain here." Cadwell replied, "No; I prefer an open field fight." As he spoke he stepped out of doors, gun in hand. Captain Banta stepped out by his side. When they rode up near the house they stopped. Captain Banta asked them what they wanted. They inquired for a man and after receiving an answer that they knew nothing about him, they rode off. They were informed later that they wanted them, but did not have the nerve to try to take them.

Finally Cadwell notified the authorities that he would come in and surrender, but did not propose to be taken prisoner by the gangs of cutthroats that were trying to capture him. He went into Fredericksburg and surrendered and was placed in jail with Captain Banta and others who had come in and surrendered. They had been in jail only a few days before they were offered their release if they would take the amnesty oath, which they refused to do. They were kept in day after day, refusing to take the oath.

Finally threats were made by parties that the jail would be mobbed again. This news reached their friends, and Dan Cadwell, brother of J. W. Cadwell, determined to release his brother and friends. He did not want any more mob violence, and would not permit it while he had life. He commenced collecting men, and one night about three weeks after they were imprisoned, he arrived in town with a party of men. He stationed the men in various parts of town.

After a consultation was held with two men, he approached the jail and found twelve men guarding; they were all asleep. One of the men asked how would they keep the guard quiet. Dan Cadwell said, "Never mind boys. I will keep them quiet." Pulling his boots off and taking a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other he advanced towards the guards. Stationing himself in a good position, he called to the two men and said, "Come on boys, and do your work. I will kill the first man that moves."

One of them seized a pick and went to work on the door. They were not long about getting the door open. After the way was clear they entered the jail, and calling to the prisoners said, "Come on, boys; you are free." All the prisoners walked out and the two men escorted them to where the horses were tied. Dan Cadwell, seeing the coast was clear, slowly backed off and joined the others. Not a guard moved until he was gone.

While the men were at work on the door he stood near the guards, with his pistol in hand, talking to them, and telling them not to speak or move. He had crept up to them while they were asleep, and when aroused by the noise at the door, they could see a man standing over them with blazing eyes and a voice like thunder, with the business end of a pistol pointed toward them. It was an incentive to be quiet, and they were so quiet they scarcely breathed. They were not cowards; he had got the drop on them, and they knew he would have no child's play.

Dan Cadwell, two years later, married Miss Eliza Banta, daughter of Captain Banta. About two years after his marriage he died at his home in Fayette county. He was the father of one child, a daughter, now married. Her name is Mrs. Lizzie Kinkaid, of Okalla, Burnet county, Texas. People acquainted with the facts of the case never tire of telling Dan Cadwell's daring feat, or how one man overpowered twelve. The liberated prisoners were never arrested nor bothered any more.

CHAPTER XII
Death Of Cadwell

IT was on Friday the 26th of October, 1888, that J. W. Cadwell met his doom. For some months he had been working with a mineral indicator, searching in various places for mineral and supposed buried treasures. Most of the time he was accompanied by the author. About the first of October the author went to Dallas, leaving Cadwell and two other men prospecting for a supposed buried treasure near Echo Junction. The author, not dreaming of danger to his father, remained at Dallas about two weeks. On the night of the fatal Friday the author returned to Belton, remaining in Belton that night, and next morning started for home, which was seven miles south of the city of Belton. The author met his brother Dan C. Cadwell and a friend, H. F. Carroll, who accompanied him on the way home. When about four miles from town they met two men, whom the author recognized as Will Carter and a man by the name of Grant. They had prospected together. They rode up and said, "Boys, we have bad news for you."

"What is it?" Dan Cadwell inquired.

After a moment's silence Grant replied, "Your father was killed yesterday evening. We were at work, and the dirt caved in and killed him."

Grant continued and said, addressing the author: "Wesley, we were at work at the place you and your father talked about the day you left. We had gotten down about eight feet; your father was digging in the hole, when without a moment's notice the dirt came in on him. I saw it start and shouted to him to look out; but it was too late. He saw the dirt just before it struck him, but too late to save himself. Wesley, you know how dry the ground was; it was as hard as rock. God knows, boys, I pity you and your widowed mother. Your father was my best friend."

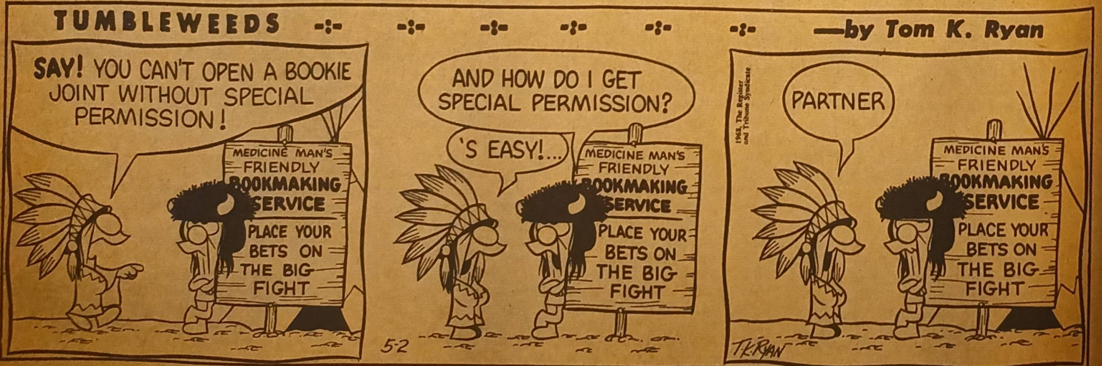
With feelings I can not describe, the author, accompanied by H. F. Carrol, started to Echo. Arriving at Carter's home he found a crowd had gathered. After some investigation they started back with the corpse.

On Sunday morning, about 10 o'clock, in Salado cemetery, all that was mortal of J. W. Cadwell was laid to rest in the presence of the largest gathering there ever was at that cemetery. He was buried with Masonic honors, being an active member of over thirty years' standing.

Friends, I am nearing the close of this sketch. I will say in conclusion, that although my father is dead, he is not forgotten, as many a widow and orphan could testify who found in Cadwell a friend. Not many months ago a noted ranger stood by his grave, with uncovered head and eyes dim with tears, said: "My dear old comrade, you are gone! gone! I have not many more days left myself, and when I die I want to be placed near you. We were comrades in life; I want to be with you in death."

[*THE END*]

Readers who may have missed the first half of William Banta's book in the Summer 1970 OLD WEST can still obtain copies of that issue at 50¢ each. Order from Western Publications, Inc., Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704.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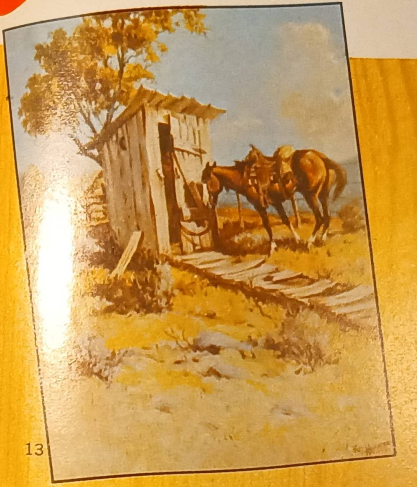

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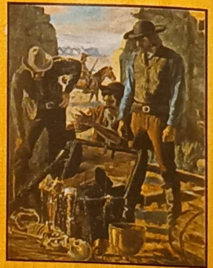

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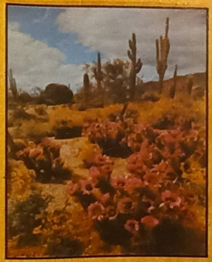

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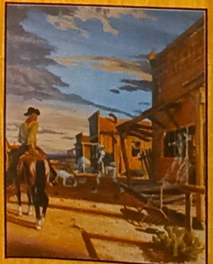

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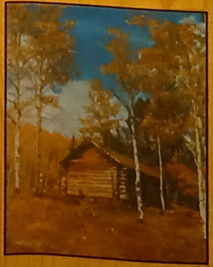

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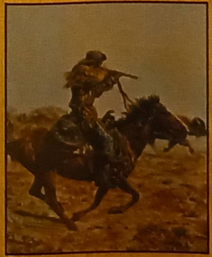

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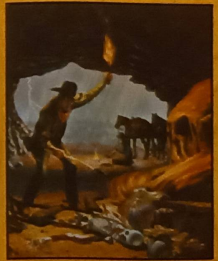

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